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OUR COVER

• Mrs. Peter Young, of Perth, formerly Tania Verstak, and her daughter, Nina. With the Baroness von Thyssen, Tania will be among the judges of the Fashions in the Field contest at the Melbourne Cup (story, opposite page). Cover picture and those on page 3 by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

The Weekly Round

WHEN Luci Baines Johnson marries Patrick Nugent on August 6 at the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception (story, page 5), it will be the first time in 52 years the daughter of a President has been married from the White House.

The last was Eleanor, daughter of President Woodrow Wilson.

Every day earlier this month members of Washington society had looked anxiously in their mail-boxes.

Finally, the suspense turned to elation or despair, according to the presence or absence of a 6in. by 9in. envelope, cream colored, with the return address, The White House, in the upper left-hand corner.

Some 700 invitations have been sent, many to friends of the bride and bridegroom from Texas and Illinois.

All invitations are for the wedding and the reception at the White House.

"It offends my sense of hospitality to invite friends to the church and not the reception, and vice versa," said Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson.

The bridegroom's parents Mr. and Mrs. Gerald P. Nugent, the matron of honor, Mrs. James Ray, of Texas, and her husband, and five bridesmaids from out of town will be houseguests at the White House.

A choir of 100 men and boys will provide music for the wedding.

Tommy Hanlon's

Thought for the week

Momma once said, "If there is a mosquito within a hundred miles of me, he or she — I forget which one bites — will find me. If scientists can put men into orbit and take pictures of the moon, you'd think they could figure out how a mosquito can get along without any sleep. These pests are around day and night."

Momma's moral: "If science says nothing is impossible, how come we don't have vegetarian mosquitoes?"

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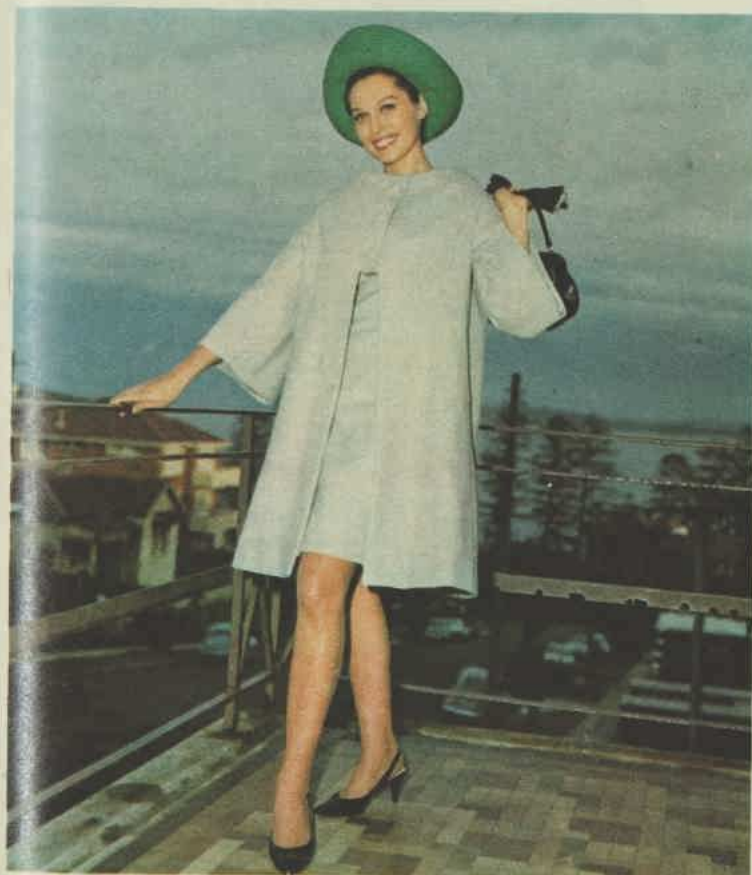


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Tania to judge fashions at the Melbourne Cup

- She's looking forward to meeting fellow-judge Baroness von Thyssen



● **MRS. PETER YOUNG**, the former Tania Verstak, models a vivid tangerine shift she had made by her favorite "little salon" in Manly during her recent Sydney holiday.

● Two-piece wool dress and coat (left) worn with an emerald-green hat. "The sort of outfit I would like to wear to the Melbourne Cup," she said of it.

● A third outfit made by Tania's favorite "little salon" (right), a pyjama-suit in lilac satin for evening wear. Embroidery highlights the wide-cut trousers.



MRS. PETER YOUNG, of Perth, formerly Tania Verstak, Miss Australia and Miss International, had a book tucked under her arm when she stepped off the plane at Mascot to spend a quiet two weeks' holiday in Sydney.

Her other arm proudly held an engaging little black-haired moppet, her 10-month-old daughter, Nina.

The title of the book? "How to Relax 365 Days of the Year."

"I'm really studying it," she told me when I called at her parents' Manly home. "I've been out of the limelight for so long, the thought of meeting and appearing with Baroness von Thyssen really has me ruffled."

Tania and Baroness von Thyssen, the former international model Fiona Campbell-Walter, will be among the judges of the Fashions in the Field contest at the Melbourne Cup.

"Oh, I'm looking forward to meeting her," Tania said. "I mean, she is a fabulous woman, so outspoken, so poised and beautiful. I hope I can live up to her."

"Then, of course, there's

the Melbourne Cup itself. I feel so honored to have been asked to help judge the fashions at such a world event."

Tania spent most of her two weeks' holiday exploring Sydney's fashion stores.

She admitted that she had been completely taken with the new pop-art jewellery.

She bought nearly a dozen pairs of earrings and matching rings as presents for her Perth friends.

salon" at Manly — a vivid tangerine shift, a satin lilac evening pyjama-suit, and a two-piece wool coat and dress.

Fossicking round the city department stores, she had been delighted to find for only \$3 an emerald-green felt hat which went perfectly with her wool outfit.

Tania is happy living in Perth.

"We have a really good social life and the people are

the beautiful weather in Perth, it is the kind of party you can have all year."

Her Sydney holiday, she said, had been unexpected.

"Peter came home one night and said, 'Darling, I'll be working flat out for the next two weeks, so why don't you go to Sydney for a holiday?'"

"We are both terribly disorganised people. But that is what is so marvellous about our life — nothing is planned, everything is unexpected."

"While I have been here, mother and I have been speaking Russian to Nina. Peter is very keen for her to learn."

FOOTNOTE: Despite her emphatic "no" to the mini-skirt, Tania took mod clothes back to Perth.

"Peter made her," Helen Verstak, her sister, said.

"He rang and told her she was not to come back without an extensive collection of them — including mini-skirts."

"She didn't want to, but she did — and she had a lot of fun with them, too. I think the only reason Tania was against the mini-skirt was that she felt too old. Of course she is not!"

By **GLORIA NEWTON**

And what about the mini-skirt? She leant thoughtfully back in her chair and lit a cigarette — she confesses to about 40 a day.

"I would never wear them — nor boots. Models are the only ones who can get away with such extremes."

"Even then, they must be very good models."

"No, I think a skirt two inches above the knee is quite enough. Higher than that is definitely ugly."

She then modelled three stunning outfits she had made by her favorite "little

so warm and friendly," she said.

"The only complaint I have is that parties are becoming too competitive. I mean, instead of casual entertaining, people are now trying to outdo one another in the way of food — too formal, I find."

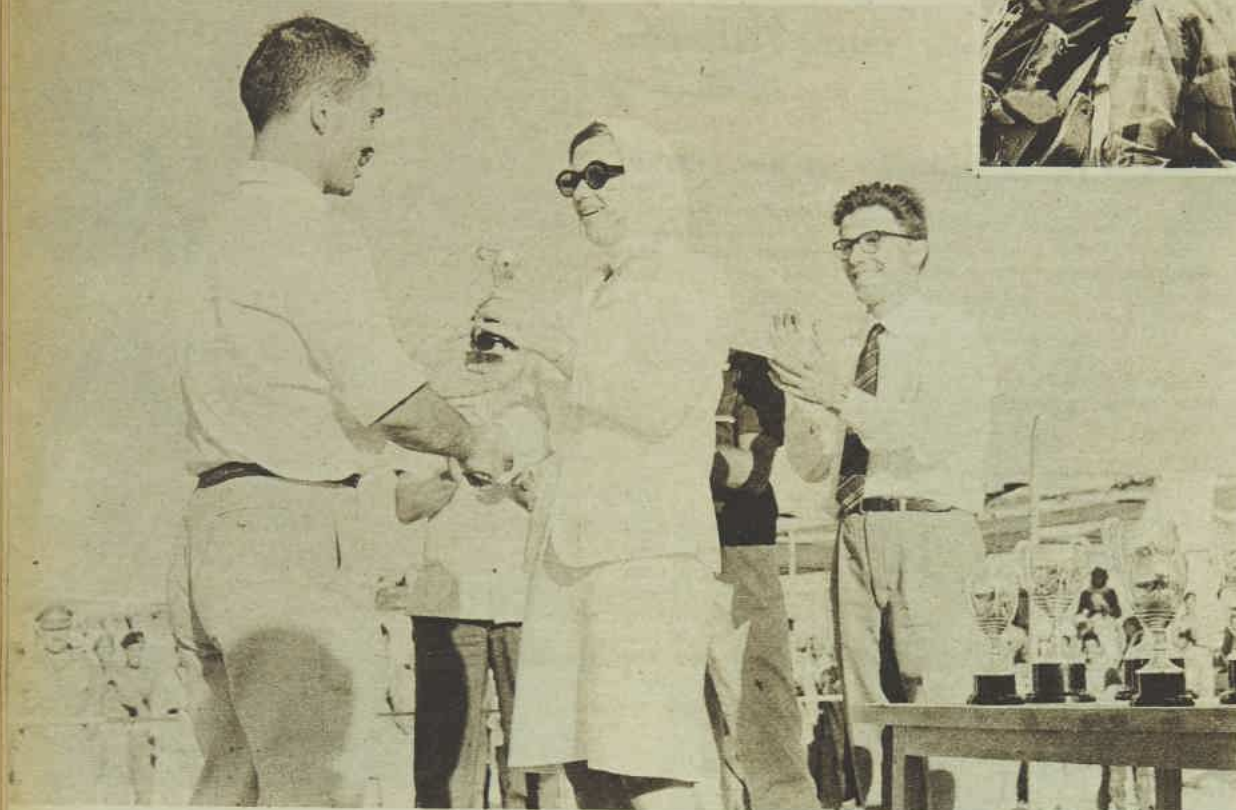
"I prefer to ask a few people just to drop in and relax with simple entertainment, simple dishes. Patio parties are my favorites. You can wear unusual, relaxed clothes, the outdoor setting makes it informal and, with

There is peace only at home



— Pictures by David Graves

● Princess Muna, above, holding the reins of her Arab horse while her sons, Prince Abdullah and Prince Feisal are mounted. At left, the Princess presents a cup trophy to her husband, King Hussein, at the conclusion of a car-racing event in Jordan.



King Hussein, ruler of Jordan for 13 years, has lived more dangerously than any monarch of modern times. Five years ago, when he married an English girl, he found a new tranquillity.

● The fierce heat of the midday sun beat on the parched land. Princess Muna of Jordan, astride her palomino, held the reins of the ponies on which her sons, Prince Abdullah, 4, and Prince Feisal, 2½, were mounted. They were posing for their first pictures together on horseback:

SUDDENLY the stillness was broken by the sharp clatter of a bolting pony and the screams of a child. Prince Feisal's pony had broken away from the group and was carrying the baby Prince across the stony ground.

Swiftly one of the nearby grooms caught up with the frenzied animal, unstrapped the Prince from his saddle basket, and together they rolled clear into the scrub.

Minutes later Prince Feisal was in his nurse's arms, shaken but unhurt.

At the first sound of alarm, armed guards had appeared from behind the saplings in the newly landscaped area, their machine-guns poised ready to shoot any intruder to pierce the heavy guard that cordoned off the Princess and her family.

For this was Jordan, where politics are volatile, where armed guards are never far away, where there is peace for the royal family only behind the walls of their home.

By
ANNE MATHESON,
who flew to Jordan to interview King Hussein and Princess Muna before their State visit to London this month.

Calmly Princess Muna, the daughter of a British Army colonel stationed in Jordan, gave orders in Arabic and French for Prince Feisal to be taken home.

At the sound of her voice the guards and groom froze to attention.

"The Prince is not harmed. Don't fuss, please. Children soon forget. In the afternoon he will ride again," she said.

Her words broke the tension.

Feisal, in his own air-conditioned Lincoln, was driven home with his Swiss nurse. His personal aide-de-camp and bodyguards followed in the guard car, their machine-guns still at the ready.

The Princess and her elder

son, Prince Abdullah, rode off along the desert range.

Home for Jordan's royal family is a dazzling white stone modern house, set high in the hills of Hummer, outside the capital of Amman.

Waiting for the young Prince behind the cool, green glass doors that open into spacious white rooms was a pretty young Australian, Anita Riches, of Toorak, Victoria.

Eighteen months ago Anita came to Jordan as a governess to Princess Alia, King Hussein's daughter by a former marriage.

Since then Anita has lived as one of the family and has grown used to the hair-trigger atmosphere surrounding the ruler of the Hashemite kingdom of Jordan.

"Princess Muna is so calm that there is no tension in the home, and I soon learned to conquer my niggling fears," she said.

"They are both friendly and informal, and it would be easy to forget they are the royal family if Princess Muna did not insist that we all speak to her husband and refer to him as 'His Majesty.' There is no unbending on this."

Anita is a fervent admirer of the hard-working 30-year-old King and his 25-year-old wife.

Her loyalty is as true as that of the hundreds of sheiks who, when they heard of the incident of Prince Feisal's bolting pony, went to kiss the King's hand at the Royal Palace of Basman, his enor-

mous and ornate official residence.

They had gone to pledge their allegiance once again and to express their joy that the Prince was unharmed.

Such tributes of loyalty from tribal delegates and humble bedouins are frequent and are reassuring to the King at a time when Jordan's unity is being constantly shattered both from

within and outside the Arab world.

Many plots have marked King Hussein's reign.

There have been plots to poison him, to put acid in his medicine (he suffers from sinus), to shoot his aircraft out of the sky.

Yet this remarkable young man has developed such a sound philosophy it enables him to live with fear and

danger and have an exciting, gay, and sporting life as well.

When he is not in uniform as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, he packs a gun beneath his well-tailored jacket and sits in his palace methodically hard at work.

This is where I first met him — a stocky man, tough as an Arab pony, with a surprisingly rich and deep voice, and quick, expressive gestures to emphasise a point.

"Princess Muna is looking forward to our State visit to England very much, and so am I," he said.

They were to arrive in London on July 19, and stay for ten days.

King Hussein talks easily and naturally, with quick bright smiles and a throaty rather jerky laugh that betrays his tenseness.

He is famous as a racing driver, flies his own plane, and water-skis. He is an absolute monarch, forceful and full of confidence in office, proud of being a Sandhurst-trained soldier and of his schooling at Harrow.

"We are all one family in Jordan," he said. "That is the Moslem tradition. My grandfather sat in the centre of the town so that all could come to him with their problems."

As a modern monarch it is clearly impossible for the young Hussein to sit anywhere but in his busy offices within the Palace, but he still finds time for the day-

ROYAL TUTOR



● Australian girl Anita Riches, of Toorak, Victoria, who has been a governess in Jordan's royal household for 18 months. She and Princess Muna have become close friends. "It's an exciting life and sometimes I have to pinch myself to make sure it's happening to me," she said.

● To page 7

26 Members of the wedding

*Luci will wear something
old and something blue*



● In-laws - to - be. Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson (right) with Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Nugent, guests at a post-engagement party for Luci Johnson and her fiancé, Patrick Nugent.

● When Lyndon Baines Johnson married Lady Bird in Texas in November, 1934, there were three in the wedding party. This, says Luci, the younger daughter of President and Mrs. Johnson, is not her style.

WHEN Luci Baines Johnson, aged 19, walks down the 400ft.-long aisle of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception in Washington on August 6, she will be preceded by a wedding party of record size — 26.

The President will give his daughter away, Sister Lynda will be maid-of-honor.

In addition, there will be a matron-of-honor, ten of Luci's best friends as bridesmaids, a ring-bearer, Lyndon "Corky" Hand, five-year-old son of former U.S. Chief of Protocol Mr. Lloyd Hand and Mrs. Hand, and a flowergirl.

Mr. Gerald P. Nugent, father of Patrick J. Nugent, the 23-year-old bridegroom, will stand in as proxy best man for Pat's brother, Lieutenant Gerald Nugent, jun., now serving in Vietnam.

Gowns secret

There also will be 11 groomsmen, making this one of the largest wedding parties in Washington's social history.

Gowns for Miss Johnson and the bridesmaids will be made by Neiman-Marcus, of Dallas, Texas, it is said, but details of their design are as closely guarded as secret affairs of State.

Mrs. Johnson has kept her public engagements to a

● National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, Washington, where Luci and Pat will be married in August.

minimum this summer to arrange "a wedding to remember for always." She told friends she wants it "to be a dream come true."

A large, white, and very sentimental wedding is just what Luci wants. She will be a traditional bride, wearing something old, something

States. One woman has sent the sixpence for Luci's shoe. Dozens have sent something blue — satin garters trimmed with lace.

An unusual gift was two transparent plastic mittens, not a pair, one for Luci, one for Pat, to keep their hands from getting sticky cutting the wedding cake.

Gifts of more than nominal value from strangers are being returned with notes of thanks. But the couple have announced that they plan to live on Mr. Nugent's modest salary and have indicated to their friends that useful household items are preferred wedding gifts.

The wedding of the President's daughter is automatically a national

new, something borrowed, something blue, and a sixpence to wear in her shoe — for good luck.

Sentimental gifts have poured into the White House from all over the United



● Bride-to-be Luci Johnson and Pat Nugent walking on the south lawn of the White House.

wedding, "but Luci is planning a wedding to rival any that has ever involved a first family," a friend of the Johnsons said.

At the same time, Mrs. Johnson has said, "I want the wedding to be as personal and as sentimental and as really Luci's and the family's as our life permits."

For this reason, the wedding will not be televised. Television facilities are incorporated in the church structure, including built-in cables, and the three major U.S. networks sought permis-

sion to televise the wedding, as they have done many events from the church. But the White House barred TV cameras inside the church.

"The couple indicate that the service will have deeper meaning for them if television cameras are not inside the church," Mrs. Johnson's Press secretary said.

The National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception is a vast church — the largest Roman Catholic church in the United States and the seventh biggest in the world. It can seat 6000.

The aisle is so long that Luci's walk to the altar on her father's arm is expected to take more than ten minutes.

Family friend

Altogether, the service, including the Nuptial Mass and the wedding ceremony, is expected to take about an hour and ten minutes.

Building of the Shrine started in 1920, supported by contributions from every Roman Catholic diocese in the United States. Although the church has been in regular use since it was dedicated in 1959, construc-

tion is expected to continue for another 25 years.

The wedding music will be played on two giant pipe organs, given by Cardinal Spellman, of the New York archdiocese, and by Catholic military chaplains. On the wedding day, a great 56-bell carillon will peal from the Shrine's twin belfries.

Luci and Pat will be married by the Rev. Father John Kuzinskas, of Chicago, a lifelong friend of the Nugent family.

Father Kuzinskas and the Nugents were next-door neighbors in Waukegan, Illinois, before he studied for the priesthood. In fact, when Father Kuzinskas was a teenager, he was an occasional babysitter for young Pat.

The noon Nuptial Mass will be celebrated by Archbishop Patrick A. O'Boyle, of Washington, President of the Shrine. He gave special permission for Luci and Pat to be the first couple married in the Shrine.

The White House has indicated that about 1000 guests will be invited to the wedding. Afterwards, the President and Mrs. Johnson will hold a reception at the White House for relatives and close family friends.



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Royal Family of Jordan

From page 4

to-day problems of his people.

A few days later when I met him again at his family home in Hummer, 12 miles from the Palace, I realised he could never have escaped from the complexities and strain of ruling a kingdom like Jordan without his English wife.

Princess Muna is unaffected, with a simple and direct manner. She is undemanding and feminine, with no wish to take any part in public life.

Although the King's wishes are her command, and her whole life is devoted to making a success of their marriage, now five years old, she is quite firm with her husband at home, seeing that he unwinds quickly in the evening after his non-stop working day.

In this country where wives still walk several paces behind their husbands, Princess Muna remains in the background.

"When we first married, His Majesty said, 'Do you like politics?' and when I answered 'No,' he said, 'Please keep it that way always.'"

"And I have," said the Princess in her clear, English voice.

As she talked, her servant handed us cups of sweet jasmine tea.

Angel fish swam leisurely in a tank of Hebron glass set into the wall. A golden Labrador begged sympathy for his leg in plaster. Long settees in dark green on an aubergine carpet flanked the room.

The uncluttered look was repeated in large square marble coffee tables, their surfaces clear except for reading lamps and cigarette boxes.

"When I first married, most of the women wore a veil, and so did I. My mother-in-law, Queen Zein, still does," said the Princess.

"Then some of the younger women in upper-class families discarded it, except for ceremonial and religious occasions. So I left mine off. Now, one scarcely sees a young person veiled."

Princess Muna said that Moslem women followed royal example in clothes and way of life.

She denied she had influenced the sleeveless shift fashions seen everywhere.

"They just happened," she said.

However, she is pleased with her achievement in getting women into the Army as nursing sisters.

As changes came about in this man's world, she began to realise she could get things done with the soft approach.

"Bedouin soldiers are very proud and are not used to women nurses," she told me.

"But when I became interested in a scheme to train nurses in the barracks hospital, I suggested it all be done gradually so that the

bedouins would get used to the idea.

"The girls in their military uniform marched no farther than the barrack square at first, then gradually moved farther afield. On the day they graduated as nurses and put up their lieutenants' pips, the bedouin soldiers were so used to them they gave them smart salutes."

As we talked, she broke off now and again to speak to her children in French.

Both boys are lively youngsters, with their mother's fine features and the large liquid Arab eyes of their father.

At four, Prince Abdullah has a mind of his own. Cars, little toy ones or a miniature model with a petrol-driven engine, are his great love.

Prince Feisal, 18 months younger, lets his brother take the lead and is quick to copy.

Feisal, according to his father, who had joined us briefly, is already set on a career. His first word was "fly," said the King proudly.

The King has announced that he will be succeeded to the throne by his 19-year-old brother, Hassan, not by his elder son, Abdullah.

"We talked about it for a long time and I was relieved when His Majesty

Toy koalas, kangaroos in the royal nursery

made this decision," said Princess Muna.

The conversation turned to the State visit to England.

The Princess is taking with her a large but not extravagant wardrobe by royal standards. Many of the dresses she will wear on the visit have been made by London couturier Ronald Paterson, and the Princess spoke enthusiastically, too, of others made by a local dressmaker.

She said she always felt nervous before a royal tour. She and King Hussein have made State visits to Germany and France.

"I was pleased I had



● Princess Alia (King Hussein's daughter by a former marriage), and Prince Abdullah and Prince Feisal with their mother, Princess Muna, at their home in Hummer, in the Jordanian hills.

polished up my French before meeting General de Gaulle," she said. She now speaks fluent French.

Since her marriage, her life has been one of earnest learning of many things. Even before her marriage she had to study a new religion.

"I was received into the Islamic faith and given the name Muna, which means wish or desire."

She finds the Koran fascinating, and says it was not difficult to embrace the Islamic faith because it is close to Christianity.

Princess Muna found learning Arabic more difficult.

"Even now I speak only colloquial Arabic, but I'm trying to improve," she said.

In the last year Princess Muna has become an expert horsewoman, and she is enthusiastic about building up a pure Arab stock of horses.

"One day it will be the finest in the Middle East," she said. "It will take time, but I hope to kill the image that Middle East Arab horses are not thoroughbreds."

Outside the house the changing of the guard and the rumble of Army vehicles

over the rocky ground, which one day will be the English rose garden. Muna plans, brought back the reality of life in Jordan.

Princess Muna talked on about the home life she has built around her dynamo husband.

The Princess encourages their friends to drop in in the evening, and makes no secret of the fact that they often dance to taped music until two in the morning.

For their fifth wedding anniversary, she gave a fancy-dress ball at their winter palace at Shuna, which has an open-air ballroom.

Later, I visited the schoolroom where Princess Alia, a sweet-faced plump little girl, was getting an English lesson from Anita Riches.

Alia is the daughter of King Hussein and his cousin Queen Dina. Their marriage lasted only 18 months, and after the divorce there was a complete estrangement.

Princess Muna was responsible for bringing the ex-Queen back into family circles, and now she comes to Jordan from Beirut to visit her daughter, and Alia often spends holidays with her mother.

Anita Riches has brought an Australian atmosphere into the royal home. The nursery is dotted with toy koalas and kangaroos, and King Hussein and Princess Muna are hoping to import a pair of live kangaroos — "to start our zoo," they told me.

Anita has her own car and is free to come and go as she wishes. In the capital she is treated as royalty, and the guards salute her as she drives past.

The greatest surprise she has ever had was a return ticket to Australia presented to her by the King when he heard her sister was to be married in Melbourne last March and that she would miss the wedding.

When I said goodbye to the royal couple, King Hussein was straightening a painting of an Australian scene, newly hung at the head of the staircase.

The painting was done by Anita's father, Mr. Arnold Riches.

Mr. and Mrs. Riches had sent it to the King and his wife to say "thank-you" for their kindness to Anita.

NEXT WEEK

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by Eric Hatch



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COOKING FOR FETES



TV STARS' NIGHT OUT AT "ALFIE"



● "Anyone for an ale?" the London-style waiter asks Clare Dunne and her husband, cameraman Kara Feldman, at the cockney-theme party after the premiere of "Alfie."



● Singing stars Dinah Lee and Little Pattie (right) were among TV personalities at the party. Dinah, recently back from Vietnam, wore an older-than-usual hairstyle.



● Flowergirl presents flowers to pop singers Jackie Weaver (left) and Lynne Randell, who were with Bryan Davies. Bryan wore "gear" — corduroy coat and tweeds — to the party rather than black tie.

● "Black tie or gear"—take your choice (right). Col Joye wore a dinner jacket, while TV personalities Tony Murphy and Margaret Britton went mod; Margaret in a London mini-dress and floppy hat.

"BLACK tie or gear" read the cockney-flavored invitation, but most of the TV stars who went to the recent Australian premiere of "Alfie" decided to go formal.

It all helped to make a very different first-night. Most in formal, others in mod outfits, a gay star-studded audience mingled in the foyer of Sydney's new Paramount Theatre.

"My name is Alfie," read the invitation, printed inside two cut-outs of the head of the film's star, Michael Caine. "It would be smashing if you could come to a movie, starring yours truly and a couple of cute little birds . . ."

That was the beginning of the London-theme premiere of "Alfie," England's record box-office film, which won the special jury award at the Cannes Film Festival.

Guest of honor Don Lane arrived in an original London cab just after Brian Henderson and his bride, Mardi. Television personality and star of "They're A Weird Mob," Clare Dunne wore a long black-and-white crepe suit.

The "Mavis Bramston" cast went formal—well, almost. Barry Creyton wore a black kangaroo coat over his dinner jacket; Noelene Brown compromised with long velvet culottes.

Young "Saturday Date" compere Tony Murphy wore a black polo-neck sweater and double-breasted jacket. He denied he was trying to "do an Alfie" when someone said that Michael Caine had worn the same to the London premiere of the film.

After the film, the stars boarded "red London buses" (two of Sydney's green ones wore red paper panels for the night!) to go to the Cockney Pride Tavern — Alfie's favorite pub in the film.

Actually they went to the Argyll Bond Store, an old rum cellar at The Rocks, for a party that Alfie had promised "would do their birds real proud." Two "Beefeaters" (in Tower of London rig) and a Trafalgar Square flowergirl welcomed the 200 guests, who were later offered a pie-n-mash or chicken-n-champagne supper.

Some of the stars, including Bryan Davies and Tony Murphy, chose pie-n-mash. "I like pies," Bryan said, taking another.

English-style barmen, in striped shirts and walrus moustaches, kept the ale flowing and the stars danced till the early hours.

Everyone seemed to have a smashing time. As Col Joye, about to down a glass of ale, said, "It's a bit of all right."

— KERRY YATES

— Pictures by staff photographer Ernie Nutt.



They had a choice of pie-'n-mash or a chicken-'n-champagne supper . . .



● Guest-of-honor Don Lane, who took his secretary, Patti Mostyn, to the "Alfie" premiere in Sydney. Both in formal dress, Don and Patti arrived at the new Paramount Theatre in an original London cab.



● Colorful "Beefeater" welcomes Brian Henderson and his wife, Mardi, to the Argyle Bond Store, the original Rum Corps Barracks in Sydney, transformed into the Cockney Pride Tavern for the party.



● London bobby (left), ready to help the "Mavis Bramston" cast off the special "Alfie" bus. From left, Ron Frazer, June Salter, Ronnie Stevens, Barry Creyton, and Noeline Brown, in velvet culottes.

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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

UNIVERSITY students Libbie Rudwick and Bruce Goodsir are having a busy time hunting for somewhere to live near the river at Brisbane (and close to the University) after their marriage at St. Canice's, Elizabeth Bay, on August 5.

Libbie is doing final-year Arts, and Bruce is finishing his studies in Architecture. From what Mrs. Cook Rudwick tells me of the wedding invitations, they sound as if they could well become collector's items. They're quite large—10in. x 6in.—on cream parchment, and Bruce has designed them and done the lettering in black ink in old English lettering.

There's a delightful air of informality about the whole wedding—Mrs. Rudwick has asked friends to her home at Roseville on July 21, "to say hullo to the bride-to-be and to have morning coffee."

And the reception (which will be held at The Coachman) will be rather like a private party with no speeches and the minimum of formality.

Libbie's bridesmaid, Lib Skippen, is having an "at home" for her, and Mrs. Charles Watson has asked friends for a cellar tea.

ANOTHER bride-to-be caught up in a whirl of pre-wedding parties is Margaret Meyer, who marries Michael Conrick at St. Mary Magdalene's, Rose Bay, on September 14. Mrs. Frank Jordan and her daughter, Mrs. George Green (she was Sally Jordan), have arranged a shower tea on August 6, and Margaret's sister, Pamela Meyer, and Michael's sister, Claudia Conrick, who are to attend her, are giving a cellar tea in September.

A THIRD bride-to-be, Jann Traill, who announced her engagement to Englishman John Iredale last month and has set the date of the wedding at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on February 10, has had a problem trying to cope with her parties. As a nurse at Manly Hospital, Jann works fourteen nights out of twenty-eight, so has had to space out her engagements. Dr. and Mrs. John Blumer, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Traill, and Mr. and Mrs. John Drew are among those who are entertaining for Jann and John.

DATES for your diary... the Asthma Ball at the Australia Hotel on July 23, when baby camellia trees sitting in gold pots will decorate the tables.

AND a second one; the sixth birthday luncheon of the Rose Bay VIEW Club at Renzo's, Rose Bay, on July 26. Proceeds aid the Smith Family.

FASHION OF THE WEEK, chosen in a room full of beautifully dressed women, was the flame coat and matching hat worn by Mrs. Bob McInerney at a luncheon and fashion parade midweek. The slightly flared coat was buttoned down the front and the Nefertiti pillbox was trimmed on the crown with black wool herringbone stitching.

NEWS from Paris of Sydney girl Wendy Stening, in a letter this week to her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Malcolm Stening, told them of her enrolment in the famous Bergere Riding School just out of Paris. Wendy, who is working at the Australian Embassy as a receptionist, has been abroad for two years and took her job at the Embassy after finishing a course at the Sorbonne studying French history, art, architecture, and languages. She is hoping soon to start riding in shows.

ANOTHER letter, from traveller Mrs. Nancy Walton, tells of a wonderful stay with her niece, Mrs. Graeme Sheather, and her husband at Haifa, in Israel, where Graeme is working on the site of a township dating back to 1500 B.C. She saw beautiful mosaic patterns, water jugs and bowls, and all sorts of antiques usually seen only in a museum. Graeme has been selected as a delegate to the United Nations Congress on Urbanism in Geneva and will be the only Australian present. Mrs. Walton also visited Nazareth, the Sea of Galilee, and many other historic places.

I'M sure the Roundhouse at the University of New South Wales will have never looked quite as spectacular as it will on the night of the U-Ball—August 12. Committee member Mrs. B. Patten brought in the sketches of the decor to show me. The evening will follow a carousel theme and guests will enter under a red-and-white striped awning held up by white posts ornamented with sprays of ostrich feathers. Inside there's to be a wonderful chandelier of 1000 red and white balloons, and the whole of the outside of the mezzanine floor overlooking the dance floor will be swathed with red-and-white sheer festooned with white papiermache prancing horses.



JUST MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. John Secombe leaving All Saints' Church, Moree, after their marriage, with their attendants (left to right), Mr. Rick Morse, Miss Josephine Sproat, Mr. Peter Secombe. The bride's sister, Miss Georgina Fairbairn, Mr. Geoff Secombe, Miss Sally Grant, Mr. Bill Buchanan, and Miss Ann Secombe. The bride was Miss Ainslie Fairbairn, of "Coombah," Moree.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 27, 1964



AT LEFT: Committee-member Mrs. Richard Gibb (right) showed Mrs. Graham Robertson some of the lovely pieces of jade, rock crystal, and amber carvings in the home of Sir Roy and Lady McCaughey at The Astor, Macquarie Street, when the women's committee of the National Trust of Australia (N.S.W.) held an inspection. The adjoining apartment, which belongs to Mrs. Julian Mackay, was also open for inspection.



ENGAGED. Miss Pamela Clarke, of Kirribilli, and Mr. John Hewitt, of Mosman, who have announced their engagement. Miss Clarke is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Clarke, of Chatswood. Mr. Hewitt is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Hewitt, of Mosman. Miss Clarke is wearing a sapphire-and-diamond engagement ring.



AT LUNCHEON. Mrs. Manning Fisher, Mrs. Monica Read, and Mrs. John Patience (left to right) at the Le Louvre fashion parade and luncheon at the Chevron Hotel arranged by the Black and White Committee. Proceeds will go to the Royal Blind Society.



DINNER PARTY. Miss June Bennett and Mr. John While enjoyed pre-dinner drinks at the dinner dance the Knights of Charity held at the Colonnades Restaurant to raise funds for a cancer research and diagnostic clinic to be set up at the Royal Hospital for Women, Paddington.

BASTILLE-DAY BALL. The Consul-General for France, Mr. Armand Gandon, and Mrs. Gandon (centre) with their daughter, Miss Anne-Claire Gandon (at right), and Mr. Francois Victor, a visitor from Paris, leaving for the French National Day Ball at the Chevron Hotel. More than 500 people were welcomed by the president of the ball committee, Mr. Georges Everard, as they arrived.



By Jo Coudert, author of a new book, "Advice From a Failure"

● The majority of married couples step into the same boat, set sail, and then refuse to bail, feeling that the marriage ties hold them together and no further effort is required on their part. For this reason, love has no greater enemy than marriage.

MAKING A WEAK MARRIAGE WORK

I KNOW of only two or three loves that have survived marriage, but I know of several that have survived its absence in admirable style.

I was taken for dinner on a recent evening to the apartment of a couple who have been together for 12 years, together but not married.

They were a couple well beyond middle-age, and they gave every indication of being an old married pair except that they so clearly liked each other.

Each listened when the other spoke, each was as polite to the other as they were to their guests, and each had a lightness of spirit that allowed them to laugh a lot together.

Do you know a couple who have been married a dozen years whom this description fits? I can think of just one.

I remember clearly a dinner at a country inn where I happened to be sitting facing a table at which there were a man and woman and two small children.

My companion remarked what an attractive family they were.

I said unhesitatingly, "They're not married. The children are her daughters, but he and she are not married to each other."

My companion watched them for several moments and said, "You're right. He's listening to her."

This has stayed in my mind because it seems such a commentary on marriage.

I am not about to advocate living in sin, but there is much to be said in favor of living in a marriage as though one were living in sin.

The letdown in love comes about with or without marriage, but when there are no marriage vows to have turned the key in the lock and either partner is perfectly free to walk out the front door, both guard

tenderness, guard affection, guard the sensibilities of the other.

If the married pair believe that because they are married they do not have to try, they may not part, but they will have lost their chance at richness and ease together.

When the letdown comes in love, it does no good to say, "This can't be happening." It is happening.

You are seeing things about the other person that you never saw before, and they are real, they are a part of him, they are not going to vanish.

Criticism, accusation, or aggrieved complaint will not erase them. They must be believed. They must be accepted.

He watched every penny

A friend of mine married a man whom she knew to be careful with money, but she was startled to find, when they settled into the routine of married life, that he was obsessed with knowing where every penny went.

He would not open a joint cheque account or allow her to have charge accounts.

Ridiculous and unfair? Of course it was, but somehow she was able to refrain from screaming at him: "How dare you treat me like a child who's not to be trusted!"

Instead, she said to herself, "Good heavens, so that's the way he is. Well, that's the way he is."

She told herself that it had nothing to do with her; that is, that it did not mean that he did not love her; and she set about living with him as he was.

One evening she remarked that the household expenses were averaging about \$20 a week. He did some adding up and said it was almost exactly that.

"If you would feel comfortable about it," she said, "now that we know what the amount is, you could give me that much each week and

I could make certain of staying within it."

He refused, saying he liked to keep an eye on things.

"All right," she answered, equably. "I expect that's what your father did with your mother, and you're used to its being done that way."

It was true that his father had been a dictatorial man, and he had not admired him for it.

Apparently, he turned the resemblance in behaviour over in his mind, for a few weeks later he suggested that he give her \$20 a week to run the house on.

A somewhat similar series of steps led to her achieving charge accounts and a joint cheque account.

She still considers money an area in which she must proceed with great caution, but by accepting him as he was and not trying to change him she did change him, at least enough so that he was perfectly easy to live with, and their love survived their being married.

Oddly enough, her love not only survived but it grew.

It is one of those quirks of human nature that you love the person whom you treat well, not necessarily the person who treats you well.

Love follows the trail blazed by generosity.

But being generous is not as difficult as refraining from pointing out one's generosity.

I remember once, when I was about 12 or 14, I made a resolution not to say critical things.

My mother walked into the room with a red blotch on her neck, and, resolution firmly in mind, I complimented her on how well her hair looked.

She beamed and said how nice it was to get a compliment, and I promptly said, "Well, I've made up my mind only to say good things to people, and so I said that instead of telling you about the blotch on your neck."

I couldn't bear for her to be unaware of how gracious I had been. What good is it

to be a shining light if the light stays hidden under a bushel?

But stay hidden it must.

One of my friends, happily married for some years, mentioned to her husband one day that she was thinking of renting an attic space and moving her hobby of weaving out of the house. Perhaps, if all went well, she might try to market her fabrics.

"What are you going to use for money?" her husband asked.

She was taken aback, for he was a generous, easy-going man who was proud of her accomplishments as a weaver, and had never made the slightest objection before to her spending money on looms or materials.

When she pointed this out, he said that he considered a hobby one thing, a business another, and he had no intention of paying the rent on an attic.

Both tried over a period of several weeks to make their points of view clear. Not only did they get nowhere but other minor hurts and disappointments began to be rung into the argument, and the disagreement seeped into all areas of their life.

This so distressed them both that they agreed they must simply accept that each had a blind spot on the subject and they would not talk about it anymore.

All writings I have seen on marriage have as a central piece of advice: Talk things over. Air your problems. Do not let grievances fester. Work out compromises.

But the longer I live and the more I observe, the less

sure am I that this is good advice.

These two people had the luck and the wit to recognise an impasse and the generosity and mutual respect to be able, finally, to leave it alone.

But much was said in the weeks before they let it lie that, while not permanently damaging, would have been better left unsaid; and nothing was said in those weeks that had not essentially been said in the first five minutes when she stated her wish and he stated his opposition.

This is almost invariably the case.

One person does not change another's mind with words; only the person himself can change his mind, and he is not likely to do so under the pressure of argument.

If, after the husband stated that he did not intend to pay the rent on an attic his wife had simply said, "Oh," and then nothing more, the argument would have continued, but entirely within the confines of the husband's mind.

"It isn't a bad idea"

Perhaps he would have said to himself: "I've always praised her work and said it was more exciting and imaginative than the commercial variety. She must think now I didn't mean it, and feel hurt."

"Maybe it isn't such a bad idea, and if it does go down the drain, well, we don't have a holiday this year."

The argument itself made something go out of the marriage.

A caution must be entered here, however. An icy or re-

proving or hurt silence is abominable to either partner.

When an impasse has been reached, an easy transition to another subject is best.

Or there is a handy phrase that can be used.

I once read that a man who got derogatory letters about his work invariably answered with a one-sentence reply: "Dear Sir (or Madam), You may be right. Sincerely yours."

An interested "You may be right" indicates that you are taking the trouble to think over what the other has said, which is flattering and disarming, while at the same time it allows you to reserve judgment.

A close friend taught me the creative value of silence. When she had said or done something I considered thoughtless or rude or unkind or selfish, I would be in an aggrieved way to convey that I was out of sorts with her and to provoke her into inquiring why.

But she never asked. She just went along as though I were my usual self, and eventually my irritation would fade.

This is in contrast to another valued friendship that was lost because the brow of either of us had only to cloud slightly for the other to ask: "What's the matter? What have I done wrong?"

Unfortunately, the one asked was always able to give a full bill of particulars, and the other quickly responded defensively in kind.

We chronically talked out our differences and aired our grievances, until finally we had so bruised and bored each other that we grasped an excuse to go our separate ways.

In suggesting that the

- "In friendship, politeness comes easily.

But in marriage it seems to be the most frequently omitted ingredient"

- "The man who drinks heavily before marriage is quite capable of becoming an alcoholic after it despite, or because of, the responsibilities of marriage"

- "Marriage is love, it is sex, it is family, but ultimately and essentially it is companionship"

better part of wisdom may lie in not speaking of the disliked qualities in the other, I do not mean to imply that awareness of them should be suppressed.

On the contrary, they must be recognised, but as much as possible only to oneself.

To confront the other with them will not act as sandpaper to smooth off the rough edges of the relationship; the effect will be to cause an abrasion through which love will haemorrhage.

This does not rule out quick, instant anger flashing in response to momentary provocation.

Spontaneously expressed, such anger is neither dangerous nor destructive. It is when anger is allowed to build that its bursting is ugly and contaminating.

When I was at the university, the mother of a friend took several of us out to dinner, including a girl who planned to marry at the end of her course.

The mother said she had just one piece of advice to offer the engaged girl, and this was that she and her future husband make a pact to bring up unpleasant matters in the form of notes to each other.

Her point was that a complaint which has been humming in the mind like a wasp may look picayune, trifling, when set down on paper. If so, the note can be ripped up.

"Imperious, insulting note"

My own system is to write an imperious, insulting note such as: "Only a stupid, thoughtless, selfish monster would make a sandwich at midnight and leave the bread and butter out, and crumbs everywhere. Clean up after yourself! I'm not the maid!"

After I have savored it for a few minutes, I then tear it up and hunt for a way to phrase my complaint lightly, such as: "I know I'm bad-tempered in the morning, but you just mustn't add to it by leaving the kitchen a mess."

The most effective way of persuading someone to see your point of view is to introduce it with a thought with which he already agrees.

Since anyone would agree that I am bad-tempered before breakfast, I have

obtained 50 percent agreement with my note immediately and have only 50 percent to go.

The best preservative of humor in marriage is outside interests.

Having other things to think about keeps the events in a marriage from getting out of proportion.

Besides, it gives you something to talk about.

This is no small matter, for marriage is a dialogue, and if one partner has nothing to say of interest to the other the other eventually stops listening.

Treats his wife rudely

Marriage is love, it is sex, it is family, but ultimately and essentially it is companionship.

Companionship can be tended in the same way that friendship can be nurtured — by a generous interest in the other's concerns, by refusing yourself the luxury of being bored, and by treating the other with never-failing courtesy.

In friendship, politeness comes easily. But in marriage it seems to be the most frequently omitted ingredient.

A friend of mine listens attentively to everything I have to say, but when his wife speaks he cuts her off impatiently.

My friend is a fool to treat me politely and his wife rudely, for her friendship is far more important to his well-being and contentment than mine is.

Many people, if they were to treat other people as they treat their spouses, would soon not have a friend in the world.

If I were to formulate a single banner to raise over marriage, it would be this: "Love, let us be kind to each other."

The worst piece of advice I have ever been given was: "Go ahead and get married. If it doesn't work out, you can always get a divorce."

Even at 19, I should have known better, but, alas . . .

Marriage is not a job, and divorce is not two weeks' notice and the sack.

Two people can do each other serious and lasting damage in the enclosed space of a marriage.

Wounds are inflicted, the scars of which are borne for a lifetime.

It is impossible to escape unscathed, or even lightly scathed, from a marriage.

There is a bruising road to travel, and it is infinitely preferable to reconnoitre the road safely before setting foot on it.

If saying to yourself, "Remember, this is the person with whom I'm going to spend the rest of my life," gives you stern pause, this is not sufficient reason in itself for ruling out the marriage.

The mistake lies in saying: "Well, I'll marry you and see how it goes."

The wisdom lies in saying: "Well, I'll marry, and some of it will go badly. What will be difficult? And will it be more than I can cope with?"

To rely on the reforming effects of marriage is not a sensible hope. Marriage improves very few people. The man who drinks heavily before marriage is quite capable of becoming an alcoholic after it despite, or because of, the responsibilities of marriage.

The woman who is hypochondriacal before marriage will not automatically abandon her imagined ills; instead, they may increase tenfold.

Since love is a notable corrupter of taste and judgment, it can be useful to give some weight to the opinions of other people about the person you are in love with.

I remember a friend of mine commenting off-handedly about a man I was in love with: "Goodness, he certainly doesn't want you to have any life apart from him, does he?"

I was not unaware of this, but I had chosen to see it in the flattering light of devotion to me; after this remark, I began to be conscious of the pathological insecurity behind it.

While the parents of the person you love are not likely to point out their offspring's problems, they are quite apt to embody them — that is, they may have them themselves, though perhaps they don't know it.

People have a way of being very like their parents or, in reaction, very unlike them; so it is a good idea to

- "Many people, if they were to treat other people as they treat their spouses, would soon not have a friend in the world"

- "Do not marry because you are afraid of being single, for you will never feel so alone as you will in an unhappy marriage"

- "The worst piece of advice I have ever been given was 'Go ahead and get married. If it doesn't work out, you can always get a divorce'"

take a close look at the parents.

The best guarantee that a person will like and enjoy and be good at marriage is pleasantly married parents of his own.

The offspring's parent of the opposite sex can provide an answer to a most interesting but rarely asked question: Why does this person want to marry me?

A friend of mine, aware of this, looked with care at her fiancé's mother and thought her to be an unattractively positive woman inclined to demand that her husband and son cater to her.

She coped honestly

This was not the image my friend had of herself, of course, but, in attempting to cope with the information honestly, she faced the fact that behaviour of her own, which she had previously defined as inability to resist taking advantage of her fiancé's good nature, was, in truth, an inclination to manipulate him.

At this point, she could say, cynically, that if that was what he wanted, why should she deny him the pleasure?

Or she could take the long view and curb her own natural propensity in this direction so that, when the fever of love returned to normal, they could transit to steady love, she without contempt for his accommodating ways, he without a sense that he had been taken advantage of.

There is a last, and odd, question to ask: What would my fiancé's life be like without me?

If you have a sneaking suspicion that it would be a perfectly good life, go ahead and marry.

If you have an equal suspicion that you, too, would manage reasonably well,

you can marry with double assurance, for you can assume then that you want each other more than you need each other, and wanting is a much better long-range basis for marriage than needing.

There is one type of marriage in which it can be fairly safely assumed that needing each other has been mistaken for wanting each other, and this is the teenage marriage.

The years from 17 to 23 are crucial years for the acceptance of "aloneness," and acceptance of the essential solitariness of every human being is prerequisite to maturity.

The teenager who goes from his family directly into a family of his own is avoiding adulthood. He is duplicating, in haste, the situation he cannot find the strength to do without.

Teenagers marry to be mothers to each other, not to be spouses to each other.

At what age should one marry? As a rule of thumb, perhaps not until you are past the age of feeling strongly that you must marry.

Imperfect script

When you have gained assurance that you can cope effectively in the world, when you feel comfortable on your own, when you have had time to develop an awareness of yourself as a quite separate person, and, more particularly, when you have been deeply lonely and felt the panic of loneliness ebbing, it is safe to marry, for then you can have fair confidence that you are marrying the person, not the institution.

Suppose that the love of your life turns up before you are ready? Life is not notoriously co-operative in such things and is unlikely to give you a perfect script.

Predicted hits turn out flops, and vice versa.

I saw this in my teens in a boy and a girl who were inseparable all through school and married the day after they passed their exams and left.

It had been a 12-year courtship, and the marriage lasted three months.

If you are tempted to marry someone because he needs you, go ahead, but keep in mind that the recipient of your benefactions is not necessarily going to admire you for your generosity, and he may go to hell in a handbasket even more rapidly to prove his independence.

People are as jealous of their sovereignty as nations, and sovereignty must be respected.

Lastly, do not marry because you are afraid of losing someone, for you can only hold by letting go, and do not marry because you are afraid of being single, for you will never feel so alone as you will in an unhappy marriage.

Just as many people marry for neurotic reasons as stay single for neurotic reasons, and there are just as many people unhappily married as there are unhappily single.

Edna Ferber's famous comment is that being single is like death by drowning: a delightful sensation once you cease to struggle.

I quote this not to commend to you the state of singleness, but to suggest that it is not necessary to be panicked into marriage through fear of singleness.

Most men and women, who truly want to marry, sooner or later find someone they truly want to marry, and it is infinitely preferable to come late to a good marriage than early to a bad one.

From the book "ADVICE FROM A FAILURE," by Jo Goudert, to be published by Hodder and Stoughton.

THE LONG HOT SUMMER

Television

● Television's new sex symbol, Roy Thinnes, left, of "The Long Hot Summer" (TCN9), is the first man to make women reject their former TV love, Dr. Kildare.

● "The Long Hot Summer," an epic of a Southern town in America, stars Roy Thinnes (Ben Quick), who has broken TV sex-appeal records. Mail pours in from girls who write, "I bet kissing you would be like walking into a fire." "I am a housewife, but you make me forget it."

—NAN MUSGROVE

"The Samurai" —without the noble Shintaro

By
NAN MUSGROVE

● Japan's poetic Western, "The Samurai," is back on TCN9, ninjas and all, in a brand-new series to be seen Mondays to Fridays, 5.30 p.m.

ONLY one thing is missing from this enchanting serial — the noble hero Shintaro, master swordsman.

Shintaro was played by Japanese actor Koichi Ose. When "The Samurai" was first shown by TCN9, almost overnight Koichi became the reigning idol with the five-to-14-year-old TV-set.

Koichi Ose visited Australia last January, and his fans turned his Stadium show into a riot of excitement that quite overcame the star. Koichi had no idea of his tremendous popularity here, and he seemed to find it elating but incomprehensible.

Soon after his visit, and at the height of his TV fame, he was offered an enormous film contract, accepted it, and left "The Samurai" series.

It was a blow to fans and to the Senkoshia Film Company, who produced "The Samurai." But they rallied.

In the quaint language of their public relations officer, they announced that "the hero Shintaro is leaving for a change with undying honor."

Shintaro's honorable part, the announcement went on, had been given a "facial lift" by a new star, Shinichiro Hayashi, who becomes Shinnosuke, the new hero of "The Samurai."

Merrier look

Shinnosuke is just what they say about him in the publicity, "a facial lift" to "The Samurai." He is 26, shorter, and with a merrier face than Koichi Ose, whose face in repose was always rather solemn.

He wears the same fantastic pony-tail hairdo as Shintaro, although his hair is not so well schooled. He has a troublesome lock that continually flops over his forehead. Also, he generally wears rather loud pants (see picture at top of page).



● Ian Carmichael, left, as Bertie Wooster, and Dennis Price, as Jeeves, in "The World of Wooster," a BBC-TV comedy series based on the novels of P. G. Wodehouse.

When I first heard about the new Samurai series, I had misgivings. It seemed a long time since I had been in the grip of "The Samurai," and I felt the new programs might not live up to my memories. I was wrong.

Five minutes' viewing and I was carried away again by this strange and compelling oriental mishmash.

"The Samurai" is really a Japanese Western with goodies and baddies and the traditional triumph of good over evil. But it is a Western-plus.

Set in 17th-century feudal Japan, it is a combination of pantomime, violent action, brilliant swordplay and magic, superbly photographed; it is artistic and beautiful.

To all this is added the disconcerting effect of dubbed European voices talking in clipped English.

In the new series, Shinnosuke has exactly the same voice as Shintaro, which makes him seem rather like a reincarnation of Koichi, somewhat ghostly, but familiar, and identifiable as standing for good.

Identification is important, for I find it difficult to follow the stories of "The Samurai" step by step with the dialogue. But knowing the basic facts and being

able to distinguish the goodies from the baddies make this serial a TV experience that should not be missed.

Shinnosuke is a samurai, a master swordsman in the service of the Shogun of Japan, the hereditary commander-in-chief and virtual ruler in the days before the Emperor.

He holds his job only by keeping the other 73 provincial warlords in check. The warlords use ninjas to fight for them, who, among other things, practise the art of invisibility.

Good tricks

Shinnosuke is also the head of the Kage Ninja, but uses his ninjitsu only for good and the Shogun.

A samurai who is also a ninja is an unbeatable combination, I imagine. He certainly pulled some good tricks in the first few episodes.

In one of them he conjured up a cloud of smoke which hid him while he rose away from his enemies to the top of a small mountain.

If you are an old "Samurai" fan, you will be pleased to know that Tonbei the Mist is still on hand as Shinnosuke's side-kick. He is as kind, good, and clever as ever.



● Scene from an episode in "The Samurai," showing the star of the new series, Shinnosuke, who is distinguished not only for his swordsmanship but for the loud check pants he generally wears. With him are, from left, a ninja, Tonbei the Mist, and a new romantic interest, Kanae.

Television

Awfully jolly, and good fun

"THE WORLD OF WOOSTER," ABC-TV's new comedy series (Thursdays, 7.30 p.m.) bringing P. G. Wodehouse's famous characters back into circulation, looks like a winner.

Wodehouse meant nothing to me except phrases like "Leave it to Jeeves," and "Doing a Wooster," and harrumphing elders saying that when it comes to comedy there has never been another Wodehouse.

But, like most people who have never read Wodehouse, I did know that Wooster was a synonym for a monocled silly-ass-type Englishman, and that Jeeves was the perfect gentleman's gentleman.

Doing a Wooster myself, I must say it is dashed difficult to say what makes Wodehouse such good TV.

After I saw the premiere of "The World of Wooster," I read a Wodehouse book, and found a Wooster quote to describe what the BBC has done with Wodehouse.

"It's a thing you don't want to go wrong over," Wooster said, "because one false step and you're sunk. I mean, if you fool about too long at the start, trying to establish atmosphere as they call it, and all that sort of rot, you fail to grip and the customers walk out on you."

The BBC hasn't failed to grip, neither has it taken one false step. The casting is brilliant. Ian Carmichael IS Wooster and Dennis Price as the snobbish Jeeves is top-hole.

"The World of Wooster" is awfully jolly and good fun, which is quite a change from some of TV's sick and/or kitchen-sink humor.

★ ★ ★

HOW old are you? No one knows? Then you had better be careful of your conversation. When you reminisce about your school-days, what do you say you played at playtime?

Bobbies and Bushies? Cowboys and Indians? Cops and

Robbers? These all make you rather an ancient type.

This generation used to play Sams and Ninjas, but at present the with-it crowd play Uncles and Thrushes.

Show biz at its best

ABC-TV is developing into the laugh channel — their latest English comedian, Frankie Howerd (Wednesdays, 7.30 p.m.), is a gem.

For the first ten minutes of the premiere Howerd was on the screen alone, presented in a series of close-up headshots, talking about getting his job with the BBC.

Later he was supported briefly by two actors, but it was largely a solo performance without props.

Howerd did, however, have expert help. The show was written by those inspired writers Alan Simpson and Ray Galton, famous for their "Steptoe" series, and it was full of their irreverences and lack of beating about the bush.

Who else would call the head of the BBC "Old Teeth and Trousers"?

Howerd is a rougher looking edition of Max Bygraves.

He is one of the few comedians who make me think there really is no business like show business.

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READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

GLAMOR SKI FASHIONS



● Here is a review of colorful new ski fashions in wool from local and international designers.

This glamor collection for ski and after-ski wear was put together to show the exciting new techniques in the important field of ski fashions as part of the 1966 Australian Wool Fashion Awards presented recently at Cooma, N.S.W.

On-the-spot scenery of snowfields at Perisher Valley and Charlotte's Pass and the drama of the Snowy Mountains Scheme provide the magnificent backgrounds for these fashions.

● Winning line-up in wool against back-grounds of Australian snow (above): Villawool's handknit in black-and-white snow crystal pattern and a fine-weather parka in bold, bright stripes. Lending authentic support is Andi Krallinger, head ski instructor at Perisher Valley, N.S.W.



● Austrian Loden jackets in colorful, hairy surface wool (left) that's light in weight and warm, as preferred by serious skiers. Note braided jacket edges and snap of contrast buttoning.

● Upbeat chic personified in a downhill design in pure wool (right). It's an Austrian import, trim, tailored in the exact pattern of Mondrian geometrics.





● Zooming down the slopes — a bold cover-up wool sweater patterned and slashed by horizontal bands with matching leggings, pom-pom cap, and mittens. Wool knickerbockers sheathe the legs.



● Glamor girl (right) favors the total look of a Swedish mini-skirt with slotted belt at the waist worn with fine wool-knit pink sweater and tights.



● Muted-look patterned wool jacket in avocado and beige with matching peaked cap and gloves. Both the pattern and design of this ski outfit are Swedish. Photographed at Adaminaby, N.S.W.

● The great slope suit (below), for active ski wear, is in white stretch wool with contrast button trim. This chic suit is Australian-designed.



● Striking handknits for ski wear photographed in Perisher Valley, N.S.W. Patterned wool sweater in pale grey and pink by Coats Patons. Man's turtleneck red-and-brown wool sweater is a functional handknit. Bavarian mask handknitted by Coats Patons.



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3637.—Snappy, semi-fitted dress, Y-seamed and sleeveless, has rounded square neckline, slightly A-line skirt, with or without self-slots for purchased belt, and top stitch trim. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Butterick Pattern 3637. Price 65 cents includes postage.

COLLECTION IN THE . . .

CARNABY MOOD

● Here, the Carnaby Street Look that's rocking the fashion world spills over into gay new spring-summer fashions that can all be made from Butterick Patterns, on sale at leading stores throughout Australia. The clothes, made for all sorts of casual and other occasions in bright cottons, will be paraded in Sydney at the place and times given below right.

● Continued overleaf

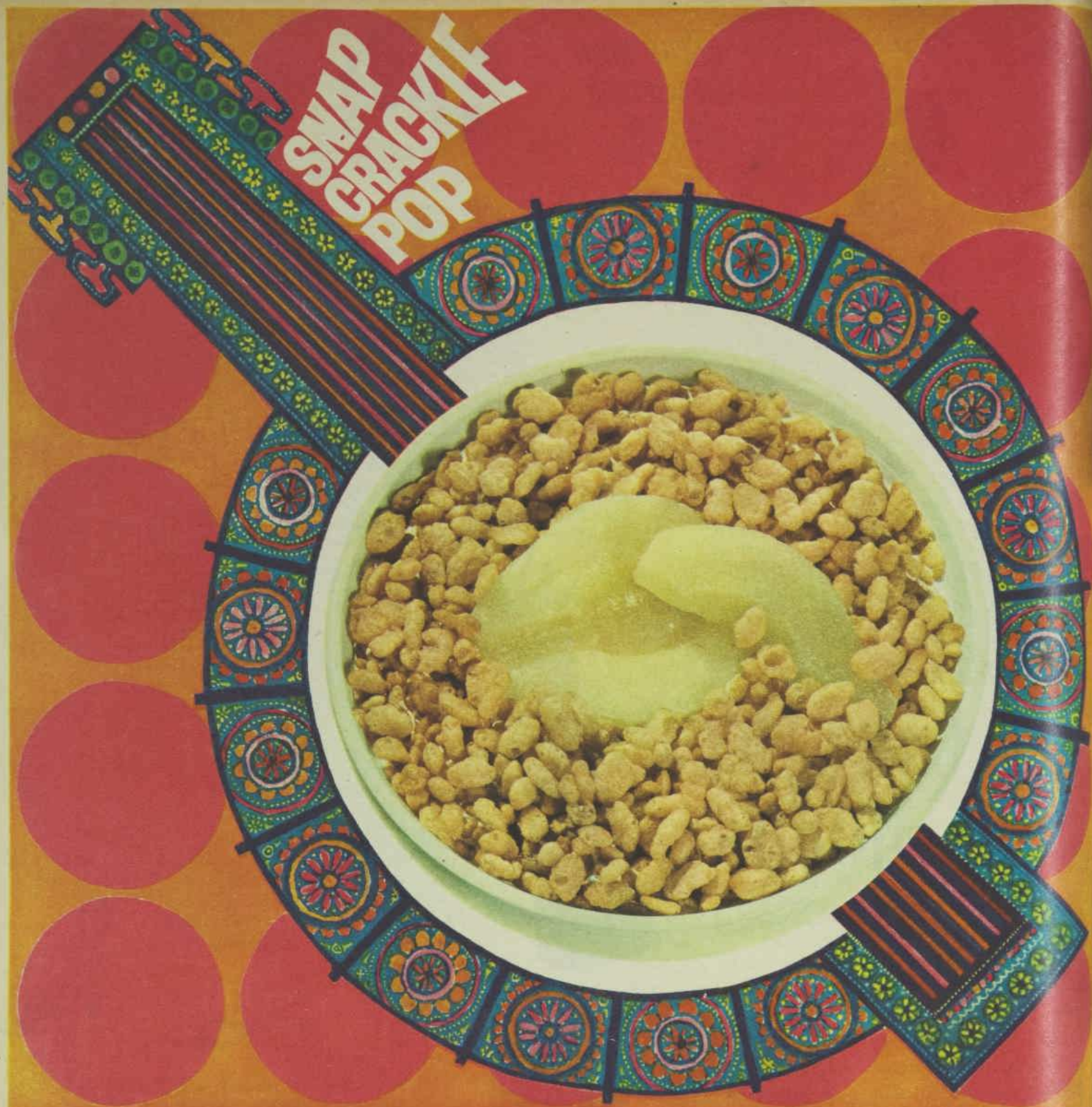
3765.—Easy-to-make one-piece dress (right) has standing band collar, banded sleeves, button and top stitch trim. Mock pocket flaps have been added. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick Pattern 3765. Price 65 cents includes postage.



3908.—New in two-tone. Cotton bell-bottom, back-zipped hipster pants without waistband, topped with sleeveless overblouse in dazzle contrast stripes and spots (above left). Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Butterick Pattern 3908. Price 65 cents includes postage. 3636.—Short-short gingham check (at right) has gathered skirt and smock-type embroidered inset and sleeve bands. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Butterick Pattern 3636. Price 65 cents includes post.

Parades of these fashions will be held at Farmer and Co., Sydney, 1st Floor Fabric Dept., on Thursday, July 28, and Friday, July 29, at 11.30 a.m. and 12.15, 1.15, 2 p.m., and Saturday, July 30, at 10, 10.30, 11 a.m. Compere will be Charles McLaughlin, Radio Station 2GB.

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MORE BUTTERICK PATTERNS TO MAKE



3896.—Fresh young suit and overblouse (left) is sleeveless. The open reversible box-jacket has braid trim; the slightly A-line side-zipped skirt has no waistband. Braid trim repeats on back-buttoned overblouse. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick Pattern 3896. Price 65 cents includes postage.



3670.—Fun and practical, too, is this two-color combination, street-length, hooded shift (left). Features are kimono sleeves, button-and-loop hood closing, in-the-seam pockets. Sizes 10 to 12 (small) for 31 to 32in. bust; 14 to 16 (medium) for 34 to 36in. bust; 18 to 20 (large) for 38 to 40in. bust. Butterick Pattern 3670. Price 60 cents includes postage.



3867. — Hip-hipster skirt and sleeveless blouse with contrast front and tab and collar (left) comes with a triangular kerchief. Self-slots carry the contrast, shaped belt. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Butterick Pattern 3867. Price 65 cents includes postage.



3909.—Girls simply can't resist the Granny dress. The version at left, in vivid summery cotton with little bodice and double-ruffled sleeves, is especially fetching. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Butterick Pattern 3909. Price 65 cents includes postage.

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I LOVE YOU, CHARLEY, PLEASE COME BACK

By **ARTHUR
HEINEMANN**

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS



UNTIL the day Bernice took her new neighbor, Ginnia Lovatt, on one of her shopping sprees, the Lovatts stirred only the normal amount of curiosity in the community. They had bought the so-called Western Ranchero, down the hill from Bernice's Southern Colonial; they took rather longer than usual having it decorated and carpeted, and when their furniture finally arrived, it came in several deliveries, evidently from shops, evidently brand-new.

Ginnia Lovatt supervised every delivery, and she and her shining grey Cadillac became familiar in the neighborhood long before her husband, Charley, appeared.

Occasionally she was accompanied by a girl of about fourteen, an awkward, pretty child who resembled Ginnia and was obviously her daughter, which caused some surprise because Ginnia seemed to be not much more than twenty-five herself, blonde, quite lovely, with an innocence and wonder about her that made it seem she wasn't quite sure of what she was doing.

Word went around, presently, originating with the real-estate agent who had sold the house, that this was a brand-new marriage, Ginnia's second, that she used to sing in nightclubs, and that her former husband had died years before, leaving her practically penniless and with a baby to support.

Charley Lovatt, more recently, had been her boss. Charley's money, according to the agent, came from various sources. He owned a cabinet-making shop that specialised in custom jewellery cases, which cost shocking prices, and he was also in real estate and the stockmarket and independent film production.

This created an image of dynamic vigor, which was shattered when Charley finally appeared. He was a rather chubby man, mild-mannered, polite, colorless. It was rather surprising that he had won such a beauty for a wife and that he was so splendidly successful in so many enterprises.

Most of the men in the community were splendidly successful, of course. It was that kind of neighborhood — vigorous, somewhat ostentatious, quite new. Bernice's husband, Walter Warren, was a theatrical attorney and made quantities of money, which kept him very busy, thus leaving

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Ginnia was puzzled and unhappy as she wondered what had happened to Charley.



*This was a festive occasion,
but Tom was strangely quiet*

SAY SOMETHING DARLING..!

A short short story By JEAN VANCE

THE setting itself was lovely. Ruth approved tentatively. She shrugged out of her coat and leaned back against the luxurious upholstery of the restaurant banquette. She'd always longed to dine here. She'd suggested it herself weeks ago as special celebration for this, their 15th anniversary. It was silly to feel let down just because the place was practically empty. She should have foreseen that, on a weekday night. Ruth turned her full attention to Tom.

He was poring over the menu already. The right-hand side of the menu, obviously. He pursed his lips and emitted a thin, almost inaudible whistle, but a whistle.

Ruth grimaced and nudged Tom's knee. The waiter was hovering nearby. How niggardly of Tom to consider cost on an anniversary! Especially since she'd dictated there be no expense for this one, other than the fee for the children's sitter and the restaurant bill itself. No presents, she'd told Tom. He'd certainly taken her at her word. Not even a corsage!

And she'd worn her best basic black, the understated one that would most dramatise flowers pinned at the shoulder. In fairness, she admitted he would scarcely carry a corsage box from New York. And she'd picked him up at the station.

Tom lifted his eyes and nodded questioningly at the menu.

"Aren't we going to have a drink?" Ruth demanded.

The waiter materialised instantly, one minute over by the window, the next right beside them, like a genie summoned from a lamp. They ordered drinks, then waited.

Tom still studied the menu, so Ruth turned her woman's eye on the restaurant's interior. The drapes were definitely expensive, the ornaments on the walls exotic, the black and silver decor sophisticated. Dancing on weekends, a sign outside had proclaimed. The bandstand stood empty now, although soft, piped music filled the air. Ruth glanced at the small dance floor wistfully, realising that for days she'd been envisioning herself in Tom's arms tonight, gliding and whirling, smiling at endearments Tom would whisper in her ear. She wondered with a jolt why she'd envisioned that. Tom didn't even like to dance!

Idly, Ruth discovered another couple in one of the semi-circular booths on the other side of the restaurant, nearer the back. She couldn't see the woman, just the man, who was facing Ruth's way. Ruth considered his face for a minute. Of course! That couple from a few blocks up their own street. She didn't know them, except by sight.

Albright . . . that was the name. Mr. Albright was leaning toward his wife, speaking softly, smiling. Unconsciously, Ruth tried to read his lips. She couldn't, of course. From his expression, though, he was saying something ardent, maybe flattering, something meant just for his wife. Ruth turned away.

Why didn't Tom talk to her



Hot from the Kraft kitchen!

TUNA CHOWDER

Tuna Chowder

Ingredients:

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| 1½ oz. butter | Pinch cayenne pepper |
| 2 medium onions, sliced | 3 dessertspoons flour |
| ¾ cup sliced celery | 2 cups milk |
| 3 cups diced potato (6 medium potatoes) | 15 oz. can GREENSEAS chunk style Tuna |
| 2½ cups water | 1 tomato, chopped |
| 1½ teaspoons salt | Chopped parsley to garnish |

METHOD: Melt butter in a large saucepan and fry onion and celery for a few minutes. Add potato, water, salt and cayenne pepper. Bring to the boil and simmer gently for 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Blend flour with a little of the milk; add remaining milk and stir into potato mixture. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture boils and thickens. Add GREENSEAS Tuna, undrained, and tomato. Adjust seasonings if necessary. Reheat. Garnish with the chopped parsley. Serve from a soup tureen or straight from the saucepan. Makes 3 pints. All spoon and cup measures are level. An 8 fluid oz. measuring cup is used.

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TUNA



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that way? Usually, they were surrounded, by children, by people. But now they were alone, just the two of them. This was their anniversary. She'd arranged this. Well, she'd often heard it was up to a woman to keep the romance in marriage. Tom had always been a little tongue-tied at verbal emotion.

"Beautiful place, isn't it, dear?" Ruth murmured. "I mean... very intimate, don't you think?"

Tom nodded absently. "As long as the food's good..."

Food! Ruth snatched up a cigarette. The waiter appeared out of air again, set down their drinks, flourished a match for her cigarette, then withdrew a few feet to take up his sultan's slave stance.

Ruth waited. "Well, here's to us!" she prompted.

"To us!" Tom echoed.

They sipped their drinks. High feminine laughter drifted from the Albright table. Mr. Albright must have said something devilishly amusing. A waiter had wheeled a serving cart to the Albright table. A bottle of champagne was being twirled in a bucket.

The silence at Ruth's table, plus their own waiter's constant surveillance, became unbearable. This was their anniversary. Didn't they have anything to say to each other?

"For heaven's sake!" Ruth hissed. "Say something!"

"What...?" Tom said. "Oh, sorry, dear. Well, what did you do today?"

What did he think she'd done? Did he believe she'd accomplished this lofty, complicated hairdo herself? Did she go to the beauty parlor every day? She pointed at her head. "Didn't you even notice? Two hours for the hairdo, another whole hour to get dressed!"

Tom looked her over, much in the manner of a parent checking a predictable child for clean hands, clean face, clean fingernails. "You always look nice," he said. He glanced at his watch and hailed the waiter.

Once the meal began, Ruth caught Tom consulting his watch frequently. Bored! In a hurry! The ball game on television tonight, Ruth surmised. Romance! Hah! This was what their marriage had come to. Sure, their romance had known its peaks. But now they were at sea level. Might as well forget anniversaries. Ruth supposed bleakly they'd observe others, a 25th, maybe even a 50th. But everybody celebrated those like State holidays. She felt near to tears.

Tom scraped back his chair. "Ready to go?"

The tears would show in a minute. Ruth jumped up. "You'll have to excuse me for a minute."

She walked to the powder-room, past the Albright table, her head high. If there was no sentiment left in Tom, she wasn't going to show him she cared. In front of the mirror, she shed her few tears, sniffled, then worked stoically with make-up.

On the way back to the table she held her head high again, except for one quick look at the lucky Mrs. Albright. Ruth was past the table in an instant, but waves of shock shot through her. Mrs. Albright, indeed! That wasn't Mrs. Albright! It was Mr. Albright, all right. But Mrs. Albright was tall and brunette and regal, and this girl was short and blonde and fluffy, and from the look of things pretty full of champagne! Oh, men! Men! Men! They were either Don Juans, like Albright, or unromantic, like Tom.

Tom was waiting, holding her coat, while he and the waiter discussed tonight's baseball game.

The last straw! The whole anniversary had been a fiasco.

Ruth slipped into the coat, grabbed her purse, and noticed Tom was holding something in his hand.

"Look inside," he said sheepishly, grinning, giving her the envelope.

It was a theatre ticket envelope, imprinted with the name of the local, year-round playhouse.

"Surprise!" Tom said, like a small boy. "Curtain's at 8.30. Let's not be late."

Tears threatened again, a different kind. Why, Tom didn't even like stage plays. She was the one who adored plays. All that drivel she'd been nursing about romance! They had a marriage, a

15-year-old marriage, and she had a one-woman man.

She'd thought they had nothing to say to each other. And maybe Tom wasn't articulate. Maybe he lapsed into what, man-like, he considered companionable, comfortable silence, even on an anniversary.

Never mind. She definitely had something to say to him. "Listen, Tom!" she said. "I love you! I love you! Madly, madly, madly! Do you hear?"

Tom grabbed her arm hurriedly. "Sure, dear," he said, propelling her forward. She laughed as he waved his hand in embarrassed farewell to the waiter.

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*The lonely old lady
gratefully accepted
the child's simple
friendship . . .
a poignant story*

Mice and Birds and Boy

By **ELIZABETH
TAYLOR**

HOLDING the photograph in both hands and raising his eyes to the old lady's with a look of near certainty, William asked: "Was this when you were pretty?"

"I was thought to be beautiful," she said; and she wondered: How long ago was that? Who had been the last person to comment upon her beauty, and how many years ago? She thought that it might have been her husband, from loyalty or from still seeing what was no longer there. He had been dead for over twenty years and her beauty had not, by any means, been the burden of his dying words.

The photograph had faded to a pale coffee-color, but William could distinguish a cloud of fair hair, a rounded face with lace to the chin, and the drooping, sad expression so many beautiful women have. Poor Mrs. May, he thought.

The photographs were all jumbled up in a carved sandalwood box lined with dusty felt. There was a large one, mounted on stiff cardboard, of the big house where Mrs. May had lived as a child. It had been pulled down between the wars and in its grounds was built a housing estate, a row of small shops by the bus stop, and a children's playground, with swings and slides.

William could look out of the narrow window of the old gardener's lodge where Mrs. May lived now and watch the shrieking toddlers climbing the frames, swinging on the swings. He never went to the playground himself now that he was six.

"It was all fields," Mrs. May would often say, following his glance. "All fields and parkland. I used to ride my pony over it. It was a different world. We had two grooms and seven indoor servants and four gardeners. Yet we were just ordinary people. Everybody had such things in those days."

"Did every child have a pony?" William asked.

"All country children had one," she said firmly.

His curiosity endeared him to her. It was so long since anyone had asked her a question and been interested in the answer. His curiosity had been the beginning of their friendship. Going out into her overgrown little garden one afternoon, she had found him leaning against the rickety fence staring at her house, which was round in shape and had attracted his attention.

It was made of dark flint and had narrow, arched windows and an arched door studded with big square-headed nails. A high twisted chimney-

stack rose from the centre of the roof. Surrounded by the looped and tangled growth of the garden — rusty, black-leaved briars and crooked apple trees — the place reminded the boy of a menacing-looking illustration by Arthur Rackham in a book he had at home.

Then the door had opened and the witch herself had come out, leaning on a stick. She had untidy white hair and a face cross-hatched with wrinkles; but her eyes weren't witch-like, not black and beady and evil, but large and milky-blue and kind, though crows had trodden about them.

"How can your house be round inside?" William asked, in his high, clear voice. She looked about her and then saw his red jersey through the fence and, above it, his bright face with its straight fringe of hair. "How can rooms be round?" he asked. He came up to the broken gate and stood there.

Beyond a row of old elm trees which hid the lodge from the main road, a double-decker bus went by, taking the women from the estate to Market Swanford for their afternoon's shopping. When it had gone, William turned back to the old lady and said: "Or are they like this shape?" He made a wedge with his hands.

"You had better come and see," she said. He opened the gate at once and went in. She might pop me into the oven, he thought.

One room was half a circle, the other two were quarters. All three were dark and crammed with furniture. A mouse streaked across the kitchen floor. The sink was stacked with dirty china, the table littered with odds and ends of food in torn paper wrappings.

"Do you live here alone?" he asked.

"Except for the mice; but I should prefer to be alone."

"You are more like a hermit than a witch."

"And should prefer to be," she said. He examined a dish of stewed fruit which had a greenish-grey mantling of mould.

"Pooh! It smells like beet," he said. "I meant to throw it away, but it seemed such a criminal waste when the natives are starving everywhere."

In the sitting-room, with frail and shaking hands, she offered him a chocolate box; there was one chocolate left in it. It was stale and had a bloom on it, and might be poisoned, he thought; but he took it politely and turned it about in his mouth. It was very hard and tasted musty. "Curiosity killed the cat," his mother would say, when his body was discovered.

Mrs. May began then to tell him about the fields and park and her pony. He felt drowsy and wondered if the poison was taking effect. She had such a beautiful voice—wavering, floating—that he could not believe in his heart that she would do him any harm. The room was airless and he sat in a little spoon-shaped velvet chair and stared up at her, listening to a little of her story, here and there. Living alone, except for the mice, she had no one to blame her when she spilt egg and tea down her front, he supposed; and she had taken full advantage of her freedom. She was really very dirty, he decided dispassionately. But smelt nice. She had the cosy smell that he liked so much about his guinea pigs — a warm, stuffy, old smell.

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Bushells Flavor Buds put a lot more flavor in your cup



"I'd better go," he said suddenly. "I might come back again tomorrow."

She seemed to understand at once, but like all grown-up people was compelled to prolong the leave-taking a little. He answered her questions briefly, anxious to be off once he had made up his mind to go.

"There," he said, pointing up the hill. "My house is there." The gilt weather-vane, veering round, glittered in the sun above the slate roofs.

"Our old stables," Mrs. May said quite excitedly. "Oh, the memories!"

He shut the gate and sauntered off, between piles of bricks and tiles on the site where more houses were being built. Trees had been left standing here and there, looking strange upon the scarred, untidy landscape. William walked round the foundations of a little house, stood in the middle of a rectangle and tried to imagine a family sitting at a table in the middle of it, but it seemed far too small.

Continued from page 26

The walls were only three bricks high. He walked round them, one foot before the other, his arms lifted to keep his balance. Some workmen shouted at him. They were tiling the roof of a nearby house. He took no notice, made a completed round of the walls, and then walked off across the rough grass, where Mrs. May had ridden her pony when she was a little girl.

"Do you hear me?" his mother said again, her voice shrill, with anxiety and vexation. She even took William's shoulder and shook him. "You are not to talk to strangers."

His sister, Jennifer, who was ballet-mad, practised an arabesque, and watched the scene without interest, her mind on her own schemes.

William looked gravely at his mother, rubbing his shoulder.

"Do you understand?" He nodded.

MICE & BIRDS & BOY

"That's right, remember what your mother told you," his father said, for the sake of peace.

The next morning, William took a piece of cheese from the larder and a pen-knife and went to the building site. His mother was having an Italian lesson. Some of the workmen were sitting against a wall in the sun, drinking tea and eating bread and cheese, and William sat down amongst them, settling himself comfortably with his back against the wall. He cut pieces of cheese against his thumb as the others did and popped them neatly into his mouth.

They drew him into solemn conversation, winking at one another above his head. He answered them politely, but knew that they were making fun of him. One wag, going too far, grimacing too obviously, asked, "And what is your considered opinion of the present emergency?"

"I don't know," William replied, and he got up and walked away — more in sorrow than in anger, he tried to convey.

He lingered for a while, watching a bulldozer going over the uneven ground, opening wounds in the fields where Mrs. May had ridden her pony; then he wandered on toward the main road. Mrs. May came out to her front doorstep and dropped an apronful of crumbs on to the path. Thrushes and starlings descended about her.

"So you're back again," she called. "I am shortly off to the shops. It will be nice to have a boy go with me." She went inside, untying her apron.

He tried to swing on the gate, but it was lopsided. When she came out after a long time, she was wearing a torn raincoat, although it was quite hot already. It had no buttons and hung open. Her

dirty jersey was held to her flat chest with rows of jet beads.

William noted that they were much stared at as they passed the bus queue and, in the butcher's shop, Mrs. May was the subject of the same knowing looks and gravely kept straight faces that he himself had suffered from the builders. He felt, uncomfortably, that this behaviour was something that children came to expect, but that an older person should neither expect nor tolerate. He could not find words to explain his keen uneasiness on Mrs. May's account.

He watched the butcher unhook a drab piece of liver, slap it on the counter, and cut off a slice.

"When I think of the saddles of mutton, the sucking pigs..." said Mrs. May vaguely, counting out coppers.

"Yes, I expect so," said the butcher's wife, with a straight face turned toward her husband.

as her Italian lessons, had taken up Japanese cooking. His sister, returning from ballet class, with her shoes hanging from her neck by their ribbons, found him lying on the floor pushing a toy car back and forth.

Her suspicions were roused; for he was pretending to be playing, she was convinced, with an almost crouched effort at concentration. He began to hum unconcernedly. Jennifer's nose wrinkled. "It smells as if we're going to have that horrid soup with stalks in it."

"I like it," he murmured. "You would. What have you been doing, anyway?"

Still wearing her coat, she practised a few paces.

Never waste a moment, he thought.

"Nothing."

But she was not interested in him; had been once — long ago, it seemed to her, when his birth, she hoped, would brighten up the house. The novelty of him had soon worn off.

"The death duties," Mrs. May explained. Because of them, she could not light a fire until the really chilly days and sometimes had only an egg to eat all day. These death duties William thought of as moral obligations upon which both her father and husband had insisted on discharging while dying — some charitable undertakings, plainly not approved of by Mrs. May.

He was only puzzled by the varying effect of this upon her day-to-day life; sometimes she was miserably conscious of her poverty, but at other times she bought peppermint creams for herself and William and digestive biscuits for the birds.

Every time she opened or shut the garden gate, she explained how she would have had it mended if it were not for the death duties. The death duties made them sound a normal sort of procedure, a fairly usual change of heart brought about perhaps by the approach of death and clearly happening not only in Mrs. May's family.

The days were beginning to grow chilly, too chilly to be without a fire. The leaves on the great chestnut trees about the building site turned yellow and fell. William went back to school and called on Mrs. May only on Saturday mornings. He did not miss her. His life was suddenly very full and some weeks he did not go at all and she fretted for him, watching from a window like a lovesick girl, postponing her visit to the shops.

She missed not only him but her glimpses — from his conversation — of the strange life going on up in the old stables. His descriptions — in answer to her questions — and what she read into them formed a bewildering picture. She imagined the family all

To page 35



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LA. 10

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THE NARROW ESCAPE

An amusing story

By ROMA SHERRIS

Mr. Barton's faith in his wife watered when he felt she had a secret she wouldn't share with him

MR. BARTON SLEPT. The sound of his breathing was as regular as a metronome and as purposeful as an engine getting up steam at a main-line station. Every now and then he gave a gentle snore, and once a tiny whistle. Two tears ran down Mrs. Barton's cheeks. She felt lonely, unloved, old, and, moreover, not very well. It was difficult to pinpoint her symptoms. Just a feeling of general malaise, and aches and pains which assaulted her when she least expected them. It might, she reflected bitterly, be anything. Indeed, she had that afternoon consulted a medical dictionary and found several alarming possibilities.

None of this had she revealed to Mr. Barton who would, she felt sure, have told her not to be neurotic.

Lying between cool linen sheets, she silently upbraided her unconscious husband. He would be sorry when she lay, pale and remote, in a hospital ward and the surgeon broke the news, with its implied charge of neglect: "If only we had known earlier . . ."

Then he would be brought to his knees with self-reproach at having neglected her for so long . . .

The pain which had been meandering around her shoulder-blades all day suddenly changed course and smote her in the chest.

I shall, she decided, go to the doctor tomorrow before it is too late. She would, she further decided, not tell her husband. Nor would she go to their own G.P., who was getting on and probably was not conversant with the latest medical thought. In the neighboring town, she'd heard, was a young and brilliant diagnostician. She would consult him. Having reached this decision, she felt much better.

The clock downstairs struck two and the bed vibrated with the transports of Mr. Barton's slumber.

She shook him gently. "You're snoring, dear," she said, and all was silence.

The moment Mr. Barton left the house next morning, his wife made a telephone call. Yes, the receptionist said, the doctor would see her at five that afternoon. Allowing half an hour for the appointment, she would be back just after six to start the evening meal, Mrs. Barton thought.

She looked in the mirror and decided to have her hair done. Nothing, she told herself, so good for morale as being well-groomed.

At four o'clock precisely — half an hour before it was strictly necessary — she boarded the bus for town. She was wearing her most becoming cherry-colored dress and her hair was a soft golden brown from a color rinse. She could see herself in the glass behind the driver's seat and felt a glow of pride at her gallant appearance. No one would suspect that she might be on her way to receive her death sentence.

It was during the half-hour she had to kill before her appointment that Mrs. Barton's confidence began to flag. The pain, absent all day, suddenly returned and did not vanish until she found herself confronted by one of the handsomest men she had seen in her life.



He was tall, dark, greying at the temples, with steady, sympathetic grey-green eyes. He was also somewhat older than she had expected.

"Sit down, Mrs. Barton," he said with a smile, "and tell me all your troubles. Just relax now."

Mrs. Barton hesitated, looked into the depths of his compassionate eyes and knew that here, at last, was someone who would understand. With a great surge of relief and gratitude, she told him all about her sleeplessness, the pain, and her fears.

"I suppose," she said humbly, when she had finished, "that you'll think I'm neurotic and silly."

"I think no such thing," he told her kindly. "You were absolutely right to come."

"I'm glad to say," he said, half an hour later, "that I can find nothing physically wrong. Most people of our age" — and here Mrs. Barton flushed with gratification, since he was certainly some years younger than herself — "get aches and pains which have no significance. I'm going to give you some tablets to help you sleep."

"And by the way," he added casually, as he wrote the prescription, "I'd try to lose a little weight. At our age" — and again Mrs. Barton felt quite dizzy with gratification — "it's easier to lose half a stone now than a whole stone later on. I know — I've done it."

She gazed unbelievably at the exquisite line of his waistcoat. Then

she glanced furtively down and faced the humiliating fact that beneath her best dress lurked an unmistakable spare tyre.

"I shall go on a diet at once."

"Nothing drastic," he reminded her with a smile. "Just cut out all the starch. An attractive woman like yourself doesn't want to lose her figure. Come and see me in a month and we'll see how you are."

Mrs. Barton left the house in a trance. "An attractive woman like yourself. . . ." "At our age. . . ." Her face was aglow, her walk as jaunty as a girl's.

Mr. Barton, driving through the town at that moment on his way home, passed a good-looking woman swinging along the pavement.

She reminded him of someone, but he couldn't place her. It wasn't until he'd gone a mile or so that it came to him that she'd looked uncommonly like his wife.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Barton was boarding a later bus than she'd intended. Her husband would be back before her, and dinner would be late. She was not at all concerned. She was an attractive woman . . . a desirable woman. And a fascinating man was aware of it, even if her husband wasn't.

She was smiling secretly when she arrived home.

"Wherever have you been, Mavis?" Mr. Barton asked irritably. "I thought . . ."



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. . . Margaret Merril

To page 59



It's 2 mixers in one — stand and portable NEW DELUXE ALL-PURPOSE MIXER



SO POWERFUL!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 27, 1960



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AGE 1542

Memorial — beauty and sadness

VISITING the War Memorial at Canberra is a worthwhile experience, not a joyous jaunt. Mrs. Tamblin complained that the memorial was depressing. In its reverent atmosphere, the epics which have preserved our heritage are vividly recorded, along with the bravery, compassion, and sacrifice of men tried beyond human endurance. I am sure most holidaymakers are deeply moved after a visit to this sacred place.

\$2 to Mrs. J. Jeffrey, Broadview, S.A.

I DISAGREE that men glory in war. Since modern warfare has involved civilians and children, our sensitive feelings have been forced to strengthen and accept grim reminders as warnings of possibilities as injustice seeks to reign. I believe a man's enthusiasm for relics of war stems mainly from nostalgic thoughts of youth, adventure, and comradeship — beloved in any association. His mates who "bought it" are revered in silent tribute.

\$2 to K.C., Moorabbin, Vic.

I THINK Mrs. Tamblin has forgotten that war is as much a part of man's heritage as are life and death. Man has been called on through the ages to protect those things which he holds dear. If she looked through all the memorial, she may have come out in a happy mood, thanking God that after such devastating wars we are still free in this wonderful country.

\$2 to Mrs. P. A. Jarvis, Glenroy, Vic.

IN contrast, I have enjoyed many visits to Canberra's War Memorial, and have found that each time there was something of interest which I had missed before. I will admit that some of the paintings are "gruesome," but only to the extent that they are realistic. War is gruesome. The creators of the memorial are to be congratulated on their efforts to display relics with an unusual and sometimes humorous story attached to them. The magnificent Hall of Memory, with its aura of tranquillity and majesty, is a fitting reminder of those who gave their lives for Australia.

\$2 to Mrs. Sandra Brosman, Acacia Ridge, Qld.

ALL people hate war. The memorial is not to glorify war but to perpetuate the memory of men and women who served their country. Those "gruesome" relics were for a time part of their lives, and have now become Australia's history, to be remembered with reverence. When my husband and I entered this building, it was not to enjoy ourselves but to pay a very humble tribute.

\$2 to "Australian Pommie" (name supplied), Beaconsfield, N.S.W.



LETTER BOX

• We pay \$2.00 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

The only one?

SOMETIMES I feel as though I am the only woman left who complains about poor workmanship, bad service, and gross inefficiency. Whenever I take a shoddy article back to the shop and complain, the reply is invariably, "Well, madam, no one else has complained." If only more people took the trouble to make a fuss about some of the high-priced rubbish foisted on us, there would be less of the "take it or leave it" attitude in Australia today.

\$2 to Mrs. B. Westwood, Woodford, Qld.

"At homes" in home unit blocks

THERE are many elderly women now who have given up their homes and moved into units. They can lead very solitary lives in large, new blocks. May I suggest that, once a month, unit owners take it in turns to have an "at home," such as our grandmothers had, for residents to call. They could please themselves whether they went or not, but it would be an opportunity for making friends and feeling part of a community.

\$2 to Mrs. E. M. Cuthbert, Mosman, N.S.W.

Modern manners

ALTHOUGH my three young children are fine and healthy and quite well behaved, I am not sure how to go about teaching them good manners. What I want to know is what sort of behaviour is expected of children today at the dinner table, when visiting, with introductions, etc. — and a suitable explanation of why I want them to be polite. They are not (and I don't want them to be) "seen and not heard," but they will need help not to grow too wild, and I think some old-fashioned good manners are needed. Can readers help?

\$2 to Mrs. Janice Scarlett, Pontville, Tas.

A Chinese tale

YEARS ago, when we were children, our father told us of a strange thing told him by an old Chinese seaman. It was that when a silence falls on a group it will be either quarter to the hour or quarter past. We found that it really did seem to work that way. Does anyone know more of this old story?

\$2 to Mrs. L. T. East, Glen Waverley, Vic.

Youthful logic

TEN-YEAR-OLD Kerry had made a little rag doll for her baby brother. When I remarked what a sweet thought it was, she replied, "Oh, I want to do as many things as I can for him while I still love him. When he grows up to be a boy like Michael (her tormenting eight-year-old brother), I probably won't love him at all."

\$2 to Mrs. S. Harney, Wentworthville, N.S.W.



NO MORE RINGLETS

• "How to cope with curly hair" is the theme of a beauty article in an overseas magazine.

Those little girls
With golden curls
Aroused one's childhood hate;
Small comfort now
To think of how
The smartest hair is straight.

How nice had fate
Postponed one's date
To join these current girls;
The chances are
(Unlucky star!)
One might have copped the curls.

— Dorothy Drain

Thought for the aged

SO many people, when they put their elderly relatives in a home for the aged, seem to think their duty has ended there. I work in one. At times I feel a law should be passed to make sons and daughters take their parents home for a meal at least once a week. Many have a habit of rushing in just at mealtimes, which gives an excuse for not staying long. One of our ladies has not been out for 11 years. She has people, but they never take her out, just write or send cards for birthdays and Christmas. Even if relatives take the old ones for a drive, they are usually away only an hour or so, and the dear souls are left on return unhappy and confused — it has all been so rushed. The silent tears one sees are very disturbing.

\$2 to "Frightened To Get Old" (name supplied), Campbelltown, S.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

LES HOPKINS was white-faced and worried. "She is in very poor shape," he said. "I don't think she'll ever be the same again."

"Don't be too downhearted," I told him. "It's amazing what they can do to fix these things nowadays."

He shook his head sadly. "The garage people say the only hope is to install a new gearbox. It'll cost a fortune," he said.

I gave him a sympathetic pat on the shoulder. There is not much you can say at a time like this.

The knowledge that something is wrong with the car throws a shadow over many otherwise happy homes. It is like having sickness in the family.

In one way an ailing vehicle is even worse. You can't collect medical benefits for the repairs. Nor are the garage bills deductible for income tax purposes.

Les Hopkins always confides in me when his car breaks down. It

FRIENDLY CLUTCHES

does him good to have someone to talk to. I remember how nervous he was when it first had to go into a garage for repairs. The clutch cable was broken.



"I wonder if they'll look after her properly," he said, biting his nails.

"Don't worry, Les," I said. "She couldn't be in better hands than old Bill McSpanner's."

Naturally Les turned to me when the car had to go in for a major operation on the gearbox. I think

it was my support that enabled him to come through the crisis.

Then just lately I had worries of my own.

My radiator started losing water and boiling. The garage man who looked into it rang me and said: "I've got bad news. There's a small crack in your cylinder block. We'll have to weld it."

It was then that I learned the value of friendship.

I went to Les Hopkins in a distraught state. "Les," I said huskily, "I've got a cracked cylinder block."

"I'll never forget the comfort I obtained from his tactful sympathy."

"It needn't affect the resale value," he said. "If it's only a small crack, people won't notice it."

Les let me talk to him about my cylinder block for a long time, and I went away feeling much better.

Perhaps what I want to say could be summed up by slightly adapting the famous words of Adam Lindsay Gordon:

Radiators froth and bubble;
Two things stand like stone—
Kindness in a friend's car trouble,
Courage in your own.



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AV05

Mother knows best (about holidays)



● Mrs. Pat Walker

● Father doesn't know best — about travel — according to pretty Mrs. Pat Walker. Well known in New Zealand as a lecturer and fashion and beauty expert, Mrs. Walker is on a three-month tour of Australia, talking to women's organisations. She talks about New Zealand sights and shows slides. "It's quite an effective way to reach people and let them see and hear about the beauty of New Zealand simultaneously," said Mrs. Walker.

Why talk only to women's groups? "Women are the ones who decide where the family spends its holidays."

HE CAN NEVER SAY 'NO' TO NOH

■ Tall, softly spoken Italian university professor Dr. Benito Ortolani, now lecturing in Australia, is a man of many countries.

He was born in Rome, has attended universities in Vienna, Turin, and Frankfurt, lectured at the Tokyo University, and — after a three-month stay in Australia — will take up a post at the Honolulu University.

To cap it all, Dr. Ortolani, 37, has an American bride.

The Ortolanis made a honeymoon trip by ship to Australia, where Dr. Ortolani has a temporary post at the University of New South Wales, Sydney.

He is delivering a series of lectures on all forms of Japanese theatre at the University's Drama School.

Although Dr. Ortolani has travelled the world, and has lectured in many countries, his special love is the Orient.

He is considered one of the foremost authorities on Noh, a Japanese theatre form which dates back to the 14th century and is noted for its elaborate masks and beautiful costumes worn by an all-male cast.

Noh was the theatre of the high-caste samurais, the embodiment of oriental ideals and spirituality.

Most of it today remains

as it was then, and it is considered the purest of Japanese drama.

Last year Dr. Ortolani toured Europe with the first group of Noh actors to set foot in such places as Greece and Germany.

"The introduction to a Noh play is most necessary," he said as he went on to demonstrate some of the movements and sounds which typify a Noh play.

"By the mere movement of the hand to the brow — thus — you have someone weeping" — and at once the smiling professor became a tragic figure.

"Sound is most important, too," said Dr. Ortolani.

"It is called Kakego, and can be produced with different intonations, each meaning something different.

"To know what these different movements and sounds represent is most important as it helps one understand what is going on."

Coming from a traditionally "warm-blooded" Mediterranean country, Dr. Ortolani finds it hard to understand the "calmness" of audiences in Australia.

"In Europe, audiences clap and shout if something pleases them," he said, "Out here, they are more dignified."

★ REALLY A GALA(H) OCCASION!



A **METHUSELAH** among English parrots, "Cocky" is 122 years old this year. He is hale and hearty and, given half a chance, is only too pleased to tell the youngsters a thing or two. Ever since the day he first saw a zeppelin in the sky, he has raised morale all round with the cry, "Cocky will frighten the Germans!" You don't dare tell a cantankerous parrot that times have changed. His owner, Mr. Basil Compton, a Herefordshire cattle breeder, believes he has the oldest living Australian cockatoo in captivity. "Cocky" arrived in Britain in the 1850s in a clipper. Mr. Compton has had him for 27 years.



★ An American judge recently ordered a youth to have a haircut before his car-stealing case would be finalised. Said the judge: "I refuse to sentence anyone I can't see."

A DRIVE-IN FOR BOOKS

● A bookshop in Tokyo has started a service enabling customers to buy books without getting out of their cars.

A customer, driving up to a window, gives the name of the book desired to an attendant, who then has the book drawn from stacks and shown to the buyer over the store's closed-circuit TV system.

The sale is sealed through the car window.

COMPACT

'Wild' about wildflowers

■ An American flower arranger, television personality, and author, Mrs. Beth Hemingway, wants to settle in Australia for a couple of years and write a book on Australian wildflowers.

Mrs. Hemingway, a widow, who lives in an 18th-century farm in Virginia, was here in May to lecture members of the Garden Club of Australia and other groups.

Her book, "Flower Arrangement With Antiques," which took her two years to write and was published last year, included photographs of arrangements done by members of the Garden Club of Australia at Vaucluse House, Sydney.

"It will take me about a year to make the necessary

arrangements for my return to Sydney," Mrs. Hemingway said. "I would like to find a nice little house outside the city with plenty of land around it.

"I think your wildflowers would be so beautiful to work with and they would make the most unusual arrangements. What I saw in the month I was here just whetted my interest and I want to really get to know them.

"Even the shrubs burnt black by the bushfires have a strange and wonderful beauty of their own. On a trip to Bilpin, N.S.W., I found some blackened banksia pods which I arranged in a yellow vase. The effect was most striking."

BIG BLOW FOR BABY MILLIGAN

★ Comedian Spike Milligan ("The Goon Show," remember?) lends a helping hand as his wife's hat threatens to blow off in the wind outside an English church after the christening of their daughter. The child, aged five weeks and five days, was christened Jane Flonulla Marion Milligan.



● Dr. Ortolani and a Noh theatre mask.

What have we done with Peek Frean's Golden Puff Pastry?



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Golden Puff Savoury: Heap with hot mince. Add a slice or two of fresh tomato and top with a few slices of boiled egg. Voila! A Mince Pie in minutes.



Mushroom Snack: Take a single Golden Puff and scoop a hole in the middle. Now fill it. With hot cooked button mushrooms and watch the mouths water.



Vanilla Slice: Here's a new way to bring an old favourite up-to-date. Take a Golden Puff and fill with custard. Top with your favourite icing and sprinkle with coconut. Then stand back and wait for the rush.



Ham and Pineapple: Take a thick piece of tender ham and cap with a slice or two of the juiciest pineapple you can find. It's a tropical delight.



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Apple and Cream: Looking for a quick dessert? This is it. Cook plenty of stewed apple and fill as many Golden Puffs as you've got hungry people. Add a topping of whipped cream. A few raisins. Suddenly you've got compliments.



Pizza Pie Snack: Take salami. Top with your favourite cheese. Add tomato and green pepper and grill. Bravissimo. You've got an Italian temptation.



Golden Puffs hot or cold: Golden Puffs go with just about everything. Split down the middle and add your favourite sweet or savoury filling. You've got a sandwich. A complete main course. A delicious dessert. It's as easy as that.

Isn't it time
you got together
with Golden Puff?



Make it tomorrow,
then see what
you can do with your
imagination

MICE & BIRDS & BOY

Continued from page 28

...round the bench in the old harness room, drinking a thin soup with blades of grass in it—the brisk mother, the gentle, dreamy father, and an objectionable little girl who kept getting down from the frugal meal to practise pas de chats across the old, broken brick floor.

She had built the scene from his phrases—"My mother will be cross if I'm late" (more polite, he thought, than "My mother will be cross if she knows I came to see you") and "My father wouldn't mind." His sister, it seemed, complained about the soup; apart from this, she only talked of Margot Fonteyn. But confusions came into it—in William's helping to clean silver for a dinner party and having been sent to bed early for spilling ink on a carpet. Silver and carpets were hard to imagine as part of the old stables.

She had forgotten what a family was like, and had never had much chance of learning—only child and childless wife. William was too young to be a satisfactory informant. He was haphazardly selective, interested too much in his own separate affairs, unobservant and forgetful of the adult world; yet she managed to piece something together and it had slowly grown—a continuous story, without direction or catharsis—but could no longer grow if he were not to visit her.

HOLDING the curtains. Her frail hands shook. When he did come, he was enticed to return. On those mornings now, there were always sweets. But her questions tired him, as they tire and antagonise all children who begin to feel uneasily in the wrong role. He had by now satisfied his curiosity about her and was content to let what he did not understand—the death duties, for instance—lie at peace.

"You shall have this when I'm gone," she began to say, closing the lid of the sandalwood box in which she kept the old photographs. Also promised was her father's sword and scabbard, in which William was more interested, and a stuffed parrot called Bertha—once a childhood pet and still talked to as if no change had taken place.

One morning, she saw him playing on the building-site and went out to the gate and called to him, lured him into the garden and then the house with witch-like tactics, sat him down on the spoon-shaped chair and gave him a bag of sweets.

"And how is your mother?" she inquired. She had a feeling that she detested the woman. William nodded absentmindedly, poking about in the sweets bag. His hair was like gold silk, she thought.

"People have always lost patience with me," she said, feeling his attention wandering from her. "I only had my beauty."

She was going on to describe how her husband's attention had also wandered, then thought it perhaps an unsuitable subject to discuss with a child. She had never discussed it with anyone else. Such a vague marriage, and her memories of it were vague, too—seemed farther away than her childhood.

A mouse gnawed with a delicate sound in the wainscot and William turned his gaze toward it, waiting for the minutes to pass until the time when he could rise politely from the dusty chair and say goodbye.

If only he would tell me, Mrs. May thought in despair. Tell me what there was for breakfast, for instance, and who said what and who went where, so that I could have something to think about in the evening.

"Oh, well, the winter will come if it means to," she said aloud. Rain

To page 38

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

• Readers win \$2 for each of these useful household hints to help with cooking, mending, and knitting.

CAMOUFLAGE scratches on black patent-leather shoes by stroking a soft black eyebrow pencil over them. Leave a few minutes, then polish with a soft cloth. Repeat once or twice for best results. — Miss R. Watson, 44 Showground Rd., Castle Hill, N.S.W.

When a child outgrows his all-in-one pyjamas, cut off the feet and replace with a pair of ordinary socks, firmly stitched in place. This will give the extra length required. Buy socks larger than the child normally wears, to allow plenty of room at night. — Mrs. C. Clarkson, 25 Devonshire St., W. Footscray, Vic.

Household hints from readers

A piece of bacon rind added to tomato soup while it is cooking will enhance the flavor. Remove before serving. — Mrs. R. Lawrence, 20 Laburnum St., Brighton, Vic.

To make firm, neat buttonholes on hand-knitted garments, cast off the required number of stitches on the first row, then on the return row cast on one extra stitch, knitting together this extra cast-on stitch and the first stitch following the buttonhole. This method eliminates the loose thread formed when only the same number of stitches are cast on. — Mrs. Grace Cox, Wrights Beach, Errol Bay, South Coast, N.S.W.

Make use of the small plastic spoons sold with ice-cream: Break off the handles to a convenient length to fit your small spice canisters. They are a useful measure. — R. G. Jones, 20 Kelyndar St., Banyo, Brisbane.

Something different for lunchbox or picnic: Coat hard-boiled eggs thickly with mince or sausage meat, then fry in a coating of egg and breadcrumbs. Pack in a salad. — Mrs. Elsie Horton, 30 Devon Rd., Swanbourne, W.A.

To remove stains or grease spots from serge and gabardine, heat salt in the oven, then rub it into the spots. — Mrs. B. Webster, 98 Princess St., Nth. Rockhampton, Qld.

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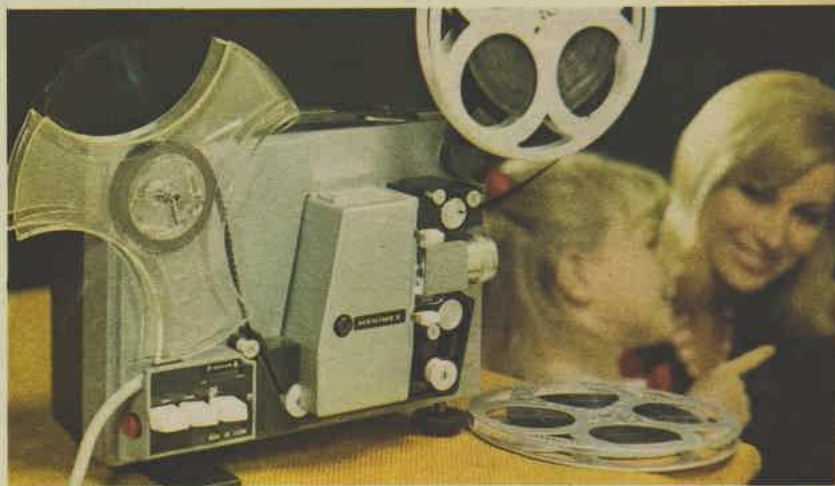


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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 27, 1966

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ENTRY FORMS AT YOUR GROCERY STORE

CNI/42 WWDPS

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Continued from page 35

MICE & BIRDS & BOY



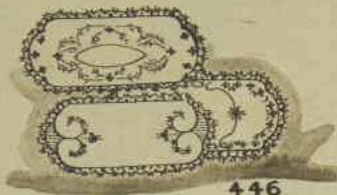
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had swept in a gust upon the window, as if cast upon the little panes in spite. "Nothing we can do can stop it. Only dig in and make ourselves comfortable—roast chestnuts on my little coal shovel."

William glanced from the wainscot to the empty grate, but Mrs. May seemed not to see its emptiness. "Once, when I had a nice governess, we roasted some over the school-room fire. But the next governess would never let me do anything that pleased me. 'Want must be your master,' she said. She had many low phrases of that kind. Yes, 'want must be your master,' she said again, and sighed."

The visit was running down and her visitor simply sitting there until he could go. Courageously, when he had refused another peppermint cream and showed that he did not want to see again the photograph of her home, she

released him, she even urged him to go, speeding him on his way, and watched him from the open door, her hands clasped close to her flat chest. He was like a most beloved caged bird that she had set at liberty. She felt regret and yet a sense of triumph seeing him go.

She returned to the room and looked dully at the stuffed parrot, feeling a little like crying, but she had been brought up not to do so. "Yes, want must be your master, Bertha," she said, in a soft but serene voice.

"I can't see harm in it," William's father told his wife. Jennifer had seen William leaving Mrs. May's and hurried to tell her mother, who began complaining the moment her husband returned for lunch.

"She's stark, staring mad and the place is filthy, everybody says so."

"Children sometimes see what we can't."

"I don't know what you mean by that. I forbade him to go there and he repeatedly disobeyed me. You should speak to him."

So his father spoke to William—rather off-handedly, over his shoulder, while hanging his coat up in the hall, as William passed through.

To be reprimanded for what he had not wanted to do, for what he looked on as a duty, did not vex William. It was the kind of thing that happened to him a great deal and he let it go, rather than tie himself up in explanations.

"You did hear what I said?" his father asked.

"Yes, I heard."

"Your mother has her reasons. You can leave it at that."

It happened that he obeyed his parents. His father one day passing Mrs. May's garden came on her feeding her birds there. He raised his hat and saw, as she glanced up, her ruined face, bewildered eyes, and was stirred by pity as he walked on.

As the nights grew colder, Mrs. May was forced to light a fire and she wandered about the building-site collecting sawn-off pieces of batten and wood - shavings. She met William there once, playing with another boy. He returned her greeting, answered her questions unwillingly, knowing that his companion had ducked his head, trying to hide a smile.

When she had wandered on at last, there were more questions from his friend. "Oh, she's only an old witch I know," he replied.

The truth was that he could hardly remember how once he had liked to go to see her. Then he had tired of her stories about her childhood, grew bored with her photographs, became embarrassed by her and realised, in an adult way, that the little house was filthy. One afternoon, on his way home from school, he had seen her coming out of the butcher's shop ahead of him and had slackened his pace, almost walked backwards not to overtake her.

She was alone again, except for the birds in the daytime, the mice at night. The deep winter came and the birds grew fewer and the mice increased. The cold weather birds, double their summer size, hopped doddily about the crisp, rimed grass, jabbing their beaks into frozen puddles, bewildered as refugees. Out she hurried, first thing in the mornings, to break the ice and scatter crumbs. She found a dead thrush and grieved over it. "Oh, Bertha, one of ours," she mourned.

Deep snow came and she was quite cut off—the garden

was full of strange shapes, as if heaped with pillows and bolsters and the birds made their dagger tracks across the drifts. She could not open her door.

Seeing the untrodden path, William's father, passing by, went to borrow a spade from the nearest house and cleared the snow from the gateway to the door. He saw her watching from a window and, when at last she could, she opened the door to thank him.

"I'm afraid I don't know who you are," she began. "I live in the old stables up on the hill."

"Then I know your little boy. He used to visit me. It was very kind of you to come to my rescue."

William's father returned the spade and then walked home, feeling sad and ashamed. "Oh, dear, that house," he said to his wife. "It is quite filthy — what I glimpsed of it. You were perfectly right. Someone ought to do something to help her."

"She should help herself. She must have plenty of money — all this building land."

"I think she misses William."

"It was just a passing thing," said his wife, who was a great one herself for passing things. "He simply lost interest."

"Lost innocence, perhaps. The truth is, I suppose, that children grow up and begin to lose their simple vision."

"The truth is," she said tartly, "that if people don't wash themselves they go unloved." Her voice was cold and disdainful. She had summed up many other lives than Mrs. May's and knew the tone to use.

THE thaw began, then froze in buds upon the red twigs of the dogwood in Mrs. May's untidy hedge. The hardening snow was pitted with drips from the branches.

Mrs. May was afraid to venture on her frozen path beyond her doorway, and threw her remaining bits of bread from there. There was no one to run an errand for her. The cold drove her inside, but she kept going to the window to see if the ice were melting. Instead, the sky darkened. Both sky and earth were iron.

"It's my old bones," she said to Bertha. "I'm afraid for my old bones."

Then she saw William running and sliding on the ice, his red scarf flying, his cheeks bright. He fell, and scrambled up, laughing.

"It's falling I'm afraid of," Mrs. May whispered to the window-pane. "My old bones are too brittle."

She went to the front door and opened it. Standing shivering on the step, she called to William. He seemed not to hear and she tried to raise her voice. He took a run and, with his arms flung up above his head, slipped across a patch of ice. He shouted to someone out of sight and dashed forward.

Mrs. May shut the door again. "Someone will come," she told Bertha briskly. She straightened her father's sword suspended above the fireplace and bustled about, trying to tidy the room ready for an unknown visitor. "There's no knowing what might happen. Anyone might call," she murmured.

(c) 1965, by Elizabeth Taylor. This story is from a collection of short stories entitled "A Dedicated Man," by Elizabeth Taylor, published by Chatto and Windus.

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AT HOME

with Margaret Sydney

● Some American psychiatrists have done a survey of adult mental health and have come out with the rather unscientific-sounding conclusion that "bachelors tend to be crazier than married men."

THREE doctors from the Albany Medical College in New York made a survey of 50 men who had been among 75 boys found "absolutely normal" in tests made 12 years before.

The 75 "absolutely normal" boys had been all they could find after testing 2000 ninth-grade pupils in Minneapolis in 1954.

Of the 75, they managed to round up 50 for retesting. Two of these they found to be "significantly mentally disturbed," and both were bachelors!

History doesn't relate how many of the total number were still bachelors, but the doctors expressed the view that the married men led essentially mundane and dull lives, that they believed in stability, had well-adjusted children, but lacked imagination and had few interests.

So much for being perfectly normal in your teens. What would be interesting would be to see comparative figures today for the 1925 schoolboys who were left out of the test 12 years ago because they were not considered absolutely normal.

What's the betting a lot of them would have turned out to be stable without being dull, to have well-adjusted children, and to have wide interests and rich personalities of their own?

On present indications, we are raising a bachelor in this family. Mike informs us that he doesn't like women and has no intention of marrying. Could his sisters be to blame for this?

Pressed for reasons, he says the trouble with women is that they go yak-yak-yak-yak the whole time, it takes them an hour to have a bath, and they only want to watch the TV programs that make you sick.

Hugh's suggestion to him was that it might be a good idea to make a lot of money so that he could afford to give his wife a separate bathroom and a separate TV set.

But Mike, after thinking this over for a while, decided it might be even better to be a rich bachelor. Somehow I think he may change his views in the next four or five years.

A pleasant, sunny day at the zoo

I SPENT a day recently at the zoo, and I've come to the conclusion that we're mad to give up going to the zoo the way most of us do when our children get too big to want to be taken.

If animals interest you, and if you can find a friend who shares your interest, there's no pleasanter way of spending a sunny day. In fact, let's be honest: it's much pleasanter that way than going with a horde of children who all want to go in different directions, and regard their adult escorts

as cardigan-carriers and banks for spending money.

A lot of people are against zoos. I'm not, although there are some things I don't like about them. But when you consider the senseless wiping-out of animals that has gone on all over the world in the past century, you can well argue that the world's zoos are invaluable repositories of things we might otherwise lose altogether.

I don't particularly like to see basenji and husky dogs in a zoo, or a pen of domestic cats. I don't like to see seagulls caged when quite a short bus ride in any Australian capital city will take people to where they can see gulls flying free.

I don't particularly like the living conditions of things like raccoons and Tasmanian devils and kinkajous, but on the whole I think the test of a zoo is how the animals look.

If they're well fleshed, if their ungroomed coats are reasonably sleek, and if they're breeding normally, it seems a fair presumption that they find their living conditions pretty satisfactory.

Giraffes — fabulously beautiful beasts

YOU might say it's illogical to object to domestic cats being caged, but not to mention the lions. Well, I suppose it is illogical in a way, but the cat can be safely let out in the suburbs and the lion can't.

It seems important to remember that a high proportion of the zoo's inmates were bred in captivity, and couldn't fend for themselves in freedom half as well as zoo-haters think they could.

In fact, like you and me, they can live happily under the conditions which seem natural to them, because they've never had any others.

For once I could spend as long as I liked by the giraffes. Giraffes, I've decided, are an acquired taste. They don't hold children's attention for more than a few minutes, and mine were always hustling me away long before I'd looked my fill.

Anyone who thinks these fabulously beautiful beasts aren't happy in the zoo is nuts. I can remember when there were two — Jan and (I think) Betty. On my recent visit there were 16, including three elegant babies stalking through the forests of grown-up legs.

The water animals (the seals and dolphins, and my other favorites, the Canadian otters) seem to have ideal conditions short of absolute freedom — deep water, good food, no natural enemies, no hunters, no fishermen.

Incidentally, it was interesting to see the power of TV. A busload of eight- and nine-year-olds arrived while we were there, and all round the dolphin pool the air rang with their excited cries: "Here's Flipper, come and look at Flipper, Flip-per, Flip-per, Flip-per."

ARE THE WAY-OUT

"Let her have her clothes. Hipsters, zip trousers, skimpy skirts are better than sullen resentment. Open your home to her friends."

WITH two teenage daughters of my own, "Unhappy Mother," I read your story with interest and concern. Daughters are wonderful, and it is sad, indeed, when an impasse such as this occurs.

I think that what you have overlooked is the fact that teenagers change overnight. Are you sure you haven't made the mistake of treating as a child one who is really a young adult?

In the light of your own past experience, are you perhaps being over-protective? Nearly all young people of your daughter's age yearn for the "outlandish" clothes and pop music of the time.

Let her have her clothes. It is better to sojourn briefly with hipsters, zip trousers, and skimpy skirts than to create an atmosphere of sullen resentment. One must, after all, conform.

Let her soak up her pop music. Open your home to her friends, no matter how unsuitable they seem to you. You will survive.

Think again about those friends you have forbidden her to see. Are they really bad, or are they paying the penalty for being different? So many decent youngsters I know are condemned simply because of their hairstyle and clothes.

Be tactful

Incidentally, the only dirty teenager I have met wore his hair short.

How many, and varied, are your daughter's outdoor interests? These are important. Has your church a youth club? If run in a forward-going spirit, this could be very helpful, if she were eased into it tactfully.

Don't call in outsiders to give advice, not obviously. At her age, this is resented deeply.

Keep your faith and love in your daughter, "Unhappy Mother." The doctor was right. This is a passing phase, and it will pass, if you are steadfast in patience and love. Remember that no matter how rebellious and sullen she seems, she is suffering just as much as you. — "Still Trying," Emerald, Vic.

★ Ask some of these long-haired pop fans home and — repugnant as it may be — try to find some going points in them. They may appear far less attractive to your 14-year-old in the setting

of her home, where she will not fail to notice their lack of manners and conversation. — Mrs. G. M. Foster, Emu Plains, N.S.W.

★ Long-haired boys, outlandish clothes, and pop music are the "in" thing, and we mums must adjust to the fact. Your daughter was merely reacting as thousands do, the only difference being that she lacked the maturity to distinguish the "good" types from the "bad."

Invite her friends home, even the ones you disapprove of. They won't then have the attraction of forbidden fruit, and if you provide this happy home atmosphere, your daughter may even mellow a little.

Try to interest her in some hobby to take the place of the dances and cinemas from which she is barred — lessons in guitar-playing, horse-riding, a dramatic club, perhaps. The "rebel" adolescent has an aggressive urge to be independent, and finds herself in the grip of forces she can't understand or control. — J. Cole, Orchard Hills, N.S.W.

A new school might be the answer

"UNHAPPY MOTHER" should stop asking where she failed her daughter, and who is to blame, and concentrate on the present. It might be wise to transfer the girl to another school, away from her present undesirable friends, even to another district.

Tell her you know she would like to be independent in a few years' time, and to do this she must develop her talents to the fullest. A vocational guidance expert may reveal hidden talents.

Encourage her to look after herself as if she were in her own flat. She might do her own laundry, and cook a meal occasionally. This will keep her occupied and at home, and help her to appreciate Mum, who usually does these chores. — Mrs. Gwen Smalley, Rosanna, Vic.

★ It seems to me that the daughter has been "getting around" while she is too young to cope. At 14 she is only a schoolgirl, and should be for another two or three years.

No help appears to be forthcoming from the principal of her present school, so I suggest she sends her daughter to a good boarding school, where she would be disciplined to study and taught sound religious principles. If this could be managed financially it could be a simple way out of a

serious problem. — Mrs. Doris Cheesbrough, Collaroy, N.S.W.

"Did you show her you loved her?"

YOU do have a problem, but I wouldn't blame it on marrying the wrong type of man. You say you've done everything you could for your daughter, but I wonder.

Did you have mother and daughter talks as she grew up? Did you show her you loved her? Even though you had to work to keep your home and family, did you always find time to talk to your children, to ask them about school and things that might have been worrying them?

You must show you feel deeply for their problems, even though they may seem minor to you. Tuck each one into bed at night and have a quiet talk. Treat them as individuals.

It's no good shouting and belting too much, as this tends to make the child rebel. Children are growing up in a changed era, so try to meet your daughter's whims halfway. Let her dress in the teenage fashion of her group, but see that she meets the right type of person.

Explain the facts of life

TEENS SO BAD?

Readers offer advice to the mother of a wayward 14-year-old

in an understanding way, and let her feel you trust her. You must be understanding. Some teenagers go through mental torment in growing up.

Treating your daughter as an equal can be a big help in making mother-daughter relationship a close one. Have family outings, but do things that would interest a teenager. Let her see you do understand her generation. —"Interested Reader," East Ipswich, Qld.

★ ★ ★
★ Let her have her "pop" music, the same as all healthy, normal teenagers — and listen to it with her. Learn the names of the different groups, and surprise her now and again by remarking favorably on one of the hit tunes. Watch her face!

Look through some magazines for a hairstyle you think she will like, and meet her after school to go to the hairdressing salon. Match the hairdo with an outfit — and ask her if she would prefer the hem a little shorter. The sullen, resentful attitude will soon disappear.

Ask your son to take her out occasionally, and introduce her to his friends. This would give her confidence in herself, and I think you will find she won't look for the older company.

Don't criticise everything she likes to wear. Guide her, but if at times you have to give in and buy something outlandish, remember you are doing exactly the same as other mothers of 14-year-old daughters.

Don't let her think you consider her teens as problem years. Laugh with her, cry with her, because all too soon she will be an adult, and someone else will take over her joys and sorrows. Enjoy her while you can. —"Concerned," Toowoomba, Qld.

"Don't keep showering her with privileges, hoping for gratitude. Ask for something in return."

YOUR daughter sounds rebellious and rude, but she seems to need more than understanding. About the worst thing you can do is belt her. It makes her more resentful.

The reason she doesn't respond to your generosity — taking her to the beach and to the pictures — is that deep down she doesn't want this. I am only 14, and I know from personal experi-

Was mother too concerned for herself?

FROM the tone of the letter, it appears that the writer has been more concerned with herself and how things would affect her than with her daughter.

The over-emphasis on the word "I" leads me to suppose that the mother somehow failed to get past the effect on herself and establish some kind of normal relationship with the girl.

How often did the mother mention to the children that their father "had so little regard for them that he could walk out and forget we existed"? Often, I suspect.

From memories of my own childhood, I know that loving a child is no automatic assurance that the child will obey. Children take love for granted. No matter what happens, rarely will Mum wipe a child off. But children need to feel they have to EARN respect, and this is instilled only when the parents have self-respect. Perhaps this mother failed in not having self-respect.

She says her daughter got into bad company. How did this happen? If the girl had been encouraged to bring her company home, and allowed out only with at least one other adult, she would have had little chance to meet bad company.

The mother says she refused to buy the girl "outlandish" clothes. Surely the lass had a school uniform, and a normal outfit for church and other activities. Would it have been so disastrous occasionally to let her wear one of the odd out-

fits teenage girls seem to love these days?

The girl was forbidden to associate with friends "with bad names." Were they hooligan types, or merely the rather odd young people one sees now with long hair and slightly grubby appearance?

Then that phrase "I tried to be kind and understanding": no mother should have to TRY to be kind and understanding. Those who appear best able to handle their children do not seem consciously to try to be kind or understanding.

It is no use trying to make this girl revert to remorseful childhood and cry, "Sorry, Mummy." The mother should stop being so concerned about the effect on herself and concentrate on something other than her daughter's misbehaviour. Possibly any small misdeed is now the opening for reiteration of all the worry and upset the girl has caused.

The mother found no good word to say about her child. Surely the girl must have some good points: bright, clean, pretty, energetic? Try looking for them. "Unhappy Mother," and before you know it you might just be writing another letter signed "Happy Mother, Happy Daughter." — "It Might Help," Mt. Gambier, S.A.

A kind word for the real father

YOUR daughter may not remember her real father, but she may have romanticised him, and if you have discredited him to her she will see you as the villain of the piece and poor old Daddy as the injured party.

Fifteen years ago you

loved him. He must have had some good qualities, so, for your daughter's sake, remember these things and recall them. You can do so without disloyalty to your present husband. Let your daughter see that in spite of her father's charm and humor, or whatever it was, it was not enough without trust, honor, and responsibility, and that love does not continue without these things. Point out that this applies in families as well as between husband and wife. — "Sympathetic," Kyogle, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
★ If it is possible to talk to her without bitterness about her own father, do so. He must have had some good points or you wouldn't have married him in the first place. Try to talk to her as if she were grown-up.

"I understand how you feel, because I was a problem child, too."

I UNDERSTAND how you feel, "Unhappy Mother," not because I am a mother, but because I was a problem child. I don't think you have failed your daughter, and it is a good thing she has a father now to take an interest in her, even if she may resent him a little.

A sensitive child could easily rebel when discipline from a total stranger is introduced into her life.

My own father was strict, but good and kind. My mother was, and is, absolutely wonderful. It was the discipline which I misinterpreted as dislike, and I wrongly thought my brother was favored.

After two years of this intolerable situation my mother asked the same question you are asking: "Why should an apparently normal, happy child become uncontrollable?" She felt I must be sick.

I agreed to go to our trusted doctor, who explained that I was simply unable to cope with my emotions. She recommended psychiatric treatment. It was a great relief to me — although I'd never have admitted it.

I became ill during the treatment, and on regaining consciousness in hospital I saw my father bending over me. He looked years older, white-faced, and worried. It occurred to me that he did care whether I lived or died. My cure had really begun.

Even if she doesn't respond, she may think of what you say later.

Possibly, "Unhappy Mother," you think you can see failings of the father in your child — and children are quick to feel if they are not close to their mothers. — "Keep Trying," Brighton, Vic.

False value on the forbidden

THE change which came over "Unhappy Mother's" daughter is no more than comes over many teenagers feeling their way in an adult world. Pop music, long hair, and outlandish clothes suddenly are all-important. Study and school recede into the background, while only

friends of similar tastes are cultivated. The others are "squares."

I can imagine the attraction of the sound-lounge, remembering my own teenage years — not so far distant — and the pull of the local milkbar where the "doubtful" types hung out. Yet today these "types" are leading useful lives, and mostly could be classed as good citizens.

Being denied conformity with the teenage world may have made this girl value such things disproportionately, and fall easy prey to the worse elements of the "way-out" crowd. Reassurance, understanding, and a greater flexibility in the handling of her daughter could restore a good relationship between them. — "Another Mother," Doncaster, Vic.

My child mind (I was 14) must have reasoned, "If father dislikes me, I'll give him something to dislike me for." I refused to study, ran away from home several times, and generally behaved like a delinquent.

Not unnaturally, my father thought the answer was more discipline. The more punishment I got, the more I rebelled. I was rude and disrespectful to my parents, like your daughter.

I can remember screaming once when the police brought me home, "I hate you, I hate you!" to my mother. I loved her very much, but my bewildered mind wouldn't admit it.

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My father died two years later, and I felt I had never atoned for the trouble and worry I had caused him.

I have done everything possible to repay my mother for the faith she had in me. She knows how much I love her, and my brother and I are close. I am now 25, and have a wonderful husband and baby son — a full and happy life.

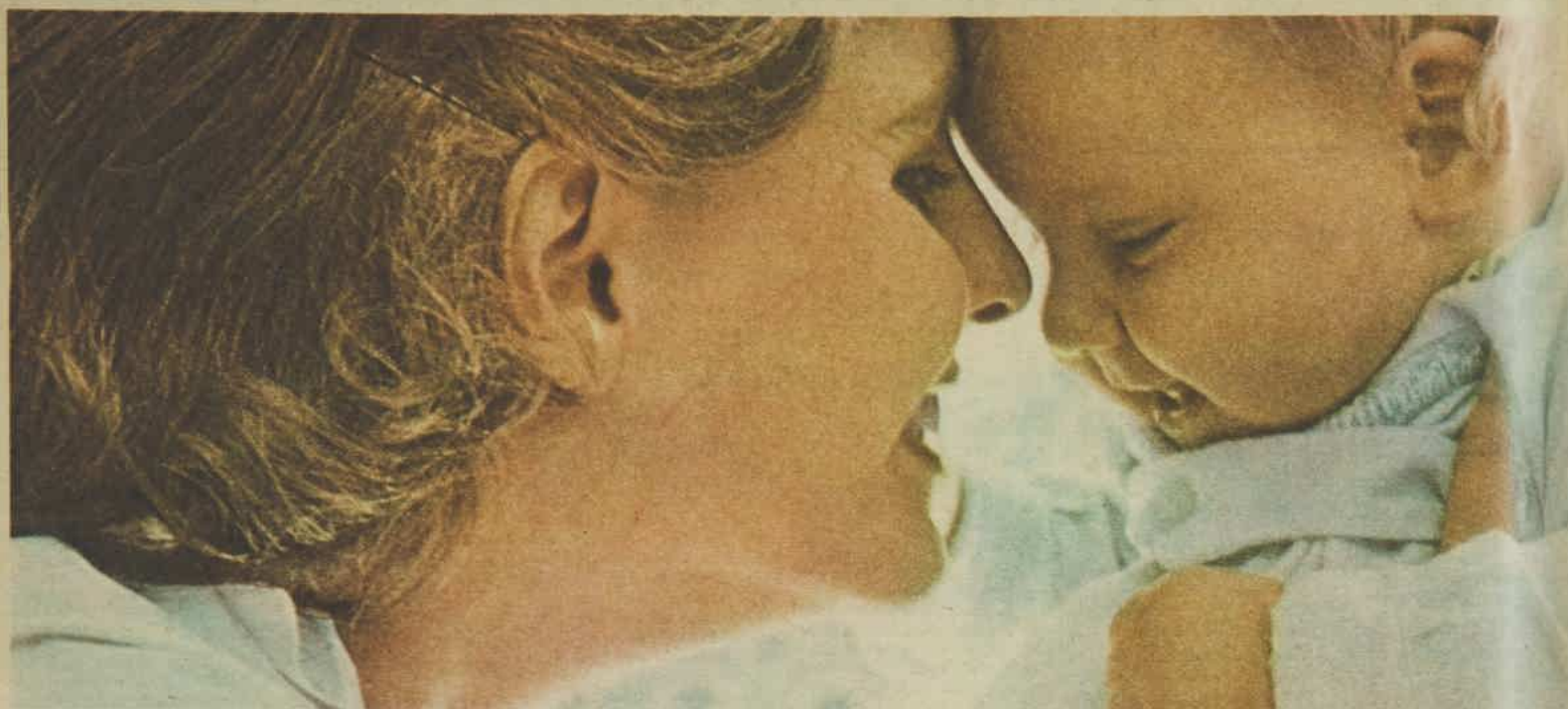
Don't give up hope. Encourage your daughter to talk to you and explain how she feels about certain things. I don't mean she should have all her own way, but understanding does help.

Normal

Her interest in pop singers is normal, and if she ogles long-haired lotharios, tell her of some of the idiosyncrasies of your own youth. She may laugh at you and tell you you don't know anything, but a seed of understanding may be sown.

Your daughter may feel that when you remarried you transferred your affection from her to your new husband. Try not to take sides with him against her just now.

She is inherently good, as she has shown in her childhood, and is probably as confused as you are by her behaviour. Don't give up. Later, your daughter may be more than grateful for your patience, perseverance, and love. — Mrs. J. Murray, Darwin.



why a good baby food should do more than just feed.

1. Why it should help baby develop his digestive system and prepare him for more adult food.

2. How the new Nestlé's balanced feeding programme will help your baby

Imagine you had been on an all-milk diet for three months, and think how long it would take your digestion to get used to solid food again.

Think how much harder it is for baby—who, up to three months, has never had solid food in his life! His whole digestive system must be trained to deal with different foods. His tiny stomach must develop to handle increasing quantities. Even chewing and swallowing have to be learnt. So much to learn before he can accept and digest really grown-up food.

A good baby food can help enormously and that is why it's so important to choose Nestlé's. Because the texture of Nestlé's Strained and Junior foods has been perfected with infinite care, they help baby take the gentle, gradual steps from "all milk" to his first tiny helpings of normal adult food.

Nestlé's baby foods do more than just feed.

Start baby's "digestive education" at about eight to twelve weeks.

For the first "lessons" give only Nestlé's "Strained" foods. They are so smooth and easily digested—just the right easy jump forward from milk and cereals. A few teaspoons at first: before long he'll be finishing a whole jar.

By six months, baby is ready for his next big step forward... Nestlé's Junior foods. Their texture has been specially designed to further aid in the development of the whole digestive system. Their chunky (but very, very tender) pieces are the ideal link with solid adult food.

The last step of all is probably the most rewarding for you—the day when he sits down to a serving of good adult food. You can be quite confident that you have protected and helped to develop his digestive system in a way that will benefit him right through his life.

A menu for growing—the clinically balanced feeding programme.

You know that baby's diet is important, and that his requirements change continually during the first year. His diet

must be balanced for vitamins, protein and minerals; it must also be balanced for liquids and solids. A good diet will also help develop baby's tiny digestive system and teach him to enjoy new tastes and textures. To help you through baby's vital first year, Nestlé's now offer you a book containing complete day-by-day, month-by-month menus. Clinically balanced, they provide a safe, sure, easy programme for meeting baby's continuously changing diet needs. (A sample menu is reproduced at right.)

Complete Manual, free.

The book compiled by Nestlé's food experts is based on Nestlé's Lactogen (the complete milk formula) and Nestlé's Strained and Junior Baby foods. Because these three are designed to work together, a balanced diet becomes quite simple. (The book also deals with other aspects of infant feeding and is thus the first truly practical and comprehensive manual available on this vital subject.)

The book is free to all mothers. Please write or call the Nestlé's Infant Feeding Advisory Service located in all State Capitals, or write (Box 423, P.O., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.).

Suggested menu 9–12 months

Here is a typical daily menu from the new "Balanced Feeding" manual. There are many more like it in the book which is free on request.

Note: Your doctor, clinic sister or hospital may recommend that, at meal time, baby be given his bottle before solids, that varieties may be altered for individual infants and that vitamin C intake be further supplemented by ascorbic acid tablets.

TIME	MENU No. 1
On waking	Lactogen Feed.*
Breakfast	3-4 teaspoons Cereal mixed with Lactogen. Approx. 1 jar "Junior" Chicken and Cereal Dinner. A rusk or small piece of toast may be given additionally later on. Then Lactogen Feed.*
Dinner	Approx. 1 jar "Junior" Ham Dinner with Vegetables. Approx. 1 jar "Junior" Pears. Then Lactogen Feed.*
4 p.m.	2-4 ozs. Fruit Juice.
Tea	Approx. 1 jar "Junior" Chicken Dinner with Vegetables. Approx. 1 jar "Junior" Egg Custard and Rice. Then Lactogen Feed.*
Before bed	Lactogen Feed.*

*Details of Lactogen Feed on each Lactogen label.

Nestlé's

BABY FOODS

Nestlé's are specialists in infant feeding



PACKED
IN THE SAFETY OF
GLASS

Two important aspects of those family finances

The HP trap

● "I am writing this story in the hope that I may be able to save other housewives from finding themselves in my predicament," says a young mother from Warwick, Qld. "I am trying to pay off too many things out of our weekly wage."

HIRE PURCHASE! What a wonderful way to acquire those needed luxury items — washing machine, extra furniture, refrigerator, television.

But, beware. Pay off only one item at a time. If you can spare money to pay off another item — don't! Put your extra money into the thing you are committed for already, pay this off in a shorter period, and then take on your next item.

We are a family of five. Two of the children are going to school, the third is under school age and at home with me. My husband has a good job and can

sometimes find weekend work, which helps the budget immensely.

My trouble began after we had managed to put a deposit on an old home, which we are paying off.

At the same time we were paying for furniture and a TV set. It was a bit of a struggle, but we managed.

Then our much-used washing machine broke down for the fourth time in ten months. We had to have a new one. More hire purchase. Oh, well, we would cut down on other things and manage.

Then in the middle of summer our old fridge stopped. We tried to have it fixed, but it was so old we couldn't get the parts. A new refrigerator became

The holiday box

● Self-help way to the family holiday.

WHEN we moved into our own home I despaired of ever making a garden because of the expense of equipment and plants when the house itself was costing so much.

So I hit on the idea of making the garden pay for itself. As we grew and ate our vegetables, I "bought" them from myself, putting the money into a special box to be used to acquire shrubs or new tools.

After a few years the main worry was not so much establishing a home as getting away from it sometimes. With five young children we rubbed along all right, but there were no luxuries or holidays.

So my garden-box turned into the family holiday fund, and in the past three years the seven of us have had three holidays in a guesthouse, complete with new clothes and extra pocket-money. The impression has got around that my husband must be very well paid!

The fruit trees, planted in the early days, are now earning their keep. We grow all our own vegetables, and even the smaller children know that when they help me hoe or weed they are building up our holiday fund.

We have only an ordinary suburban block, and there is still plenty of play space left, so perhaps the idea of my "holiday box" will help other mothers. There is nothing like it for persuading children to lend a hand around the place.—Mrs. G. Davis, Tallamarine, Vic.

a necessity. No need to tell you what this did to my budget.

Now each week I naturally look for all the grocery specials, having counted my food money to see if we can afford even the specials. Luxury means a weekend joint (very occasionally). Bought biscuits and cake are almost unheard of. Milk and fruit, necessary to the children, are carefully doled out.

Constantly worried about our bad financial state, I am short-tempered, cranky, nervy, and making life miserable for everyone around me.

The mention of illness or toothache which would need a visit to the doctor or dentist would really put finish to the wages.

Reminders

The same goes for the children's shoes, clothing, and uniforms. These take money, and if you let a payment on TV or fridge go in order to buy them, how then can you make up that payment?

Apart from unwelcome letters telling you that a payment is overdue, you get reminders that the rates or house insurance are due.

You start, as the saying goes, robbing Peter to pay Paul, and so the endless worrying circle goes on.

Why not get a job? My only training, as with many others, was as a shop assistant, and the store managers only want girls under 21.

Also, I haven't any relatives here to mind my little one and the other two when they come home from school at 3 o'clock. Then, if the children should be home from school sick, they need their mother to look after them.

So where will it all end, the worry, the scrimping and scrounging of the dollars and cents? Turning prematurely grey, I am always hoping that better days will come.

All dreams of giving my little ones birthday parties, having them taught dancing and the piano are impossible, but I still hope that in the years to come I will be able to do this.

I hope they won't be too old when I finish with HP payments.

Looking back, asking myself what should I have done, I would say this. I should have paid off my furniture and necessary items before thinking of a luxury like TV.

When necessities like refrigerator and washing machine needed replacing I could have made do with second-hand, in good order, until I could afford new ones.

I could even have made do with an ice-chest for a couple of years. Would it have been so bad?

Rome wasn't built in a day, and I have learnt that in future I must be patient to get the things I want in my home. Hire purchase is excellent — for one item at a time.—"HP Housewife," Warwick, Qld.

Infectious diseases

ONCE children begin school they are liable to run into childhood epidemics: mumps, measles, chicken pox. Each has its own symptoms and nursing requirements, and it is helpful if a mother knows what to look for when a child is ailing.

A leaflet setting out the symptoms and treatment for common childhood infectious diseases can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Note: A stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"MEGAN." — Smart after-five or theatre frock and jacket are available in black, brown, red, and turquoise silicone velvet.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, \$15.25 (£7/12/6); 36in. and 38in. bust, \$15.45 (£7/14/6).

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, \$11.65 (£5/16/6); 36in. and 38in. bust, \$11.85 (£5/18/6). Postage and dispatch 60 cents (6/-) extra on all garments.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 38. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.



KEMPTHORNE 1966 Lighting Contest

winners:

Grand Prize:

Mrs. A. J. Pascoe
59 FALCON STREET,
NARENGH, W.A.

Consolation Prizes:

Mrs. K. Baldwin
79 EAST POINT ROAD, FANNIE BAY,
DARWIN, N.T.

Mrs. J. Hudson
103 WEST PARADE,
EAST PERTH, W.A.

Mrs. J. Carter
166 KALAMUNDA ROAD,
HIGH WYCOMBE, W.A.

Mrs. J. Rimmer
32 DASHLEY STREET,
WEMBLEY, W.A.

Mrs. D. G. Raison
BOX 1, POST OFFICE,
BENCUBBIN, W.A.

Mrs. D. Jones
8 NICHOLSON ROAD,
CANNINGTON, W.A.

Mrs. L. Russell
50 BOURKE STREET,
LIDSESVILLE, W.A.

Mrs. D. Price
118 WATLEY STREET,
FULLARTON, S.A.

Mrs. Ian Tolley
BOX 323E,
BENDMERE, S.A.

Mrs. Val Wegener
12 MITTON AVE.,
PORT LINCOLN, S.A.

Miss F. M. Ogden
BOX 267,
MOUNT GAMMIE, S.A.

Miss Janice H. Jolly
75 CROSS ROAD,
URBRIDGE, S.A.

Mrs. P. M. Grace
177 FIRST AVENUE,
BOYNTON PARK, S.A.

Miss Anne Condren
19 BARRY STREET,
CAIRNS, Q'LAND

Mrs. R. T. Macnevin
13 THACKERAY STREET,
ROCKHAMPTON, Q'LAND

Miss M. D. Chapman
67 BANISTER STREET,
BRANDON, Q'LAND

Mrs. A. R. McLachlan
30 HINTON STREET,
MACKAY, Q'LAND

Mrs. M. Molloy
59 WELLINGTON STREET,
TOWNSVILLE, Q'LAND

Mrs. B. R. Furner
14 ALEXANDER PARADE,
NAMBOUR, Q'LAND

Mr. A. Chapman
41 MAZARIN STREET,
RIVERWOOD, N.S.W.

Mrs. H. Reedy
41 COOK ROAD,
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Mrs. P. A. Henderson
74 CAROLYN STREET,
ADAMSTOWN HEIGHTS,
NEWCASTLE, N.S.W.

Mrs. D. Knox
BARNOCK,
VIA COOLAMON, N.S.W.

Mrs. R. H. Green
15 BRIDGE STREET,
GUNDEDAH, N.S.W.

Mrs. J. R. Hocking
FLAT 16, 2 VICTORIA RD.,
GLEBE POINT, N.S.W.

Mrs. Ian Burgess
P.O. BOX 111, ROSEBURY,
WEST COAST, TAS.

Mrs. A. M. Bramich
P.O. BOX 111,
ST. HELENS, TAS.

Mrs. D. N. Finlayson
LYONS AVE.,
DEVONPORT, TAS.

Mrs. C. Beaton
24 WILHELMINA AVE.,
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Mrs. B. Casey
4 OVERELL STREET,
DUNYTHENE, HOBART, TAS.

Mrs. K. Wright
137 WARWICK STREET,
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Mrs. J. M. Gray
"ELM PARK",
MAFFRA, VIC.

Mrs. Joan Kelly
8 LOCKHART ROAD,
NORTH RINGWOOD, VIC.

Mrs. R. Maher
10 WALSH AVENUE,
MOORABBIN, VIC.

Mrs. G. G. Newton
10 HAMILTON GROVE,
FRANKSTON, VIC.

Mrs. A. Laing
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Enjoy this Cheese Cake
sweetened with Sucaryl Liquid

SAVE 320 CALORIES

Weight-watching? Then enjoy the sweet things in life again with Sucaryl low-calorie recipes:

BEAT 2 egg yolks in basin over boiling water till thick and lighter in colour. ADD 3 tablespoons powdered skim milk, ½ cup water, 2 dessertspoons Sucaryl Liquid and stir over hot water till thickened (about 10 mins). SOAK 2 dessertspoons gelatine in ¼ cup cold water and add to egg custard, stirring till dissolved. COOL. PRESS 1 cup (8 ozs.) cottage cheese through coarse sieve and stir in ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla and pinch salt. BLEND with custard mixture. FOLD IN 2 egg whites beaten till stiff. POUR into prepared dish and chill for at least 4 hours. SPRINKLE with ground nutmeg. Serves 8. 85 calories per serve.



No-calorie
Sucaryl
BRAND

No-calorie Liquid and Tablet Sweeteners from your chemist

"Once a week, I need a cleaner that literally beats out the dirt. Other times, I just need gentle suction for touching up. So show me one cleaner that does both jobs!"

Here it is!

new "universal!"

Choice! That's what you get with Philips amazing new Universal cleaner, because it cleans with two different actions... as you need them.

1 Deep-clean when you choose with thorough Powersweep action.

Powersweep gives you double cleaning power because it has two motors: one for full power suction, one for the beaters. Powerful suction lifts the carpet up to rotating Gentane beaters which gently groom every strand of pile, bringing deep-seated dirt to the surface where it's instantly sucked away. Power sweep action deep cleans thoroughly, safely removing every trace of destructive grit.

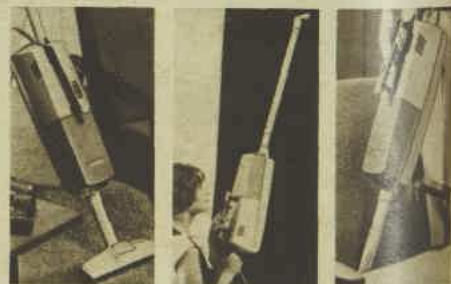


2 Clean-up when you choose with gentle full-power suction.

A strong but gentle action for regular cleaning, quick touch-ups and cleaning above the floor... drapes and curtains, hard-to-get-at corners, upholstery. Simply remove the Powersweep unit, and replace it with one of three other attachments.

3 Clean easily with balanced fingertip control.

No other big-power cleaner can match Philips Universal for ease of handling. That's because Universal actually changes balance as you change the attachments. You're always sure of delicate fingertip control, whether you're cleaning high, low or in between.



1. Cleaning low, extension above barrel keeps weight down low;
2. Cleaning high, extension at front of barrel gives perfect hand-level balance;
3. In between, no extension needed... you have a compact hand cleaner.

See the "Universal" and the complete range of Philips Fabulast Five Vacuum Cleaners demonstrated at your electrical retailer now.



PHILIPS

for lasting value

FAMILY HOME CAN BE ENLARGED

● Peter Jorgensen, architect, designed for his family a large, easy-to-run-home at Lower Plenty, Vic. The design of the house is such that, as the children grow up and more space is required, enlarging it will present no problem.

A LARGE, friendly, functional house, requiring the minimum of maintenance, had long been the dream of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Jorgensen, a couple with a family of six children, whose ages range from two to 11 years.

Two years ago the dream was realised. Mr. Jorgensen, an architect, planned and built a house which required no painting.

All walls, both exterior and interior, and ceilings are of natural Australian timber, coated with a hard-wearing varnish.

With the exception of the bedrooms, which are carpeted, and the service rooms, which have tiny off-white ceramic tiles, all floors are of parquet.

To enable them to spread out as their family grew, and still have plenty of outdoor play space for the children, the Jorgensens found they had to move to an outer suburb to acquire a large enough block of land.

They chose a gum-strewn block with a 150-foot frontage and a depth of 230 feet, at Lower Plenty, 14 miles from Melbourne.

Built on a raised mound to capture the excellent all-round view, which includes a golf course on two boundaries, the 27-square house

(built at an approximate cost of \$20,000) is planned for easy extension.

A covered walk, flanked by two patios, leads to a double carport, where one wall is lined with deep cupboards to house tools and gardening equipment.

By Patricia Peck

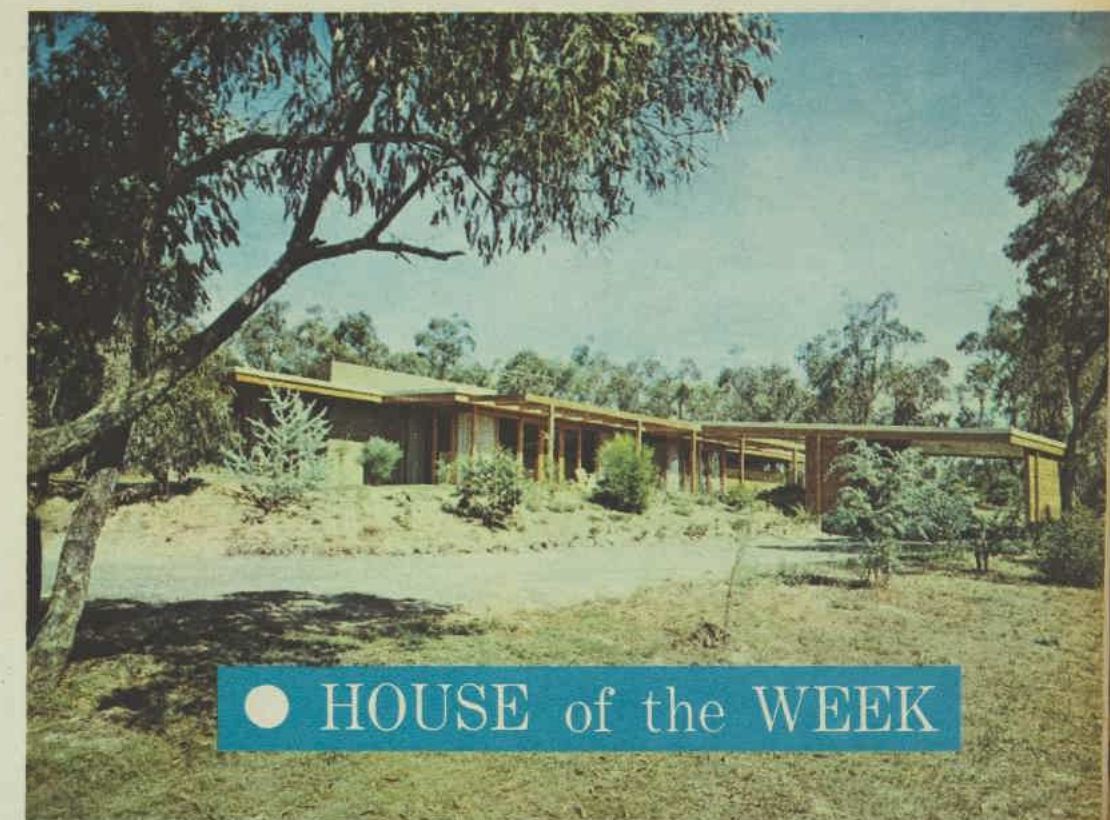
"Later I envisage this as my study, with a new carport in front of it," said Mr. Jorgensen. "Architects always seem to bring a lot of work home, and a semi-detached room away from the noise of the family is essential. The covered walk will also be extended to line up with the new carport to solve wet-weather problems."

At present, Mr. Jorgensen's temporary study is a gallery at the end of the long passageway leading past the bedrooms (the three children's bedrooms sleep two children each).

Later, the Jorgensens would like to enlarge this area, to provide a play room for the younger children, with access to future bedrooms.

"As my husband and I do quite a lot of entertaining, we like to keep the sitting and dining-rooms formal," said Mrs. Jorgensen, "so they're not really ideal rooms for the children's activities."

To cope with homework,



HOUSE of the WEEK

EXTERIOR of the house, showing bush setting; although there were already many trees, the Jorgensens have planted over 200 more shrubs.

there is a desk in each of the children's bedrooms. However, another reason for expansion is to provide more study space in the not-so-distant future for the three younger children.

Round the kitchen are grouped the sitting-room, family-room, and dining-room.

These rooms have no doors, but three large open fireplaces which keep the entire house warm during winter.

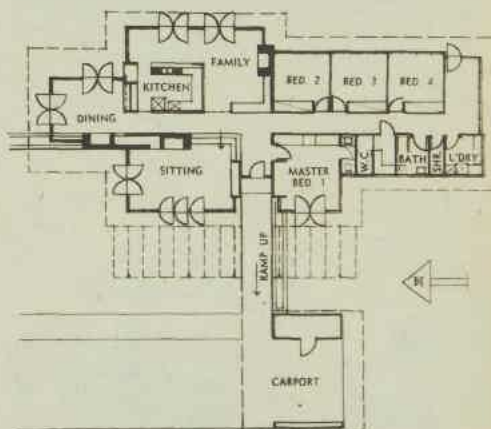
"This has proved a very economical way of heating," said Mrs. Jorgensen, "as, without detracting in any way from the scenery, there's always ample firewood available on our block."

None of the six young Jorgensens is given a chance of monopolising the bathroom, which has been

planned in sections, enabling the different facilities all to be used at any one time. Two shower-rooms, an extra toilet and handbasin, are quite separate from the bathroom; a laundry and ironing-room and a small utility room are also incorporated in this suite.

A boon to Mrs. Jorgensen is a deep, wide cupboard in the kitchen, with doors to both the interior and the exterior of the house. Here she keeps two big plastic garbage cans, which experience has taught her to use in place of a kitchen tidy.

"With a family of our size I found I used to be constantly running in and out of the house emptying one into the other," she said. "This new arrangement is a great time-saver — and time saved is specially precious when one has a husband and a growing family."



INDIAN RUGS enhance the natural colors in L-shaped family room (above), separated from the kitchen, at right, by a high serving bench and cupboards which face, at left, a glass wall.



REAR VIEW of carport at left of above picture shows how the house is built on a natural mound to capture the view. Native trees have been planted to soften the wall at right.

Pictures by Brian Ferguson

VIEW (left) taken from the hall of the open living area. Wide steps lead down to sitting-room at left, and straight ahead at the end of the passage can be seen the dining area.

Fresh from an **Edgell** country garden

There's something very special about Edgell Sweet Green Peas!
We wish you could see the lush green acres where Edgell farmers
take such tender care of soil and seed . . . look in on the
harvesting, where, at the precise moment of perfection,
—peas are picked and taken swiftly to the cannery . . .
where all the country garden goodness is captured in every can.
One day perhaps you will . . . meantime, Edgell Sweet
Green Peas will always be the sweetest in all the land.



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SYNDICATE MEMBER

A dash of — GINGER

- Add a little ginger and you will add flavor, tang, and interest to all types of food, from meat dishes to cakes, desserts, and jams.

GINGER is available in four forms: green, ground, preserved, and crystallised. All four are suitable for cookery, and recipes in this feature show how they can be used.

All these forms of ginger, as well as being imported, are now produced in Australia; at Buderim, in Queensland, more than 300 acres of ginger are under cultivation.

Greens: The fresh root of the ginger plant; used in savory cooking. Sliced green ginger, ready for use, is now available in cans.

Ground: The dried root, finely ground.

Preserved: Cleaned, peeled roots, cooked in a sugar syrup, then sealed with some of the syrup.

Crystallised: Treated as for preserved ginger, but cooked for a longer time, then drained and rolled in sugar. Crystallised and preserved ginger are interchangeable in recipes. If the recipe does not require sugar, rinse the sugar coating from the crystallised ginger before use when substituting it for preserved ginger.

Ground ginger can be substituted for green ginger in savory recipes; however, use it with discretion — the ground ginger is much stronger.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in our recipes.

INDIAN SPICED CHICKEN

One chicken (about 3lb.), 2 onions, 1in. green ginger, 3 cloves garlic, 1 dessertspoon paprika, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup raisins, 3in. piece of cinnamon stick, 2 bayleaves, 6 cloves, pinch Garam Masala (Indian mixed spice), 8oz. butter or substitute, 8oz. yoghurt, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon sugar, salt to taste.

Split chicken in half, then cut into small serving pieces. Slice onions and ginger finely, crush garlic. Heat butter in pan, add chicken pieces, and brown well. Remove from pan, set aside. Add onions, ginger, and garlic to remaining butter in pan, cook until onion is just transparent. Add paprika, salt, sugar, cinnamon stick, bayleaves, and cloves; mix well

together. Add water. Boil quickly until nearly all water has evaporated. Reduce heat until mixture simmers. Add yoghurt, raisins, Garam Masala, and chicken pieces. Cover, simmer gently 15 minutes or until chicken pieces are tender.

Serve with hot, fluffy rice. If desired, offer a choice of accompaniments — well-flavored chutney, banana slices dipped in lemon juice, then rolled in coconut, chopped red pepper, chopped cucumber.

GOLDEN COCKTAIL BALLS

One ounce butter, 1oz. flour, 1 cup milk, salt, 2 or 3 drops tabasco, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 small grated onion, 2 cups minced cooked meat, 3 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 cup brown breadcrumbs, 2 beaten eggs, oil for frying.

Heat the butter in pan; stir in flour. Gradually stir in milk, off the heat, return and bring to boil, stirring. Add salt, tabasco, ginger, mustard, and grated onion. Simmer 5 minutes; stir in meat and chopped parsley. Turn on to plate, chill. Using teaspoon, shape mixture into small balls. Roll in breadcrumbs, dip in egg, roll again in breadcrumbs. Heat the oil, which should be about 1in. deep, in pan. Fry meat balls until golden brown, drain on kitchen paper.

Serve with tomato or mustard sauce.

PRAWNS WITH BLACK BEAN SAUCE

One pound prawns, 1 dessertspoon black beans, 1 clove crushed garlic, 4 shallots, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon finely chopped green ginger, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, 1 tablespoon dry sherry, 1 cup chicken stock, 1 dessertspoon cornflour.

Shell prawns; cut shallots into 1in. pieces. Wash beans well, then mash to a paste with garlic and ginger. Combine bean mixture with soy sauce, sherry, and stock. Cook, stirring, few minutes. Blend cornflour with a little water, stir in. Simmer, stirring, until thickened. Add prawns and shallots, heat through. Season to taste.

Note: The Chinese black beans are soy beans. They can be bought in cans or in 1lb. packets from Chinese food



● Root ginger.



● Crystallised, preserved, and ground ginger.

stores. They are well salted, so wash once or twice before using to remove excess salt.

INDIAN KOFTA CURRY

Meat Balls: Two pounds minced steak, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon ground coriander, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, pinch ground cloves, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, salt and pepper.

Sauce: One onion, 1 clove crushed garlic, oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato-puree, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint beef stock.

Combine all ingredients for meat balls, shape into small balls.

Saute chopped onion and garlic in a little oil, add meat balls, brown well. Add tomato puree, curry powder, and stock. Stir gently, cover, simmer 20 minutes. Thicken sauce with a little blended cornflour, if desired. Serve with hot rice and chutney.

CHINESE BARBECUED PORK

One pound pork fillets, $\frac{1}{2}$ clove garlic, 1 dessertspoon each sherry, soy sauce, and honey, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground ginger or a little finely chopped green ginger, oil.

Rub pork fillets over with cut garlic clove. Combine all remaining ingredients, except oil. Rub this mixture well into pork, let stand 1 hour. Place on rack in baking dish, sprinkle well with oil. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, cook until tender and well done (approximately 30 minutes, depending on thickness of fillets). Brush occasionally with oil. Serve hot or cold, cut into thin diagonal slices.

OLD-FASHIONED GINGERNUTS

Eight ounces plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. castor sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 dessertspoon ground ginger, pinch salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 very small egg, 1 teaspoon golden syrup, extra sugar.

Sift dry ingredients. Rub in butter until mixture is of very fine, crumbly consistency. Beat egg with golden syrup, add to dry ingredients. Work into firm dough with hands. Roll into small balls about half the size of a walnut; sprinkle lightly with sugar. Place on greased oven slides 2in. apart. Bake in moderately slow oven 15 minutes. Loosen, cool on trays.

GINGER-APRICOT FRUIT CAKE

One cup dried apricots, water, 2oz. crystallised ginger, 4 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 6oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons orange marmalade, 2 cups plain flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup raisins.

Soak apricots in water to cover, bring to boil, simmer 5 minutes, drain, and cool. Cut apricots and ginger into thin strips with scissors, sprinkle a little flour over, set aside. Separate eggs. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, beat in egg-yolks. Add marmalade. Fold in ginger, apricots, and raisins. Sift dry ingredients, add to fruit mixture alternately with stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into well-greased and lined 8in. cake tin, bake in slow oven approximately $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Continued on page 49

RECIPES FROM OUR
LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

INDIAN SPICED CHICKEN, a richly flavored dish, is served with hot rice and a variety of savory accompaniments in small bowls. See above.



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Family Size.



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better
with
Coke



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Coca-Cola

A DASH OF GINGER . . . continued

GINGERBREAD MEN

Eight ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup treacle, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 5 cups plain flour, 1½ teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, pinch ground cloves.

Cream together thoroughly the butter and sugar. Stir in egg, treacle, and vinegar; beat well. Sift together the dry ingredients, stir into treacle mixture. Chill about 3 to 4 hours.

Roll to ¼ in. thickness on lightly floured board; cut into gingerbread-man shapes with cutter or make your own pattern. Place about 1 in. apart on greased trays, decorate with raisins, halved glace cherries, etc. Bake in moderate oven 6 to 8 minutes. Cool slightly before removing from trays.

GINGER CREAM DESSERT

Three egg-yolks, pinch salt, ½ cup milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon cold water, 2oz. preserved ginger, 1 tablespoon ginger syrup, 1 cup cream, 2 drops almond essence.

Beat egg-yolks until light and fluffy. Scald milk, stir in sugar and salt; gradually add to egg-yolk mixture, stirring continuously. Cook, stirring, over hot water until thickened; set aside to cool. Soften gelatine in the cold water; stand over hot water until dissolved; stir into custard, together with the ginger syrup and very finely chopped ginger. Fold in the whipped cream and almond essence. Pour into lightly oiled mould, refrigerate several hours until set. Top each serving with a little whipped cream; sprinkle, if desired, with slivered, toasted almonds.

CHESTER SLICES

Two cups stale cakecrumbs, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup chopped mixed fruit, 1 teaspoon each spice, ginger, and cinnamon, 1 tablespoon plum or apricot jam, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 8oz. biscuit pastry, water, sugar.

Place cakecrumbs, sugar, fruit, spice, ginger, and cinnamon into bowl; add jam. Add beaten egg and milk in which soda has been dis-

solved; mix well. Line base of greased 8 in. square tin with half the pastry, rolled out to ¼ in. thickness. Cover with cakecrumb mixture, spreading out evenly. Place second half of rolled pastry on top, prick well with fork, mark into squares. Brush with water, sprinkle with sugar. Bake in moderately hot oven 30 to 40 minutes. Cool in tin, cut into squares.

GINGERBREAD

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. plain wholemeal flour, 4oz. self-raising white flour, 1 tablespoon marmalade, 4 tablespoons golden syrup, 5 tablespoons treacle, 2 eggs,

1 tablespoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 5 tablespoons milk, good pinch bicarbonate of soda, 3oz. brown sugar.

Place butter or substitute, treacle, golden syrup, brown sugar, and marmalade in saucepan, stir over very low heat until sugar dissolves. Add milk, leave to cool. Sieve self-raising flour, ginger, spice, and soda; add to wholemeal flour in bowl. Beat eggs lightly, stir into dry ingredients with treacle mixture; beat well. Turn mixture into well-greased and lined lamington tin, bake in moderate oven approximately 60 minutes until firm to touch.

LEMON-GINGER MARMALADE

Four cups thinly sliced and seeded lemons, 6 pints water, 4½ lb. sugar, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 2oz. finely chopped preserved ginger.

Combine lemons and water in large pan, bring to boil; boil rapidly 20 minutes. Drain off liquid, measure, and add enough water to bring it to 6 pints. Return to pan with lemons. Add sugar, spices, and ginger; boil until mixture jells when tested. Cool a little before pouring into sterilised jars. Seal at once.



Prize recipe

A HEARTY main dish of curried chops and bananas for a family meal wins the \$10 prize this week.

CURRIED NECK CHOPS (With Bananas)

Two pounds best end neck chops, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 dessertspoons curry powder, 1 teaspoon salt, little pepper, 2 large onions, ½ cup chopped celery, 2 cups stock, finely grated rind 1 small lemon, small piece root ginger, ½ cup sultanas or chopped raisins.

Curried Bananas: Three or four bananas, 1 dessertspoon butter, little lemon juice, brown sugar, curry powder.

Trim away excess fat and gristle from chops. Mix together flour, curry powder, salt, pepper; toss chops in flour mixture. Fry in little fat or oil in large saucepan until brown. Add chopped onions, cook until transparent. Pour off any excess fat. Add celery, stock, lemon rind, peeled and finely chopped ginger. Cover, simmer gently 1 hour. Add sultanas or raisins, simmer until chops are cooked (about further 1½ hours), adding more stock if necessary. Skim to remove excess fat. Serve over boiled rice topped with curried bananas, garnish with lemon wedges and parsley.

Curried Bananas: Peel bananas, slice. Brush over with lemon juice, then melted butter. Put in heated pan with butter. Cook gently until brown and glazed. As they cook, sprinkle with brown sugar and curry powder.

Prize of \$10 to Mrs. D. Wilson, 42 Pohlman Street, Southport, Qld.

Why do you get so much more fresh apricot taste in KRAFT Apricot Conserve?

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This wonderful taste is one good reason you should try KRAFT pure Apricot Conserve. Another is that now you can buy it, and nine other KRAFT Conserve and Jellies, at new lower prices.

Why not try them all?

KRAFT for good food and good food ideas

Bernice to spend the money and fill her days with whatever she wished.

Mostly she wanted to escape boredom — though she didn't quite realise that was what she was doing. She was in her mid-forties, kept slim by diet and the nearby health club, and by golf when she could, and she used to be something of a beauty herself, though not in Ginna's class.

So it was partly to fill time that Bernice took up Ginna, introducing her to the local shops, advising her about gardeners, and finding a maid for her. It gave her considerable pleasure, because Ginna was so flatteringly willing to learn from her; in a way, she became fond of Ginna.

When the time was right, she gave a party for the Lovatts, inviting a score or so of her friends and repaying all her obligations. It was quite successful. Ginna, though rather shy, was well received, and people found things to say to Charley, who stood off to one side with a drink in his hand, the same drink all evening, watching Ginna.

AND shy or not, Ginna seemed to know how to handle herself, even with Bernice's husband, who at a certain stage in his drinking tended not to care very much who saw him do what to whom.

It was a day or so after the party that Bernice took Ginna to her favorite haunt, a store farther out on Long Island that sold designer clothes at ridiculously low prices. They drove in Bernice's cream Porsche ("Charley's ordered a Jag for me," Ginna said, "but they take so long to deliver"), and Bernice brought up the subject of Walter's behaviour.

She did it deliberately, as a warning as well as an apology, for she had had experience with friends who seemed to think she didn't know what was going on. "I should have told you about him," she said. "Only I didn't think he'd get started so soon."

"Oh, that's all right," Ginna said. "He didn't bother me."

Bernice's shrewd black eyes slid to a side glance at her, but Ginna's face was totally innocent. "As long as you don't take him seriously, he runs out of steam."

"Don't they all?" Ginna asked.

Bernice looked at her again, but the innocence was still there, and she let herself laugh briefly. "Especially at his age."

"How long have you been married?" Ginna asked. The question seemed to have more meaning than the words carried.

"Twenty-two years. When I think about it, I'm astonished."

"You weren't married before?"

"No."

I LOVE YOU, CHARLEY, PLEASE COME BACK

"You know I was," Ginna said. "He was a bartender in a club where I sang. It wasn't much of a place. We didn't have this kind of money." She was silent a moment, then added, "I didn't know Charley had this kind of money. I didn't find out until we started looking for a house. And then, when I heard what he was willing to spend, I didn't know what to think. I asked him why he didn't tell me."

"What did he say?"

"I don't know. Nothing. I mean he didn't really answer. He's funny that way." She added, after another silence, "I used to be the receptionist at his place, Custom Cabinets, and I used to say, 'Good morning, Mr. Lovatt,' to him every morning, and

'Good night, Mr. Lovatt,' to him every night. And then, after I'd been there nearly a year he took me out to dinner one night. And he asked me if I'd ever thought of getting married again."

"You mean, that's the way he proposed?"

"Well, not exactly. I mean, he didn't ask me to marry him until we'd gone out a few more times, but I knew he wanted to." Her pale, troubled eyes looked at Bernice and away again. "Were you in love with Walter when you got married?"

Bernice said, "I was crazy about him."

"You understand, I like Charley," Ginna said. "He's a very nice person." She went on, as if she had to

justify herself further. "I wasn't in love with my first husband when I married him, but we got along."

Bernice said, "Sometimes I think those are the best marriages."

"And it was awful when he died. Not just because he didn't leave me any money." She looked at Bernice a moment, hesitating over the next question. "Do you know how much Walter makes?"

"Down to the penny."

Ginna shrugged. "I never ever knew how much Joe made. And Charley. He tells me when he can't give me what I want that's when I should start worrying. So all I do is put out my hand. I don't know why I'm going shopping with you now. I don't need anything."

"Neither do I," said Bernice. "Did you always have money?" Ginna asked.

"Heavens, no. Walter struck it lucky ten years ago."

"Do you like it?"

Bernice laughed. "I love it."

Curiosity prodded Bernice then, and for reasons she herself did not know. A week later, when she was in Manhattan, she picked her way through the grubby streets of the far West Side until she found the building that housed Custom Cabinets. She rode the creaking elevator up to the loft, where saws whined and machinery made the flooring rumble. The reception room was a desk behind a half wall.

Standing there, waiting for the receptionist to locate Charley, Bernice thought of the year during

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 27, 1966

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I LOVE YOU, CHARLEY, PLEASE COME BACK

which Ginnia had sat at this desk and Charley had looked at her pale-haired loveliness day after day, and a sudden and oddly poignant knowledge flooded her.

Then Charley appeared, in his shirt-sleeves, embarrassed and puzzled at seeing her, and she gave him her reason for dropping in. "I'm not even sure I want one," she said. "But I was in the neighborhood and, frankly, I'm just as curious as can be about the kind of work you do. So I just thought I'd tell you what I had in mind — not that I have that kind of jewellery, really, just a few pieces."

Charley took her through the shop, which smelled of linseed oil

and the fragrances of rare woods, and she met the gaunt, aging German cabinetmaker who was the foreman and who was incredibly rude in answering the rather intelligent questions she asked.

After half an hour she left, sweetly telling Charley that she had taken his time needlessly because what he made was really far too good for what she had in mind.

The excursion tantalised her, because at the end of it she knew Charley no better than she had before. So, in the weeks that followed, she set about the acquisition of more details about him, sifting facts out of Ginnia's casual chatter, exchanging confidences with Charley at parties. The facts did little

to illuminate him; he seemed only to be more ordinary, except for an odd streak of luck that ran through his life.

His father, just before dying, when Charley was twelve or so, had put all his savings in some mining stock, and the company, which should have gone bankrupt, prospered. Charley's mother had clung to the stock superstitiously, while it split and split again, and when Charley was of legal age and she was dead, he asked his cousin what he should do with it.

The cousin, a not wholly dishonest young man, turned it into real estate and other properties. Custom Cabinets was the only accomplishment Charley had man-

aged on his own, and the success of that he owed to the crabbed German foreman who loved woods and hated people. And now the cousin was dead, three years dead.

A year passed, and almost another, and little changes came into the relationship between Ginnia and Bernice. Ginnia was well launched by now, more sure of herself, less inclined to ask Bernice's advice or to follow it when Bernice gave it.

It was some weeks before Bernice discovered, for example, that Ginnia had decided to add a wing to the ranchero. Ginnia found her own architect and decorator, and the wing that presently materialised added dignity and stability to the rambling house. Bernice would not admit to

ruffled feelings, but remained aloof from its construction.

She was the first one to tour it when it was finished, however, and as Ginnia pointed out the handsome touches Bernice exclaimed and complimented and praised, and swallowed the sourness within her.

Not long afterwards, Ginnia gave a party, a sort of house-warming for the new wing, inviting the same people Bernice had asked to the party she had given for Ginnia, as well as a number of couples Bernice didn't know. Once again, Bernice realised that Ginnia had, in her quiet and non-defiant way, demonstrated independence of action.

It was a lavish and well-organised affair. Ginnia was radiant, and her daughter, June, was quite lovely, too. The only comfort Bernice obtained was the sight of Charley, toward midnight, sitting alone in his den, apart from all his guests, holding a drink and very quiet, but blind drunk.

It wasn't that the friendship between Ginnia and Bernice cooled after the building of the wing, but they visited each other less often, and the shopping sprees ended. Charley and Walter still sat side by side on the train every morning; but if they spoke of anything more important than the weather, Walter never reported it, and Bernice was unwilling to expose her own curiosity.

So drama struck, unannounced and unforeseen. Bernice was playing golf that morning and so missed the prowling car in the Lovatt driveway which was the first indication of it; and the few reporters who showed up were gone by the time she arrived home.

HER first knowledge of it came from the stranger who rang her bell late in the afternoon and introduced himself as Detective Finney, saying he would like to ask her some questions. It was several minutes before she caught on to the fact that he was asking about Charley Lovatt, because Charley had disappeared.

"You mean he's missing?" Bernice asked. "Charley? Why?"

"We don't know, Mrs. Warren," Detective Finney answered. "Neither does his wife. She thought maybe you and your husband, being as you were friends of his, might be able to help."

"Good heavens, we weren't that close." A late thought hit her with a chill that frightened her. "He isn't dead, is he?"

"We don't know," Detective Finney said. "Would you say he was depressed of late?"

"No," Bernice said slowly, and then remembered the party. "I don't know. Yes, maybe." Rather hesitantly, she told of seeing him drunk that night at the party.

"Was that unusual?" the detective asked.

"Why, yes. It was. He never took more than one drink. Not that I kept track, you understand; but I noticed he never even finished that." She added after a moment. "He wasn't very close to anyone in this

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TWO IN FACE!



Olivia Newton-John



Kerry Henderson



Lynne Browne



Elizabeth Page

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The entrant who chooses the correct make-up for each girl and sends in the most descriptive 15 words on Angel Face wins the Tahitian trip. 100 runners-up will be judged accordingly.

So go to your chemist, get an Entry Form, and get started! You could win "Two Weeks for Two in Tahiti"—with Angel Face!

* Sealer or tag not required where this contravenes State laws.



Mrs. H. WIFE



"A toast to my wife's thirt . . . ouch! — birthday."

I LOVE YOU, CHARLEY, PLEASE COME BACK

Continued from page 51

neighborhood, really; but you might find out a lot more about him if you tried his office, Custom Cabinets. They're on West Forty-Third, in Manhattan—"

"We checked it," Detective Finney said. "It isn't there any more."

"It isn't there?"

"No, ma'am. He sold out over a month ago."

Bernice stared at him in bewilderment. "But he's been going in with my husband every morning," she said. "Where would he go if not—did Mrs. Lovatt know about the business?"

"Apparently he didn't tell her."

Now, would you say his habits were temperate?"

"Yes, of course. I said that."

"Did he have any women friends that you knew of?"

"Charley?"

"Did he mention any pressing debts? Was he worried about money?"

It was odd, how questions could unsettle an entire concept. Answering the detective's dutiful and wholly conventional queries, Bernice began to doubt her own answers, to wonder if there were debts, another woman, another life that had suddenly engulfed Charley from this one. And then, belatedly, she thought of the impact on Ginnia, and a sobering awareness stirred in

her, and she said, almost aloud, "My goodness, if Walter did that so me!"

The detective left, finally, thanking her for her help, though she doubted that she had told him anything he had not already known. When his car was out of sight down the hill she hurried across her driveway and the broad lawn to the door of the ranchero.

Ginnia answered the doorbell. She seemed distracted, but if she had been crying there was no sign of it. "They've been at you, too," she said.

Bernice asked, "Why on earth didn't you call me, Ginnia? Have you been alone all this time?"

"June was here this morning. Then I sent her to school. She's got hockey this afternoon, and I told her to stay."

"Did you have any idea?"

GINNIA shook her head. "I still don't. All I know is, I don't know. When I went to bed last night he wasn't home. He usually phones when he's going to be late, but I figured he was tied up or something and couldn't. And then when I woke up this morning his bed was empty, he hadn't slept in it and I still didn't think—so when I phoned his place — you heard about that, I guess," Bernice nodded. "Wasn't that a nice surprise? I didn't know whether to be sore or to be scared."

"What about his clothes? Is his suitcase missing? Was he carrying anything extra yesterday morning?"

"The detective asked me the same questions. Honestly, I can't tell if Charley took anything or not. I looked at his cupboard, but I don't know how many suits he had. I don't even remember what he was wearing yesterday. He used to carry one of those attache cases. I think he was carrying it yesterday, but I couldn't swear to it."

She looked at Bernice with wide, puzzled eyes. "Something like this happens," she added slowly, "and all of a sudden you know you don't know anything about a person. Anything."

The strangers with whom Charley had associated during the past months supplied most of the information about him, and the police painstakingly reported back to Ginnia. And for three days, the gritty, factual statements were all Ginnia fed on — until the letter came.

His broker said that Charley had closed his account some eight months ago, after a series of losses in speculations that had been against the broker's advice. His bank accounts had been drained to the last hundreds. A pawnshop held his typewriter and tape recorder. A competitor had taken over Custom Cabinets after the aged German foreman had retired.

The grey Cadillac was found in a used-car lot in Brooklyn, sold a week ago; Charley had told Ginnia it was being serviced. The independent film company had died

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"You did that on purpose!"



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In fact, your Dulux Dealer will be happy to show you 300 beautiful 'Spring' colours. Of course, only the fussiest

people are interested in finding exactly the right colour to go with a chair, a carpet, a picture, or whatever.

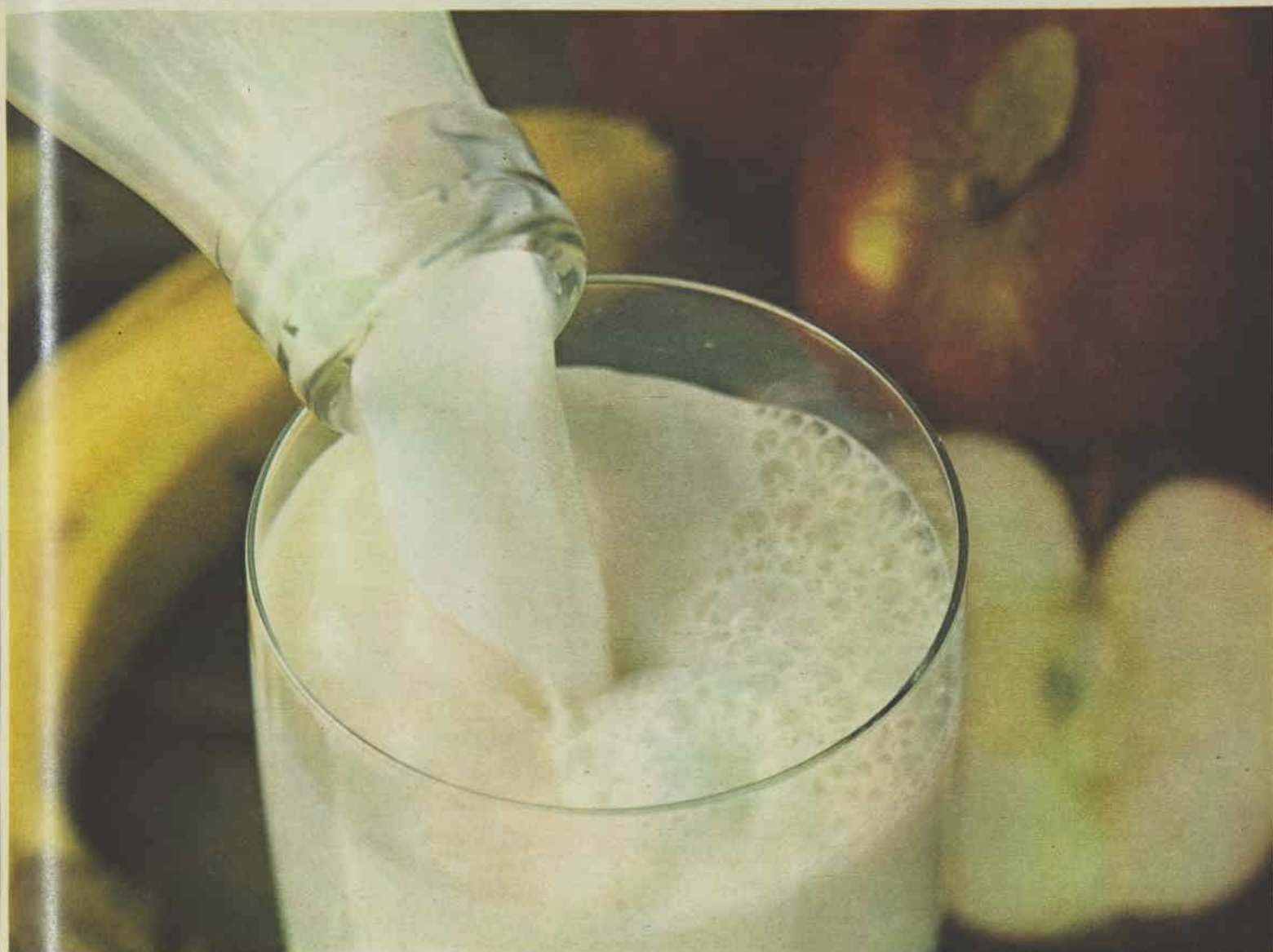
Are you?

If not, there's our Dulux 'Spring' colour card with 66 of the most popular 'Spring' colours. Help yourself.

But only your Dulux Dealer can show you the other 234. Ask him. He'll be glad to let you get as fussy as you like.



the good lunch,



Milk packs the punch that keeps you going all afternoon. Milk goes so well with good food. And milk is cold all the way down.

crack a bottle and go!



A 'SWEET' WAY TO GIVE health-giving VITAMIN C



A 'sweet' idea to give your whole family supplementary vitamin C is DELROSA Syrup as a dessert topping!

DELROSA is vitamin C from nature's richest storehouse—'rose hips' which grow wild on the English moors. 4 times richer than the equivalent amount of fresh orange juice, DELROSA is less acid, and contains more energy-giving glucose. Fully imported from the U.K. DELROSA Rose Hip Syrup, from chemists and health food stores. 6 fl. ozs., 72c (7/3); 12 fl. ozs., \$1.18 (11/9).

MADE IN ENGLAND BY THE PHILLIPS, SCOTT & TURNER CO., SURBITON.

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Gift Subscription to

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

RATES	1 YEAR	1 YEAR
Australia	\$3.45	\$6.90
N. Guinea	\$4.35	\$8.70
N. Zealand and Fiji	\$5.20	\$10.40
Brit. Dom.	\$5.75	\$11.50
Foreign	\$6.35	\$12.70

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SMASH COLDS!

Double "D" eucalyptus breaks up stubborn head colds and bronchial coughs. Pure Double "D" eucalyptus is the safe, economical and efficient household remedy for throat, nose, chest and muscular ailments. Don't take chances—take Double "D."

With 101 uses in the home

DOUBLE "D"
EUCALYPTUS EXTRACT

The pure, strong eucalyptus with the sweet, fresh smell

Continued from page 52

stillborn. The real estate he had owned had been sold, at various times, and all that was left was the ranchero, groaning with a mortgage, in Ginna's name, like the Jaguar he had bought her, which still stood in the driveway.

It was a pattern of disaster that frightened Bernice and sobered even Walter, like the sudden awareness of death. Walter offered to take over the legal snarls that enveloped Ginna, and she said she wanted to pay him if anything could be found to pay him with. She told Bernice how good it was to have friends at a time like this. Bernice felt a twinge of shame at that.

Ginna struggled to understand why Charley had hidden the disasters from her. "What kind of wife did he think I was?" she asked Bernice. "Do you know something? We built that wing when we were flat broke. He went into hock for it, and we didn't need it. Why didn't he say so?" She reacted in a numbness of shock at first, repeating the questions without knowing she had asked them before, and then, as the shock wore away, anger began to take its place, and she asked the same questions with angry meanings now: "What did he think I was?"

Then the letter arrived. It had been mailed from midtown Manhattan four days before and had been delivered to the wrong address. Evidently, Charley had intended it to reach Ginna the first morning, the morning she had looked across and seen his empty bed. A bank check for \$1575.60 was clipped to the letter. She put it aside and read what Charley had written, and read it again, and a third time.

"Dear Ginna, I am sorry to be doing this to you, and I know you will never forgive me for it, and I am not asking you for your forgiveness. You will find out what a mess I have made of everything. I don't know what happened, except I guess my luck just ran out. I was always too lucky, anyway. All I can say is, one thing after another went, and I couldn't seem to do the right thing at all.

"Well, I have paid the piper as well as I could. You will not have any debts except the mortgage and the rest of the payments on the Jag, so my advice to you is sell the house and car, and whatever you get free and clear is yours. I will never claim any of it. You are a wonderful person, Ginna, and do not blame yourself for any of this, for it was all my fault and I do not deserve better.

"I promise to send you

some money when I can and will not stand in the way of a divorce, and the best thing you can do is put me out of your life and mind. Tell June to do the same. The enclosed represents what I got for selling the Caddy, minus the balance of payments. It is yours." He had signed it, "Yours sincerely, Charles Lovatt." There was no return address.

After a while Ginna decided she had better tell the police about it. She was still holding the letter when Finney arrived half an hour later. Bernice, seeing Finney's car in the driveway, came over. Ginna let the two of them discuss it and listened without seeming to care what either of them said.

Only when Finney had gone, did she show anything of what she felt. "He thought he had to keep on giving me things," she said to Bernice.

And Bernice, studying her sharply, was silent, suddenly knowing how enormous were the discoveries that Ginna was making.

It began to dawn on Bernice, then, that Ginna had qualities she had been totally unaware of before. Ginna was trying to think her own way through the present chaos, to reach conclusions of her own and act on them.

BUT weeks passed before Bernice realised that all this had a pattern, that Ginna was systematically searching out everyone who had had any meaningful kind of contact with Charley and asking about him, not so much to discover where he might be as to learn more of what he had been like. It was as if she were collecting so many broken shards, which she put together patiently, later, to create a real Charley in her mind.

So Ginna located Gustav Bucholz, the cabinetmaker, who had been Charley's foreman at Custom Cabinets, and in his overheated and overfurnished apartment, she sat talking to him for almost a whole day, patiently enduring his hostility while he yielded grudging fragments of his memory.

He told her how Charley used to come into the shop and watch the shaping of the wood and how sometimes he would hold the unfinished pieces with gentle hands, turning them over and over and tracing the grain. "I don't like when boss comes around," Gustav said. "But him, it is no matter. He does not criticise."

"Did he ever talk to you?" Ginna asked. "Did he ever say anything that made you think he might do this?"

THE BOYFRIEND



"If you haven't had a bite all day—who's had all the sandwiches?"

I LOVE YOU, CHARLEY, PLEASE COME BACK

Gustav nodded, and she waited.

"He talks about luck. He says luck is not good for a man. Too much luck, he says, it is worse than bad luck always. It makes a man frightened. Then he asks me, do I want to buy Custom Cabinets?"

"When was this?"

"Two, three months back. When he learns I am going to retire." He added, "I do not know then what he means. I think he is just talking. Then I ask myself why he says these things. And I know he is worried."

She let the knowledge settle deep in her, until all the turmoil it had stirred up was settled also, and then she asked, "You didn't like me when I worked there, did you, Gustav?"

"No."

"Did you think I married him for his money?"

"Yah." He added, "Mr. Lovatt, he thinks that also. But he marries you."

Bernice liked to sip her second cup of coffee while reading the paper in the morning, letting the coffee cool as she browsed and studied the ads and searched the odd corners of the paper. So she read, in the public notices column that Friday, "C.L. I love you, Charley, please come back. G.L." It was as if she had heard Ginna's anguished crying in the dark.

She dropped in on Ginna later that morning and said, "I saw your ad. I can understand how you feel, honey, but did you have to do that kind of striptease in public? I can just hear what our friends are saying."

Ginna said wearily, "I don't care what anybody says. I was talking to Charley."

"Do you think he'll answer?"

Ginna shook her head.

"I don't understand you," said Bernice. "Why run the ad, then?"

"Because I wanted to, I just hope he sees it."

Whether he saw it or not, Charley did not answer. Oddly, Ginna seemed neither disappointed nor depressed. She was busy selling the graceful furnishings, room by room, keeping only what she and June needed for the barest of living until the house itself could be sold. The Jaguar went first, and in its place in the vast garage stood a faded Volkswagen, for Ginna needed a car until she could find somewhere else to live.

Bernice helped her, even though the naked rooms, whose walls still showed the shadows of the furniture, depressed her, and the talk that had once bubbled so freely between them was flat and difficult now.

Ginna told Bernice that

To page 56

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting July 20

- ARIES**
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
- TAURUS**
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, violet, grey.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, black, green.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
- CANCER**
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, gold, green.
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.
- LEO**
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, green, brown.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, green, grey.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 23-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, navy, pink.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, green, lilac.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, blue, grey.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, orange, tan.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sat.
- PISCES**
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, black, white.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

★ The 21st could see an emotional setback; but the Zodiac improves. There could be good news of home and loved ones, and romantic influences are favored at the weekend.

★ The 21st is allergic to romance, especially at night, but the stars are mainly favorable. Perhaps some wish comes true and you make lasting friendships at the weekend.

★ A good time to improve and consolidate status and career, particularly at the weekend. If you want permanent results, 22nd-24th is the time. The 21st is adverse.

★ There could be financial loss through bad luck on the 21st but the stars more than compensate and boost money matters 22nd-24th. It would be an idea to try a flutter in the lottery.

★ Although there could be a romantic rebuff on the 21st, the affairs of Cupid later receive special treatment. The weekend is a good time to establish a lasting venture.

★ The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 27, 1966

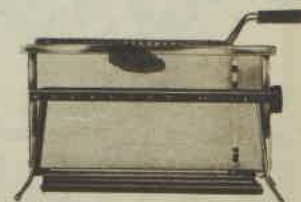


THRILLER GRILLER

SEALS GRILLS ON BOTH SIDES . . . **INSTANTLY.** KEEPS ALL THE FLAVOUR SIMMERING INSIDE AS YOU COOK FOR STEAKS ☐ CHOPS ☐ FISH ☐ CHICKEN ☐ KEBABS ☐ BURGERS ☐ SAUSAGES ☐ TOASTED SANDWICHES ☐ YOU NAME IT . . . So we call it the *thriller grill*. And it lives up to its name effortlessly and inexpensively with all kinds of grilling. No more dried-up grills. Everything comes out juicy and delicious, even less expensive meat cuts. ☐ It grills twice as fast as ordinary grillers because it cooks on both sides at once . . . between upright, fast heating, infra-red elements. Grills fat-free and evenly, without any need for turning. It doesn't spit, smoke or splash fat . . . and it cleans up fast and easily. ☐ Maybe, once upon a time, it was pretty hard to make a thrill out of a grill. Now see the Hotpoint Vertical Grill—the *thriller grill*—it's at retailers everywhere. ☐ It costs \$39.50 (£19/15/-). Less with a trade-in. ☐ The twenty-four page recipe book—a source of a wonderful variety of tasty grill ideas—is free with every Griller.

HOTPOINT VERTICAL GRILL

Hotpoint homes lead the world in better living



BRONCHIAL COUGHS?

Double "D" eucalyptus breaks up stubborn head colds and bronchial coughs. Pure Double "D" eucalyptus is the safe, economical and efficient household remedy for throat, nose, chest and muscular ailments. Don't take chances—take Double "D."

With 101 uses in the home

DOUBLE "D" EUCALYPTUS EXTRACT

The pure, strong eucalyptus with the sweet, fresh smell

Advertisement

Lemons for Beauty

TO keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world. Lemon Delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon Delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair after your shampoo will give it the glamor of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and tonic.

Continued from page 54

she was planning to stay in the area. "Glen Cove, Sea Cliff, maybe Hempstead. I don't know. Somewhere cheap. First, I want to find a job around here."

"Why here?" Bernice asked. "It would be easier in Manhattan."

"I want to stay near here." "You'll make friends in New York, too, if that's what you're thinking."

"But I'm not thinking of friends. Except for you. I don't have that kind of friends."

"Why, then?"

"Charley's here, somewhere."

"How do you know? Has he written you?"

Ginnia shook her head. "He's here. He wouldn't go far away." Her tone was flat and positive. "I just have to find a way of reaching him, that's all."

Bernice said carefully. "Honey, I don't want to discourage you, but you'd better put that idea right out of your mind. Once they go, they don't come back."

"Charley will. He loves me."

"You can say that after what he did?"

"He did it because he loves me. And he's ashamed of what he did, now, and that's the only reason he's staying away."

It was as eerie and unsettling as if Ginnia had said, in the same flat voice, that she had seen Charley's ghost.

A television executive and his wife made an offer on the ranchero the next week, six weeks after Charley's disappearance and just over two years from the day Ginnia and Charley had bought it; and although it meant selling at a loss, Walter advised Ginnia to accept. She and June were out of the house the day after the closing, and Bernice helped them get

settled in a cramped apartment near the aging department store where Ginnia had a job selling infants' wear.

June was sullen during the moving and cried when Bernice left them. Bernice privately determined to invite the girl over some weekend, and a vague notion of getting Walter to do something about her college education stirred in her mind. She even discussed both ideas with Walter that night; but somehow they seemed less practical then, and the weeks soon closed over them and buried them.

She visited Ginnia with Walter one evening, and their new Lincoln, kerbed among the drab street parkers, seemed as ill at ease as Walter was.

address, but with no return address. The hope that glowed in that letter made Bernice wince for Ginnia's vulnerability.

That was when the ads started running in the local North Shore weekly, the same ad that had appeared before: "G.L., I love you, Charley, please come back. G.L." A box number followed them. Week after week they appeared, plaintive and hopeful; and when they finally stopped, Bernice felt as if she had seen a child die. By then she had stopped writing Ginnia, and it was just as well she had, for she wouldn't have known what to say.

It was Walter who spotted the next ad, some two weeks

ago at last, accepting grief and reality in silence.

After three weeks of wondering, Bernice drove to the aging department store and picked her way through the narrow aisles until she could see the infants' wear counter. Ginnia was busy with a customer and did not see her. Bernice, pretending preoccupation with the sale dresses on a nearby rack, studied her furtively, trying to determine her spirit from the set of her head, the movement of her body. It was impossible.

She moved away from the dress rack, afraid suddenly to make the moment real by facing Ginnia, and at her movement, Ginnia turned her head and saw her. A thud-

him ashamed. But this one, he knew it was me, too, but he answered it, pretending, you know, that he was just applying for a job. Because he wanted to be found."

Bernice could not talk of it with Walter that evening. She sat through dinner with him, and the trivialities that served them for conversation went on, and she could still see Ginnia standing behind the heaped counter, her face glowing, her body proud, her hands deftly putting infants' wear back into their boxes as she talked.

She saw, too, what the past six months had done to that pale face, the thinning and the touch of age and courage. She saw the cramped apartment again and the furniture that had once graced the ranchero huddled unhappily now on the creaking, strange floor. She saw June's sullen face. Oddly, she could not see Charley.

He was an incomprehensible shadow, and, in truth, she had forgotten what he looked like. But she kept turning again to Ginnia's face, the calm under its happiness mirroring the knowledge that she and Charley had survived an ordeal and could survive anything now, because they had found themselves.

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PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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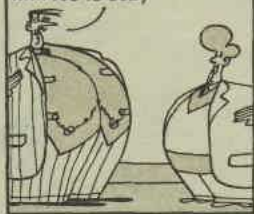
Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

I LOVE YOU, CHARLEY, PLEASE COME BACK

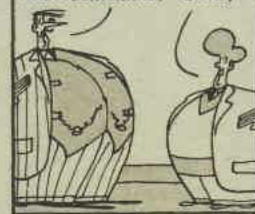
IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD

SO YOU TAKE YOUR DOG WITH YOU TO GOLF?



ISN'T HE A NUISANCE WHEN YOU'RE PLAYING? OH NO,



HE KEEPS ME SUPPLIED WITH GOLF BALLS!!!



A month or so later she went alone, taking Walter's excuse. Ginnia still insisted that Charley was somewhere near; but it seemed to Bernice that her eyes belied it and saw something that held terror. Then, although her conscience bothered her, Bernice decided that the visits were hard on them both, so instead she sent chatty little notes full of malicious gossip about the people Ginnia used to know.

Ginnia answered each one dutifully, and her second letter reported that she had received a hundred-dollar money order from Charley by mail, forwarded from the old

later. It was in the weekly's Help Wanted, Male, column, and said, "Man, experienced cabinetmaking, knowledge unusual woods. Reply own handwriting, Box 273." Walter said, "She doesn't give up, does she?"

Bernice said, "How could she be so obvious? He'll see through that."

The ad ran once, and then Ginnia's voice was silent. But it echoed in the back of Bernice's thoughts, troubling her. She wondered if, incredibly, Ginnia had reached Charley with it, when all her other ads had failed, or whether this, too, was an unheard cry and she had given

ding started in Bernice's heart. The pale calm of Ginnia's face shifted, as if a wind had stirred; her lips moved, not quite a smile, but the smile shone warm in her eyes, and Bernice knew.

It was unbelievable. It jolted something fundamental in Bernice, and she did not know what it was, only that it should not have shaken her so.

"He's back," Ginnia told her, when the customer had left. "He's been working for a carpenter around here. He saw the ad. He saw all the other ads, too; but I should have known—they just made

To you and your family—Here's good health!

BACKACHE

When your body calls for help!

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, MUSCLE AND JOINT PAINS.

Feel well again! Feel free from crippling pain! Thousands have proved there's no need to suffer simply because of sluggish kidneys. You can prove it too! De Witt's Pills stimulate your kidneys and flush out trouble-causing impurities. Special ingredients bring relief, help you move freely again and face life with a smile. A safe antiseptic corrects simple bladder infections, too.

Try De Witt's Pills for your trouble NOW! Enjoy a life free from rheumatism, backache, joint or muscle pains. Remember—within 24 hours of taking De Witt's you will see unmistakable evidence they are working on your kidneys.



OOOH!—MY UPSET STOMACH AAAH—RELIEF!



DE WITT'S SOLD IN OVER 80 COUNTRIES FAMILY MEDICINES

Down goes DeWitt's Antacid Powder... away goes indigestion, heartburn, flatulence! You too can forget digestive troubles when you take DeWitt's—always dependable. DeWitt's Antacid Powder has a triple action! ★ Firstly excess acid is quickly neutralised ★ Secondly, a protective layer is spread over the inflamed stomach lining. ★ Thirdly, an important ingredient—aluminum hydroxide gives prolonged relief. Wonderful relief—settled stomach—enjoy eating without 'suffering afterwards', thanks to the seven carefully balanced ingredients in DeWitt's Antacid Powder. Suits all ages.

ALSO AVAILABLE IN HANDY TABLET FORM

De Witt's Pills

DeWitt's ANTACID POWDER

The bounty of garden-fresh vegetables

By ALLAN SEALE



● All you need for this luxury is a spare piece of sunny garden.

VEGETABLES taste so different when freshly harvested from the home garden, and this applies particularly to the everyday range of carrots, potatoes, and beans, the easiest ones to grow.

POTATOES

Now is a good planting time in all temperate districts. Where winters are severe leave until mid-August, as frosts play havoc with new growth. Potatoes take up more space than other root crops but they require little effort, yield well, and the fresh new potatoes are delicious.

A 7lb. bag of seed potatoes, well grown, could yield over a hundred-weight of new potatoes. The space required for this would be about 8ft. by 30ft. Allowing for three rows 30in. to 36in. apart, with 12 to 15in. between each planting along the rows.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 7

Greening: Greening is favored by many growers. This merely means spreading the tubers for a week or two in a position where there is plenty of light, but not direct sunlight. Turn them after a few days when the exposed areas are showing green. Small seed potatoes, 2 to 2½ in. in diameter, are best planted whole. Larger ones may be cut, providing at least two "eyes" are left on each section.

The type of soil is not important, providing it is well drained and in a fairly open, sunny position. Lime is not recommended, as it is likely to induce scab, a condition affecting the tubers. Dig the soil over loosely to spade depth, and allow it to stand for a week or two before planting.

During preparation is a good time to add compost, rotted manure, or any other organic material. Do not turn in green weed growth, grass clippings, or similar material.

A good complete fertiliser is necessary for best results, especially where compost or manure is in short supply. Some gardeners prefer to apply this in a band below the rows, but it is just as beneficial if scattered through the soil during preparation. Use up to ½ cup per square yard, or ¼ cup per yard of row.

Using a hoe or spade, rake out the rows about 4in. deep, then set the "seed" 12 to 15in. apart. Rake back sufficient soil into the furrows to just cover the tubers. As shoots appear, gradually hill-up the soil around the plants. This will increase the yield and prevent greening of the newly formed potatoes that would otherwise be close to the surface.

CARROTS

Carrots need only a small amount of space. A bed 3ft. by 6ft. to 8ft. would keep an average family in young carrots for at least a month. Preserve their juicy freshness by pulling them only as they are needed.

As freshly manured ground is unsuitable for carrots, they could be planted in soil previously manured for a crop such as lettuce or cabbage. Failing this, complete fertilisers can be used safely, providing they are mixed evenly through the soil to the depth of about 8in. Broadcast the fertiliser over the bed, rake it into the surface, then use a deep-bladed hoe or fork-hoe to mix it in more deeply. A quarter-cup — 2oz. per square yard — is sufficient for carrots.

For carrots, a dressing of lime is beneficial where the soil is known to be acid and has not been limed during the last season. Use about half a cup to the square yard. Providing garden lime (ground limestone) is used, it may be applied with the fertiliser.

The bed is ready for sowing after the soil has been trodden down evenly and the surface broken to a crumbly texture. Sow thinly in rows 12 to 15in. apart. Cover the seed to the depth of ½ in., and firm down to ensure its contact with soil moisture.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 8

Where soil is inclined to crust on the surface use shredded compost, seed-raising mixture, or similar, as a covering for the seed.

Varieties: Topweight is the most satisfying carrot to sow in temperate climates at this time of year. In cold districts, delay sowing until late August.

Western Red is a recent carrot introduction. This newcomer has all the vigor of Topweight, but with deeper flesh color, particularly in the semi-mature stage. It is less adaptable to seasons than Topweight, and performs best when sown from the end of August until late summer.

BEANS

Beans are satisfying and easy to grow. Except in semi-tropical areas it is too early to sow french beans, but in the temperate and cool areas broad beans may be planted.

Broad beans give variety to the menu. The young pods can be sliced and cooked as french beans before the fleshy, plump seeds attain their full size and nutty flavor. Like the potato, they grow well in fairly tough soil, but are adaptable to most conditions where there is plenty of sunlight and good drainage.

Give the soil a dressing of lime, up to a cup per square yard where the soil is rather acid. Be liberal with complete plant food — about ½ cup to the square yard. Well-rotted compost may be worked in with the fertiliser or used as a surface mulch after sowing.

Sow the seeds 4 to 6in. apart, in double rows 6 to 8in. apart. Pinching out the tops of the plants does sometimes hasten maturity, but has little effect on the yield. Don't pinch-out until several trusses of flowers have formed.



HSP 4109

Hilton Supp-hose this morning.

No tired legs tonight.

Stand as much as you like (or as much as you have to). If you're wearing Hilton Supp-hose you just don't get tired legs.

Instead, you get a firm, two-way support and a sheer, all-nylon look you can't tell from ordinary stockings.

When you stretch Hilton Supp-hose up your legs and feel their support develop, you suddenly know you're finished with tired legs. And you are. You can stand — hour after hour — on legs that feel great hour after hour.

You'll save money too. You could wear out nine pairs of 15-denier nylons in the lifetime of one pair of Supp-hose. So they're a stocking bargain at \$4.20 (42/-).

Get a pair today.

It's a beautiful way to end tired legs.

HILTON
Supp-hose

The all-nylon support stocking.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



Don't be caught without Kleenex tissues

It's the sneezin' season
Buy Kleenex tissues, the only tissues
with wet strength and super softness



*Registered Trade Mark Kimberly-Clark Corp.

Page 58

In pink, yellow, aqua, lilac, white.
 Pocket pack, 50, 100, 150 two-ply tissues.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 27, 1966

KLEENEX* sneezin' season TISSUES CONTEST



FIRST PRIZE: Your home airconditioned by Kelvinator (or \$1,000 cash)

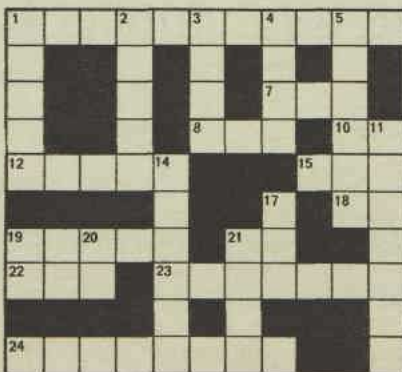
6 second prizes of \$100 cash—and 1000 other prizes of Kleenex tissues dispensers. Kelvinator airconditioning will keep you warm in winter, cool in summer (three $1\frac{3}{4}$ h.p. units to be won!). Great 2nd prizes are \$100 for each State Winner & 1000 runner up prizes of Kleenex tissues dispensers.

Do this crossword

- DOWN**
- 1 The liquid that falls when it rains
 - 2 Kleenex tissues aren't just soft, they're . . . soft
 - 3 A beautiful flower
 - 4 Not far
 - 5 Have a . . . have a Kleenex
 - 11 The best tissue you can buy—with super softness and wet-strength
 - 14 You need Kleenex tissues in the "sneezin'"
 - 17 Past tense of eat
 - 19 Ate without an 'e'
 - 20 The cat sat . . . the mat!
 - 21 Animals around the house

ACROSS

- 1 One of the most important things about Kleenex tissues Rhymes with 'sat length' (12 words)
- 7 Animal like a horse — but much more stupid!
- 8 Things you hear with
- 10 The initials of Joan King's husband, Sam
- 12 A lion does it
- 15 de sac. A street with no exit
- 18 The fifth letter of the alphabet, twice
- 19 They say it a lot in Hawaii
- 21 Abbreviation for lowest rank in the army. Minus 'e'
- 22 The number decimal currency is based on
- 23 In this season you need Kleenex tissues most
- 24 Kleenex tissues have super and wet-strength



Complete this

MY NAME IS: _____

I LIVE AT: _____

I THINK KLEENEX TISSUES ARE THE BEST BECAUSE
(complete with twenty well chosen words)

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

- 1 There is no limit to the number of entries which can be sent, but each entry must be in a separate envelope and must be accompanied by the perforated box opening strip from a Kleenex pack (not required from residents of any State where their enclosure would contravene State law, viz. S.A., Qld., and W.A.)
- 2 Entries must include the full name and address of the entrant.
- 3 Contest closes at 9 a.m. on September 5th.

1966 and all entries must be postmarked not later than this date.

4 Chance plays no part in determining the winner and each entry will be compared and examined on its merits by a qualified panel of judges.

To qualify, entries must include the completed crossword in its correct form. From the entries which qualify, the winner will be determined on the basis of originality, aptness and neatness in completing the 20 word statement.

5 All entries received become the property of Kimberly-Clark and none will be returned.

6 Winners will be notified by mail at the conclusion of the contest. The 7 major prizewinners will be announced in October 26 issue of Australian Women's Weekly.

7 Employees of Kimberly-Clark, their advertising agents and relatives of each are ineligible to enter.

8 Judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.

Mail this to: KLEENEX SNEEZIN' SEASON CONTEST, P.O. Box 111 ARTARMON N.S.W.

Buy these (you'll be needing them in the sneezin' season!)



*Registered Trade Mark Kimberly-Clark Corp.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 27, 1966

THE NARROW ESCAPE

Continued from page 29

"I just popped into the Women's Institute meeting and got held up," Mrs. Barton lied brightly.

Humming a little tune, she went into the kitchen to prepare potatoes for one. All her life, she'd adored potatoes—the Irish in her, she supposed. Now, as she skinned them, she thought how unattractive they looked—nasty anaemic things with, here and there, piggy little black eyes. Just the sort of mean-looking vegetable to create a spare tyre.

Her husband, passing the open door at that moment, was astounded to hear her giggling.

At breakfast the following morning, Mr. and Mrs. Barton sat screened from one another by their newspapers. He was reading the leading article and she was admiring the fashion page and reflecting that, once the spare tyre had gone, the Empire-line would suit her perfectly.

As soon as her husband had gone off to work, she rushed through her chores and then went into town to buy a calorie counter.

She studied it closely all day. When Mr. Barton returned that evening, she was at her desk, adding up the calorific values of nutritious yet unfattening menus which she had compiled. She was so absorbed that she did not hear him come into the room until he was almost behind her, saying:

"Hello, dear, polishing off a few letters? Have you written to Mother?"

With lightning fingers, Mrs. Barton turned the sheet of paper face downwards on the blotter, then folded it in two and popped it into her handbag.

"As a matter of fact, I haven't," she said and went off to the kitchen.

Mr. Barton put on his spectacles and stared at the blotter. He could see fragments of her writing in reverse and was seized by a sudden desire to decipher its secrets by holding it up in front of the looking-glass as he had seen someone do in a television play. Then he remembered it had been the villain and he suppressed the thought instantly.

He moved quickly away from the desk and a nasty suspicion, dormant for the past twenty-four hours, began to crystallise in his mind. His wife, normally the most honest of women, was concealing something from him.

He sank into an armchair and dived behind the evening paper to try to sort it out.

That night, Mrs. Barton smiled into her pillow as she slept. Slim as a wand, in a white chiffon Empire-line dress, she faced the doctor

across a candle-lit table for two. "To the most attractive woman in the world," he murmured, raising a glass of champagne.

The clock struck two. Mr. Barton was wide awake and his mind was spinning like a top.

In the days that followed, Mrs. Barton devoted herself singlemindedly toward the warfare against the spare tyre. When she hankered for chocolate she drank lemon juice instead. Her salads were undressed, her tea milkless and unsweetened. As her waistline diminished, her temper grew shorter and aggravated by the realisation that her husband could eat like a horse without gaining an ounce.

At the end of the first week, she went to the chemist's and weighed herself. She had lost two pounds. The dial of the weighing machine melted away and the approving face of the doctor took its place. "Well done, Mrs. Barton," he said.

Mr. Barton confronted by spinach for the fifth time that week, made a mental note not to grow any the following year.

By the end of the second week, Mrs. Barton had lost four pounds; by the end of the third week, six.

MR. BARTON, who was getting the sharp end of her tongue, noticed that she was getting thin. He was also tormented by her withdrawal and by the enigma she had become. He remembered the happy woman he had passed in the town; he was plagued by the thought of mysterious ciphers on the blotting paper. A thousand-implications bore down upon him; none of them was pleasant.

He toyed with the idea of having it out with her. But he was, by nature, a man of peace.

The following evening, he brought her home a large box of her favorite chocolates. She accepted them as if they were arsenic. Two days later, he came upon them, unopened, at the bottom of the bedroom cupboard.

He shut the door hastily and hurried down to the sitting-room to pour himself a drink.

"Drinking again?" his wife said censoriously, coming into the room at that moment.

A swift retort rose to Mr. Barton's lips. He bit it back.

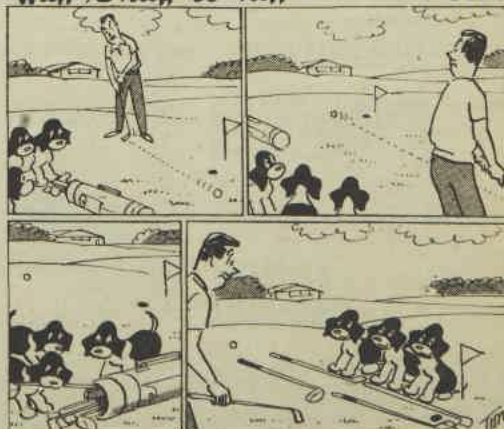
As the day of her appointment with the doctor drew nearer, Mrs. Barton's spirits rose. Two days before, she weighed herself and discovered she had reached her target —

To page 61


FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM





Try new *Fems** tampons,
you can trust them for hours longer  *than any others*

Extra hours' protection — hours more than most women believed a tampon could be trusted! This was proved in 'actual use' tests of Fems tampons, by a group of women of different ages.

The *personal note* in every Fems pack explains *fully* to you, why Fems tampons can promise so much more than any others. Briefly, here are some surprising differences.

Fems tampons are 3 *ways more absorbent*, totally made from the most absorbent grade of cotton, they expand by *width* not length, and Fems tampons have a central channel for immediate absorption.

Fems tampons are *easier to use*, the only tampon with softly rounded ends. You need no applicator. Gentler too, noticeably smoother, fluff-free.

Fems tampons expand according to your personal requirements. Whatever your needs, you need only *one size*.

Fems* tampons
 by Kotex[†]



Made by Kimberly-Clark of Australia Pty. Ltd. Lane Cove, N.S.W.
 *† registered trademarks of Kimberly-Clark Corp.

THE NARROW ESCAPE

Continued from page 59

half a stone gone and the spare tyre non-existent.

That evening, she took in all her clothes. Mr. Barton, who knew his wife loathed sewing, watched her, hypnotised.

The following morning, Mrs. Barton received a letter. Mr. Barton, who always collected the post, handed it to her in silence across the breakfast table. She tore it open, glanced at the contents, and immediately disappeared behind her paper. Mr. Barton waited for her to tell him who it was from. For the first time in their marriage, she failed to do so.

He nerved himself to ask, but a fragment of toast, combined with a feeling of pride, stifled the question.

When he got up from the table to leave for the office, he went behind his wife's chair and, as he kissed her cheek, he glanced over her shoulder. The letter had gone.

"I shall be back at the usual time," he said unnecessarily.

The moment she heard the front door slam, Mrs. Barton produced the letter from under her table napkin. It read: "With compliments. To professional services, \$4.00." The words were printed, the figures together with her name and address, were written in a small, meticulously neat hand.

She went to her desk, wrote out a cheque, and then, after a moment's thought, inscribed on a sheet of writing paper: "With gratitude for all your kindness."

She would send it, she decided, as an advance guard of her visit next day.

When she had sealed the envelope, she slipped on her coat and went out of the front door. As she went down the garden path, she met her husband hurrying up it. Dimly, she noticed that he looked flustered. Acutely, he noticed the letter in her hand.

"What on earth are you doing back here?" she asked, in surprise.

"I forgot my briefcase," he said.

"I've never known you to do that before," she remarked.

"I have a lot on my mind," he retorted bitterly.

"I thought you didn't seem quite yourself," she announced sweetly, and disappeared down the road toward the pillar-box.

MR. BARTON did no work that day. He sat at his desk, staring moodily into space, confronted by a situation he had never thought he would have to face. He had, in the past, been consulted by others in similar circumstances. "Have it out. Things are always better for an airing," had been his bracing advice.

Now he was not so sure. If he asked a direct question, he might receive an answer he did not wish to hear. Do nothing, he advised himself. She is a sensible woman and will do nothing foolish. After all, we have been married for twenty-five years—a quarter of a century. Then he remembered other marriages, other quarter-centuries. Comfort drained away, and Mr. Barton felt very depressed indeed.

Perhaps he had only himself to blame. Perhaps he had neglected her. He went home that evening determined to make amends. The well-rehearsed words of love and reconciliation were prepared, to be delivered after dinner. But the moment she had washed up, she disappeared upstairs.

After an hour he went in search of her. She was lying on the bed in her dressing-gown, with several inches of clay obscuring the well-known and well-loved contours of her face.

"What on earth are you doing?" he asked.

"Relaxing, with a face pack," she told him briefly.

Defeated, he crept away.

To page 62

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries.

I OWN an old knife, spoon, and fork set, a christening present to my grandfather. The fork is marked "1799 N.H.," the spoon, "1803 HS," and the knife "1805 H & T." Are they Georgian silver collected piecemeal and made into a "set" by grouping similar Victorian designs? I am also interested in obtaining a book on the markings on electro-plate silver.—Mrs. A. J. Weare, Griffith, N.S.W.

From your sketches (not shown), I can see that the spoon and fork are genuine Georgian examples which have been redecored during the Victorian era. The knife bearing the Birmingham Assay

office mark (an anchor) does not appear to be Georgian in character. Perhaps you have misinterpreted the marks? The shape of the blade is not in keeping with nineteenth-century style. There are no worthwhile books on electro-plate silver available at the moment.

★ ★ ★
A BLACK vase I own, decorated with white swans and flowers, stands 12in. tall and has the marking "128 over Rd 60742" on it.—Miss A. L. Arnott, New Lambton, N.S.W.

Your Staffordshire vase (right) dates about 1910.



● Staffordshire vase.



There's nothing complicated about this Cadbury recipe for CHOCOLATE NUT CAKE

Dark and moist... with a real deep-down chocolaty flavour.

INGREDIENTS: 5 ozs. butter, 8 ozs. sugar, 12 ozs. self raising flour, 3 eggs, approximately 1 cup milk, 2 heaped tablespoons Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa, 1 cup chopped walnuts, pinch of salt, vanilla essence.

METHOD: Cream the butter and sugar, add the beaten eggs gradually then flour sifted with Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa and salt. Add milk and essence and lastly, chopped nuts. Mix well. Bake in tin approximately 9" diameter, lined with greased paper, in a moderate oven 325° or Regulo 4 Gas, 375° Electric for 1 hour. Serve with whipped cream decorated with strawberries or covered with your favourite frosting.



**CADBURY'S
BOURNVILLE
COCOA**

WRIGGLING WILLIE



WRIGGLING WILLIE, the Rock 'n' Roll King
Had just grabbed the mike and started to sing
When, horror of horrors, he coughed and he shook,
And cried "It's the flu, I really feel crook!"
"Here's the way to fix flu" cried the boys in the band,
"We're never without it ready at hand!"

Woods'

GREAT PEPPERMINT COMPOUND
The time tested treatment for influenza

Continued from page 61 THE NARROW ESCAPE

At five the following afternoon, Mrs. Barton was sitting in the doctor's waiting-room. Her complexion was one shade paler, her hair two tones lighter. She wore a simple Empire-line dress, size twelve, and she looked not a day over thirty-five.

At five-fifteen, the receptionist appeared and told her the doctor had been delayed. Would she care to wait? Mrs. Barton said she would. At six o'clock, she heard the sound of a man's footsteps going along the corridor toward the consulting-room. The color rose in her cheeks and her eyes began to sparkle.

At six-five she was ushered in. "Well, I've done it!" Mrs. Barton cried, with a radiant smile.

The doctor looked at her in surprise. "Done what?" he asked guardedly.

"Lost half a stone!" she exclaimed, bracing the area where the spare tyre had lately been.

"Oh, good. Excellent, Mrs. Marsden," he said vaguely.

"Barton," she corrected him in a small voice.

"Yes, yes, of course, Mrs. Barton—how silly of me. And what about the other business?" he asked, fumbling with his notes.

"The other business?"
"Yes, the pains that you had."

"Oh—the pains." Mrs. Barton suddenly remembered the pains and felt deeply deflated. "They're gone," she said flatly.

"I'm so glad. I only wish all my patients made such speedy recoveries," the doctor said heartily. "I'm delighted you're so well. You should have rung up and told me and I could have saved you a journey. Let me know if there's any recurrence..."

That evening, Mr. Barton arrived home earlier than usual, determined to make an

all-out effort to save his marriage. He walked in with a bunch of flowers and the cry of "Mavis" on his lips, only to find the house deserted.

He went into the kitchen; there were no signs of a meal in preparation. He then went into the sitting-room and poured himself a drink to steel himself to go upstairs. After some hesitation, he braced himself to open the bedroom door, and went to the dressing-table, where, he was confident, she would have left a note. He found nothing.

He went slowly downstairs and poured himself another drink. So, she had left him without a word.

Jealousy erupted like a volcano as he conjured up vision after vision of the man who had come between him and his wife. He picked up a paper knife and stabbed one of the settee cushions viciously. Then his hand fell limply to his side. He tried to picture the future without his wife and failed abysmally.

He was just about to pour himself another drink when he heard the front door open.

"I'm sorry I'm late," Mrs. Barton said humbly as she came into the room.

Mr. Barton noted her dejected expression. All he noticed was her peerless complexion, her gleaming hair, and the figure-hugging dress which became her so well.

"Mavis, darling!" he cried, sweeping her into his arms. "I'm so terribly glad to see you. You know you've always wanted to go to Venice. Well, we're going." He spoke in a rush, like the boy she'd married twenty-five years before. "It will be the holiday of our lives. A second honeymoon." He tilted her face and kissed her on the lips. "Would you like that, my dear?"

MRS. BARTON, stunned for the second time in an hour by the unpredictability of men, was bereft of words. "I should like that very much, indeed," she managed at last. Then, in order to cling to some sort of reality, she added: "I'd better get the dinner now. Then we can talk about it." She went into the kitchen, and for the first time in a month she peeled potatoes for two. Mr. Barton, watching her through the open door of the sitting-room,

FROM THE BIBLE

● Suffering trains us to endure, and endurance brings proof that we have stood the test, and this proof is the ground of hope.

—Romans 5: 4.
(New English Bible)

thought what a remarkably attractive woman she was.

Too thin at the moment, of course, but she'd soon put on a bit of weight. He felt calm, happy, and relaxed—all anger gone. He was amazed by his magnanimity. He forgave her absolutely and would never let her know he had discovered her secret.

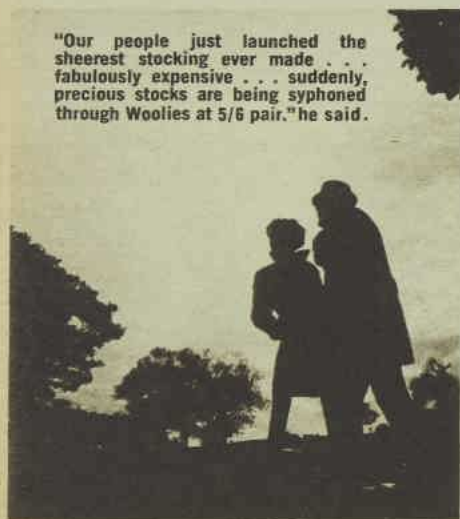
He studied her as she moved about—saw the graceful tilt of her head, the bend of her too-slim hips, and the gentle curve of her arms. And as he watched, he experienced an upsurge of emotion and tender desire.

What a blind fool he'd been to take her so for granted, he thought. It would have served him right if he'd lost her. Never until this traumatic time a drinking man, he poured himself another stiff whisky. He needed it, he told himself, after such a narrow escape.

MEET ●
FAIRY WEBB
WOOLWORTHS
WONDERRIG & THE
**Micro-Film
Mystery**

URGENT
'gram from the
Man from
S.T.A.T.U.S.

"NEED YOUR HELP ON
STYLE-SPY JOB STOP
2.30 AT THE
GRIFFIN STATUE STOP"



Dear Diary...

This was one case I'm glad we lost! Now I can always get those fabulous new micromesh sheers for 5/6. Like getting expensive couturier stockings at wholesale prices, isn't it? Whip into Woolies yourself this week, and see the fantastic range of nylons... save yourself a fortune! It's terribly IN these days to shop at Woolies.

Fairy Webb

SEAMFREE MICRO-MESH
15 Denier

MAGIC FIT 15 denier 2-way stretch fits tall & small girls. High hemlines, too! No wrinkles! 7/11

MAGIC FIT NON-RUN 15 denier No ladders! No wrinkles! 2-way stretch for fantastic fit! 9/11

6 PACK 15 denier 6 perfectly matched nylons gives magic wear of 5 pairs. 16/-

FAIRY WEB 15 denier sheer glamour! Micromesh seamless in newest colours. 5/6

FAIRY-WEB NON-RUN 15 denier Guaranteed ladder-proof! Weeks of wear with normal care! 6/6

Mischief making is her new role



● At 20, Hayley Mills is an international screen star who divides her career between London and Hollywood. For Columbia's production "The Trouble With Angels," in which she stars with Rosalind Russell, Miss Mills is in Hollywood.

RECENTLY, in England, she completed "Bats With Angel Faces," which her celebrated actor-father, John Mills, directed from a script prepared by her mother, Mary Hayley-Bell.

In "The Trouble With Angels" Miss Mills portrays Mary Clancy, a teenager with a sense of mischief, who upsets the strict decorum of a select convent school, St. Francis Academy, and brings on the wrath of the Mother Superior.

But as school terms progress, a new awakening in values comes to Mary with maturity, and she learns to understand the true character of "The Dragon."

"The Trouble With Angels" marks a change in Miss Mills' offscreen life. For the first time she is unchaperoned on the set by her parents, who remained in Britain to complete "Bats With Angel Faces." But there still is the family touch for Hayley; she is living in Brentwood with her actress-sister, Juliet Mills, and Juliet's husband, Russell Alquist, an actor and songwriter.

Many awards

Hayley's career began at 12 with "Tiger Bay," an English production. Since then she has had starring parts in 11 films, and established herself as a leading actress.

Hayley's acting awards include a special Oscar, a

Berlin Festival Silver Bear, a Variety Club of Great Britain prize, and numerous other awards as the top actress of the year; a British Film Academy Award, an award as Number One Star of Tomorrow following a poll among United States and Canadian exhibitors, and a Hollywood Foreign Press Association Golden Globe.

Although she is a celebrity, her parents declare Hayley never acts like one. They limit her to an allowance of \$5 a week. Her film salary is being put into a trust fund which will become hers when she is 25. She admits to a fondness for clothes, horses, and cars.

Hayley's rise to screen stardom has been meteoric. Yet it came about by chance.

Eight years ago, John Mills was approached by J. Lee Thompson to play the part of a plain-clothes policeman in "Tiger Bay." Visiting the big 500-acre Mills farm, during the course of discussion over the script, the director confessed he was having a difficult task finding a 12-year-old boy to star as the youth who befriends a murderer in the film story. Watching Hayley playing in the garden, hamming it up and imitating some commercials then on British television, Thompson had the idea of changing the role to a girl.

First role

It was finally agreed that she should have a screen test with German co-star Horst Buchholz. It was more than successful. The Mills decided to let their second daughter try her hand at acting. When the national newspaper reviews broke in London, they all acclaimed a new star.

When she's at home and not in the public eye, Hayley likes to wear jeans and sweaters. Casual clothes are usually the order of the day. She swims, likes jazz, and is an ardent fan of the Beatles. Hayley likes to design her own clothes. Offscreen she wears just a little make-up and light-colored lipstick.

Now that she is really growing up, it is hard to remember that the vivacious and exuberant girl is only 20. At times she exhibits the mind and poise of someone much older. One of Hayley's gifts is the ability to come up with some kind of answer. She is never at a loss for something to say when a question is sent her way.

Hayley is an avid reader. "I read anything that's

good," she says, "especially H. E. Bates, Somerset Maugham, the Bronte Sisters—and Mummy of course." She loves to sit in her dressing-room and write something descriptive about something she has seen—a river, a lake, a tree. Like her mother, she may some day be a professional writer.

Ambition

Her main ambition is to be a good actress. Has she not achieved this after eleven pictures and many awards? "Oh no," she cries. "You can't learn a lifetime's work in a few years."

Like most normal young girls, Hayley wants to get married, but not until after she is 21.

STARRING as Hayley's special friend and com-mischief maker in this film is June Harding (with her hair in a bun, at right), who is well known on Broadway and American television.



HAYLEY and June are caught out by the "Dragon-in-charge," the Mother Superior, played by Rosalind Russell. The "Dragon" turns out not to be such a tyrant after all.

HAYLEY, now 20, and a veteran of 11 films.

Teenagers WEEKLY



MAD PLOTS and "the most scathingly brilliant ideas" are masterminded by Hayley in her part as Mary Clancy in her latest film.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 27, 1966

Mrs. Tommy (Murphy to you) Hankin says

"Enjoy the cosy warmth of sleeping on a Van Winkle"



Protect you from cold that strikes from beneath
Stay wrinkle-free all night
Protect mattresses from wear and staining
Double mattress life
Used in world standard hotels—Mandarin, Hong Kong, Chevron Hilton, Town House, etc.
and half a million Australian homes.

Priced from only \$3.25.



H. A. KING & CO. PLENTY ROAD, PRESTON

NO MORE COLDS FOR THIS FAMILY!

There are four in this family—and you'd expect at least one of them to go down with winter colds or 'flu. But they know how to avoid them. They all take Anti-Bi-San before colds and coughs have a chance to get a grip on them. You see, Anti-Bi-San helps to build up powerful defences against colds; defences that can carry you right through the year, helping you to fight off each onslaught of colds and 'flu. To ensure Anti-Bi-San protection take 7 tablets now—not all at once but over three days. One treatment gives an average of three month's protection. See that your family take their Anti-Bi-San tablets, too—there's a special 3-tablet treatment for children. So get some Anti-Bi-San now—and keep your whole family cold-free all the year round.

● AVAILABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS



**KEEP COLD-FREE
ANTI-BI-SAN**

Send for free leaflet to the distributors:
POTTER & HIRKS PTY. LIMITED 6-8 McLACHLAN AVENUE, ARTARMON, N.S.W.

THE MAGAZINE
OF BRIGHTER
READING 15c

Everybody's

**NEW
WAY
TO TREAT
ASTHMA**

New Improved Laboratory-tested MENDACIO is certified to stop attacks of Asthma, Bronchitis, Sinusitis and Hay Fever. Stops wheezing, coughing—lets you breathe easily and sleep like a baby. Get MENDACIO at chemists money-back guarantee. Only 4/6

**AMAZING NEW TABLETS STOP
BAD BREATH**

Do you suffer from bad breath? Many of us do from time to time; it can be most unpleasant for our friends. Don't chance offending others—get Amplex Deodorant Tablets today.

Letters

An idea for how to save . . .

THOUGH a great spender, I have found that it is easier to save if you can literally see the money mounting up. I knock a slot in the lid of an empty screw-top jar and label it in brightly colored letters Project Wedding (my sister's), Project Make-up, etc. My current one is Project Hair. My hair is very short, straight, mousy, and fine, so I am saving up for a switch. I hope all those with holes in their pockets will take heart, for with a little planning you can have hardly any tempting loose change in your pocket but lots of jars of wonderful, wonderful money. — "Small-time Tycoon," Quirindi, N.S.W.

. . . and one for a gift

IT is often a problem for those with limited pocket-money to know what to give parents and grandparents for birthdays, etc. Here is a suggestion costing nothing

BEATNIK



CURLY QUESTION: At schools where the above-the-collar hair rule is enforced for boys, it should be made to apply to both male and female pupils. Men and women are supposed to be equal, aren't they? Yet as a student I see long-haired girls being admitted into the school, but boys with medium-length locks are told to get their hair cut. If there's no above-the-collar rule, let the girls and boys wear their hair as they think fit—long or short.—"Let It Be Long," Shepparton, Vic.

except a little time and effort: Include with a small, inexpensive gift a card with the promise to do a certain job you know they would appreciate having done about the home. It could be to clean the windows, polish the floor, or a job of simple mending. If you really stick to your promise, doing it

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay \$2 for each letter used.

without being asked, your present will be appreciated far more than an expensive gift. — Glynis Foster, Emu Plains, N.S.W.

Addressing one's elders

KNOWING how to address close family friends can be difficult. To say "Mrs. So-and-So" sounds too formal, but to call them by their christian names seems disrespectful. Some people have overcome this problem with the terms Auntie or Uncle, but to me this does not seem right.

A solution seems to be "Mrs. A." or "Mr. B.," using just the first letter of their surname. — Dianne Lewis, North Balwyn, Vic.

Hostel life

AFTER boarding at a hostel for four years while going to high school, I am convinced that learning to live away from home is an important part of growing up. It teaches you to look after yourself, budget pocket-money for necessities,

ties, to mix and live with others, and develop a method of packing in which nothing is forgotten, though bulk is kept down. You won't regret a partial break from home. Living at a hostel gives more than it takes. — L. Williams, Murgon, Qld.

City life

DO not be so sure that you will like the city, you teenagers who are eager to give up your good jobs in the country and go to the city to live. Many of my girlfriends have gone to the city with high hopes, but have returned after a year or two, sick of the city, and with no job to return to. I think it is very hard for country people to adjust to the bustle of a city. — "Country Girl," Parker, N.S.W.

Advertisement

A Summer Complexion in Winter

Here is a simple beauty hint that will bring life and a peaches-and-cream radiance to a winter-dull skin. Wring out a face cloth in warm water, press it gently on and off your face until it begins to cool. This will stimulate the circulation, bringing the healthy blood cells to the surface to give a glow of beauty to the skin. Now, to hold the good of this warm complexion-beautifying stimulant, smooth on a little Ulan oil. For day-long care always smooth in a film of Ulan before making-up.

... Margaret Merril

WHATEVER YOU DO

USE
Murlex
AND
DRY CLEAN
AT HOME

Murlex is the modern wonder Cleaner for Housewives—Business Girls, Maids—Factory Workers, Painters and Tradesmen

Emergence of a new group

I would like to announce the appearance of yet another teenage cult. We are a strange lot, even by present standards.

WE buy clothes that we like and that suit us. We do things because we want to, not because they are the thing to do. We go to dances because we like to dance, not to start fights. We grow our hair the way it suits us.

We do not buy records because the DJs tell us they're wild, but because they appeal to us. Rock, rhythm and blues, jazz; we

like the best of each. Occasionally we even enjoy classical music. And we like classical as well as modern art.

We do not fear to discuss sex, insanity, politics, religion, or our parents. We take an interest in current world events. We even believe in Australia.

We are not mods, surfies, sharpies, rockers, or squares. We are ourselves.

Members are welcome. — Alan Wayman, Box Hill, Vic.

PROGRAM HINTS FOR TEEN CLUBS

● Readers give ideas for brightening up a youth group by introducing a more varied program.

THIS is a quarter's program for the North Croydon Methodist Youth Club.

October 23—Sports. Short stories (ten minutes). Bring sandshoes and shorts.

October 30 — Radio quiz. Singing from "Show Boat."

November 6 — Visit to Central Concord Youth Club.

November 13 — Debate with Burwood Youth Club. Games.

November 20 — Moonlight hike — sausage sizzle.

December 4 — Decorating for Christmas party. Square dancing.

December 11 — Talk and discussion on Friendship and Love. Blow football.

December 18 — Indoor games — scavenger hunt.

December 24 — Carol-singing. Progressive supper. — Marion Chapman, Croydon, N.S.W.

SERVICE nights can be added to a church youth club program. This would include painting, car washing, and cleaning jobs about the church. This might sound pretty dull, but a group working together has tons of fun.

Miscellaneous activities could include a hay ride, beach party, and impromptu concert. Concerning concerts: why not organise a skiffle band or mime some records? — J. McClure, Mt. Waverley, Vic.

ACTIVITIES of our group have included a film

evening, going fishing, a "Back to School" evening, visiting one of the local industries, and a progressive supper.

Each week schoolchildren pay ten cents, and teenagers who are working 20 cents. This helps toward our costs. — Christine Allington, Swansea, N.S.W.

WE have had games evenings, visiting speakers, and a two-day camp. You can also arrange outings to the skating rink or cinema.

You should elect a proper committee to decide these things. Send out interest-finder sheets, asking everyone to write down what he wants to do. — Helena Say, Elizabeth Vale, S.A.



CHRISTINE WILKINSON, 13 (above), "nearly died" with delight when she was given a cheque for \$2000 for winning a London competition for designing teenage party fashions. "I love drawing clothes," she said, "short skirts and bell-bottoms. I like flashy clothes, but I don't wear them." The dress she is wearing is navy and white with a touch of Op. At right: Four styles which won a London Royal College of Art fashion competition. The teenage designers each won a week in Paris.

DESIGNING TEENAGERS

● Young designers are having their say in England, where there are now many competitions for fashion design. At left a 13-year-old girl receives her prize, and at right four girls model some winning garments.



New singer makes the scene

● Young Graham Chapman, who has now been in the Australian pop-singing scene for two and a half years, enjoys singing to his own age-group.

ABOUT four months ago his first recording was made . . . "Feel So Good" (written by Caulfield and Pipkin) and "Baby Let Your Hair Down" by Bart Barberis.

The record, Graham said, was doing "very well" in Melbourne . . . "pretty good" in Sydney . . . and was getting a lot of air play in Brisbane.

Almost a "pocket" pop-singer, Graham, 17, is 5ft. tall and slim, with brown hair.

He's the youngest of his family, who live in Brisbane. One brother, 25, is in the Navy, the other, 20, works in Perth, and he has a sister, Jean, at home, aged 18. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Chapman, are both pop-singer fans . . . naturally.

Work doesn't let Graham get home to Brisbane too often, but he made it recently with a group of pop-singers, including Donna Day, Normie Rowe,

and Graham McDonald, when he recorded for the teenage show "Saturday Date," at Broadbeach Hotel, Broadbeach.

Graham thinks getting home is great, but said: "I go where the work takes me. There is a lot of work in Melbourne. It has 54 discotheques, and dances every Saturday night."

Soon he intends beginning guitar and piano lessons. He said: "I want to learn to read music. I know I need it." He started his career singing with the Escorts in Brisbane.

TV shows and live stadium shows are his favorites. He said: "TV is harder than a lot of people think; you can be working for 12 hours a day."

"I would like to stay in Australia until I get a name . . . that is if I am going to get a name . . . then I'd like to go to England for a short while to sing over there. It's a very hard ground . . . there's a lot of very good talent there."



GRAHAM CHAPMAN, pop-singer on the move.

HEMLINES OUT OF ORDER

ROUND ROBIN

SYDNEY girls with mini-skirts are battling the PMG and the Water Board.

In branches of both bodies officials are demanding that girl workers in mini-skirts show less leg.

One PMG dress censor explained that leg-shows could distract males working with the girls.

I suppose the department has a point there. They would probably have to go to the expense of signs saying: "Please limit wolf-calls to three minutes."

And, I imagine, the problem comes under the department rules relating to interfering with the progress of the males.

The Alexander Graham Belles claim they are perfectly able to handle the stares of men.

One girl told me: "We are trained to know what to do when a 'line' is out of order!"

If the PMG officials successfully stamp out mini-skirts I suppose a bloke who looks at a leg and sees only a discreet dress will be told:

"I'm sorry, sir. Your eyeball has been unsuccessful. Consult the current direction and don't try again."

The Water Board's reason for its mini-skirt ban is that the shortened skirts are uniforms owned by the Board.

However, there is more to it than that.

An official told me that it was a matter of public service. "Imagine," he said, "how customers would complain if we had Shrimps on tap."

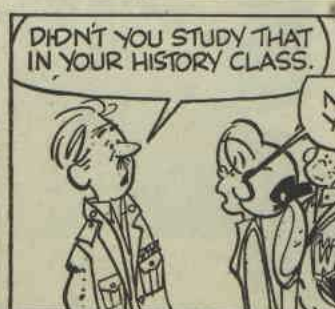
One girl has told me that she would defeat the Board's ban by following hours for watering Sydney's gardens.

"The law clearly says I can show as much hose as I like between 9 a.m. and 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. and 7 p.m.," she said.

"They can put that in their pipes and smoke it!"

- Robin Adair

PONYTAIL BY LEE HOLLEY



Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Invite the boys

"WE are two girls, aged 14 and 15. We both know some boys pretty well. There are two boys we like. Do you think if we gave a party it would help us to get to know them better? If they smile at us and say 'Hi,' is this a sign they like us?"

"Twosome," Qld.

The "Hi" and the smile don't necessarily mean they like you, but it's a sure sign they don't dislike you. Yes, I think a party for a whole group would give you a chance to get to know them better—and would also help to screen your motives. (They say the best place to hide a leaf is in a forest!) But be sure you don't make the chasing obvious.

Kissing games

"I AM a 13-year-old girl. Lately I have been going to many parties. When my party came on, I told Mum what sort of games we would play (suitable kissing games). She refused to let me have kissing games, and now I'm not allowed to go to any more parties. All my friends are allowed to play these games. Except me. Do you think this is right? I feel left out."

"Worried," N.S.W.

These games are usually played by a group of people who don't really want to play them, but who are afraid to be "left out" and thought silly (just as you are). Indiscriminate kissing and games like

these are a passing phase, and the kids very quickly drop such ideas. Be quite frank about why you can't go to the parties. The other kids will probably envy you for having a mother who will take a firm stand about something you haven't the maturity to decide for yourself.

Wild friend

"WE are two girls of 15 and we are having trouble with a friend. She spends all her time talking about, and chasing, boys. She also fights with her mother over her clothes, which are ridiculous, and she wears miles too much make-up. We are not old-fashioned, but she does need pulling down a bit. She doesn't seem to care about her schoolwork and we are all suffering. We have tried talking frankly to her, but she won't listen. We don't want to drop her."

"Friends," Qld.

You must be a weak pair if her lack of interest in school makes you suffer, too. I'm sure there is nothing you can do or say which will change her appearance or her attitude, so don't try. Either accept her as she is or look for another friend. If she is really a sensible girl, she will soon calm down and start growing up.

Attracting boys

"WE are both 12-year-old girls, very much attracted to two 13-year-old boys who live in our neighborhood. We have saved up enough pocket-money to buy some make-up, which we wear, but our parents don't know. How can we get to know the boys? Should we find out what their interests are and try to start up a conversation with them, or would this be chasing them?"

"Worried," N.S.W.

Yes, trying to start a conversation would be chasing them. Find out their interests by all means, and you may find you can join some clubs where you will meet them. The sight of 12-year-old girls wearing make-up is probably enough to frighten most boys away. Boys like girls to be natural and not sophisticated—believe it or not!

Big decision

"I'VE been going with my boyfriend for about a year and I'm very much in love with him. I have a very big decision to make. I'm going to another State soon and I might not come back if I get a job there. I want to go very much, but I don't want to leave my boyfriend. Could you advise me?"

"Doubtful," N.S.W.

There is no harm in taking a new job there for at least a few months. It will be an experience—and will give you time to find out what you really want to do. If, after a while, you can't stand it, you can always return to N.S.W.—and your boyfriend. Do give it a go, though.

Boyless at 17

"I AM 17 and have never gone out with a boy or sat with one. All my friends go out with boys or write to them. I like a boy who has just moved to town, but he doesn't even know I exist. Perhaps I am meant to be a spinster. Please don't tell me to join any clubs, because if I join any more I wouldn't be at home at all. What can I do?"

"Simno," Qld.

Could you suggest to people at one of the clubs you belong to that the new boy be invited? He probably feels out of it, too, being in a town where he doesn't know anyone. If he does go to a club meeting, make a special point of speaking to him. Don't rush him, of course, but remember that he probably feels shy among strangers and welcome him along.



one cent
a bag!

30 cents for 30 bags. (Slightly higher in some country areas)

Large "Tea Pot" size Tea Bags now available in new box of 10

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Lipton—Tea merchants to the world for almost a century.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 2/1, 1962

BUTTERICK PATTERNS

9796.—Useful dress for a large-size range is short-sleeved, with buttoned, self-banded shallow neck and triangular cut-out detail. Flared skirt has unpressed front pleats. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44in. bust. Price 5/3 or 52c includes postage.



9796

3137.—Semi-fitted, step-in shirt dress with away-from-the-neck roll collar; long, cuffed sleeves. Sleeveless version also provided. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/- or 60c includes postage.



3137

3651.—Semi-fitted sleeveless dress with pull-through, self-tie belt. Back-buttoned, cowl-necked blouse with three-quarter-length elasticised sleeves. Pattern also includes collarless, semi-fitted jacket. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/6 or 65c includes postage.



3651

3867.—Ankle-length, bell-bottomed, hipster pants with carriers for shaped self-belt. Tab-front blouse with roll-up sleeves, self-collared. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/6 or 65c includes postage.



3867

3852.—Attractive dress-and-jacket ensemble. Jacket is semi-fitted, with cutaway front, button and loop closing. Dress also is semi-fitted with short sleeves and notched shallow neckline, self-bow trim. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/6 or 65c includes postage.



3852

3656.—Front-buttoned, A-line skirt with button and loop closing of inverted front pleat, self-carriers for purchased belt. Sizes 24, 25, 26, 28, 30in. waist. Price 5/- or 50c includes postage.



3656

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES.

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W.
(N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.B.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE
ADDRESS		

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

AT XANADU, Narda asks the head of Inter-Intel, a world-wide police organisation, if she could visit their headquarters. Meanwhile a gang plans to destroy Intel. READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Prudent desecration (11).
- Its object is to gain your sympathy (4, 4, 5).
- Show deference (7).
- These persons of importance are useful for writing (4).
- Occurrences which start smoothly (6).
- Agree as dispatched (6).
- Lake or pond (4).
- To such extent (2, 2, 3).
- Deceitful persons, not necessarily when playing cards (6-7).
- Look at a lamp and be converted (3, 3, 5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

- Man-eating monsters (5).
- Able to pay his debts, though full of broken love (7).
- Gold coins of the French cats (6).
- Stood up (5).
- Put to inconvenience (7).
- Seed-bud of a potato, in the head, and in a needle (3).
- Make firm (6).
- Begins with short but holy arts (6).
- Inflict capital punishment (7).
- Important city in Sardinia (7).
- The centre (6).
- Striking effect, though mostly late (5).
- In new condition (5).
- Strange as the inside of a toddler (3).

Solution will be published next week.

Simply serve with Sao

Sao biscuits make foods taste twice as good, more satisfying and more appetising. At meal times or between-times throughout the day, Sao biscuits make all the difference. There is nothing like a buttered Sao.

Sao biscuits make all the difference



Arnott's *famous* Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

presents . . .

SPRING CROCHET

18 new fashions plus a
Guide to Basic Stitches

*SLINKY SINGLET TOP has flowered
front and plain back. See page 2.*



The Australian Women's Weekly — July 27, 1966

SPRING CROCHET — Page 1

Slinky singlet top Color picture, page 1

Materials: 6oz. pink, 4oz. white Strutt's Milford Knitting Cotton No. 4; 1 each Nos. 12 and 14 crochet hooks.

Measurements: To fit 32-34in. bust, length from top of shoulder 21in.

Tension: Back, 3 spaces to 1in.

BACK

With pink cotton and No. 12 hook, make 98 ch.

Next Row: 1 h.tr. in 2nd ch. from hook, * miss 1 ch., 1 ch., 1 h.tr. in next ch., rep. from * to end. (48 spaces.) 2 ch. for turn.

Next Row: * 1 h.tr. in space, 1 ch., rep. from * to end. 2 ch. for turn.

Rep. last row 46 times (124in.).

To Shape Armholes: Sl-st. over 3 spaces, patt. to last 3 spaces, 2 ch. for turn.

Dec. 1 space at beg. of next 2 rows. (40 spaces.) Work 23 rows in patt.

To Shape Neck: Work 15 spaces in patt. 2 ch. for turn. **Next Row:** Miss 1st space, patt. to end. 2 ch. for turn.

Cont. to dec. 1 space at neck edge every row until 10 spaces rem. finishing at neck edge. 2 ch. for turn. Patt. over 5 spaces, then work 1 ch., 1 d.c. in each of last 5 spaces. Fasten off. Join cotton at armhole, work other side to correspond.

FRONT

The front is made from 83 motifs.

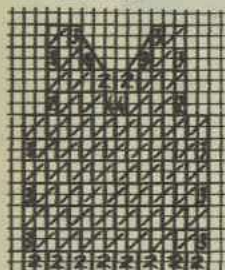
MOTIF No. 1

(Make 57)

With white cotton and No. 12 hook, make 5 ch. loosely. Join into ring with sl-st.

1st Round: 2 ch., * 1 h.tr. 1 tr. 2 d.tr. 1 tr. in ring, rep. from * 4 times, join with sl-st. at 2 ch.

2nd Round: With pink cotton, 3 ch., 1 d.tr. in h.tr. of previous round, * 1 tr. in next st., 1 h.tr. in next st., 2 d.c. in next st., 1 h.tr. in next st., 1 tr. 1 d.tr. in next st., rep. from * 4 times omitting the d.tr. and tr. in last rep. Join with sl-st. at 3 ch. Fasten off.



- [] MOTIF No. 1
- [] MOTIF No. 2
- [] MOTIF No. 3
- [] MOTIF No. 4

MOTIF No. 2

(Make 12)

With white cotton, make 5 ch. loosely. Join into ring with sl-st.

1st Round: 4 ch., 1 tr., * 1 h.tr. 1 tr. 2 d.tr. 1 tr. in ring, rep. from * once more, 1 h.tr. 1 tr. 1 d.tr. in ring, 1 ch., 2 d.c. along side of d.tr., 4 h.tr. in ring, 2 d.c. in 4 ch.

2nd Round: With pink, 1 d.c. in 4th ch. of previous row, * 1 h.tr. in next st., 1 tr. 1 d.tr. in next st., 1 tr. in next st., 1 h.tr. in next st., 2 d.c. in next st., rep. from * twice more, 9 d.c. along straight side. Fasten off.

MOTIF No. 3

(Make 12)

With white cotton and No. 12 hook, make 5 ch. loosely. Join into ring with sl-st.

1st Round: 4 ch., 1 tr. 1 h.tr. 2 d.tr. 1 tr. 1 h.tr. 1 tr. 1 d.tr. in ring, 1 ch., 3 d.c. along side of last d.tr., 3 d.c. in ring, 3 d.c. in 4 ch.

2nd Round: With pink, 1 d.c. in 4th ch. of previous row, * 1 h.tr. in next st., 1 tr. 1 d.tr. in next st., 1 tr. in next st., 1 h.tr. in next st., 2 d.c. in next st., rep. from * once more, 9 d.c. along straight edge. Fasten off.

MOTIF No. 4

(Make 2)

With white cotton and No. 12 hook, make 5 ch. loosely. Join into ring with sl-st.

1st Round: 4 ch., 1 d.tr. 1 tr. 5 h.tr. 1 tr. 2 d.tr. in ring, 3 d.c. along last d.tr., 3 d.c. in ring, 3 d.c. in 4 ch.

2nd Round: With pink cotton, 1 d.c. in 4th ch. of previous round, 2 h.tr. in each of next 2 sts., 1 h.tr. in next st., 1 d.c. in each of next 4 sts., 1 h.tr. in next st., 2 h.tr. in each of next 2 sts., 11 d.c. along straight edge. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Stitch motifs tog. as shown on diagram leaving front open to base of No. 4 motifs. Join side and shoulder seams with flat seam.

NECKBAND

With right side facing, join pink cotton at base of front opening. Work 1 row d.c. up front, round neck, and down other side front. 1 ch. for turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c. in each d.c. to corner, 2 d.c. in corner d.c., 1 d.c. in each d.c. round neck to opp. front corner, 2 d.c. in corner d.c., 3 ch., miss 3 d.c., 1 d.c. in each of next 9 d.c., 3 ch., miss 3 d.c., 1 d.c. in each d.c. to end of row. 1 ch. for turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c. in each d.c., and 3 d.c. in 3 ch. of previous row (buttonhole), 1

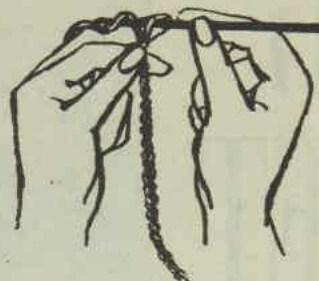
LEARNING TO CROCHET

CROCHET is chic. Crochet is with-it. It's also very easy — and don't let anybody tell you otherwise. Once you've learnt the basic stitches, and these are few and simple, it's only a question of practice before

you are turning out up-to-the-minute fashions like the ones in this book.

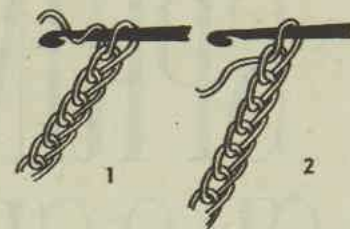
Begin with the rug opposite. After a few squares you will establish an even tension and be working easily and smoothly.

Basic stitches



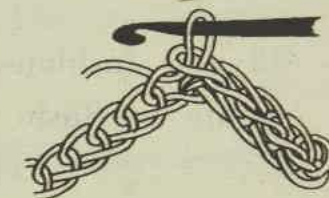
HAND POSITION

Train yourself to hold hook and work correctly from the start and the rest will come easily. Hold the hook in the right hand between the forefinger and thumb. Hold yarn in the left hand between 2nd and 3rd fingers. Hold work in the left hand between forefinger and thumb.



CHAIN-STITCH

The basis of all crochet is the chain. To work a chain, make a slip loop on hook, * push hook under main thread (called "yarn over hook"), catch thread with hook (1) and draw yarn through loop (2). Pull short end and main thread in opposite directions to tighten loop, but do not pull too tight. Repeat from * until required number of chains are completed. Practise until you can make chain sts. even in size.



SLIP-STITCH

Make a chain of required length, turn. Insert hook under 2 top threads of stitch at left of hook, yarn over hook, and, in one movement, draw through stitch and loop on hook. This stitch is sometimes used on a foundation of stitches already worked, more often, to join invisibly.

Materials: Villawool Speediknit: A sufficient quantity of a main color (m.c.) for every 6th round of motif, plus 5 other colors for an artistic effect; No. 10 Crochet Hook.

Size of Motif: 5½ in. in width.

TO MAKE A MOTIF

With 1st color make 8 ch. Join with sl-st. into ring.

1st Round: 3 ch., 3 tr., (1 ch., 4 tr.) 3 times, 1 ch., join with sl-st. to 3rd ch. Fasten off.

2nd Round: Join 2nd color in space, 3 ch., 4 tr., 1 ch., 4 tr. in same space, (1 ch., 4 tr., 1 ch., 4 tr. in next space) 3 times, 1 ch., join with sl-st. to 3rd ch. Fasten off.

3rd Round: Join 3rd color in corner space, 3 ch., 3 tr., 1 ch., 4 tr. in same space, (1 ch., 4 tr. in next space, 1 ch., 4 tr., 1 ch., 4 tr. in corner space) 3 times, 1 ch., 4 tr. in next space, 1 ch., join with sl-st. to 3rd ch. Fasten off.

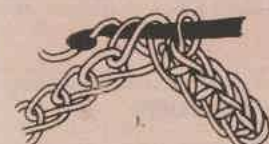
4th Round: Join 4th color in corner space, 3 ch., 3 tr., 1 ch., 4 tr. in same space, (1 ch., 4 tr. in each of next 2 spaces, 1 ch., 4 tr., 1 ch., 4 tr. in corner space) 3 times, 1 ch., 4 tr. in each of next 2 spaces, 1 ch., join with sl-st. to 3rd ch. Fasten off.

Cont. thus for 2 more rounds, working 1 ch., 4 tr. in extra space between corners each round and using m.c. for last round on each square.

Make sufficient motifs for required size of rug. Neatly join edges of all motifs. Press on wrong side.

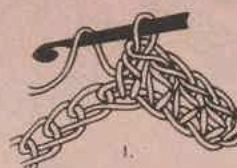
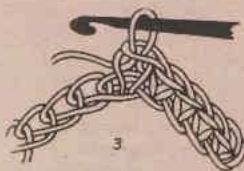
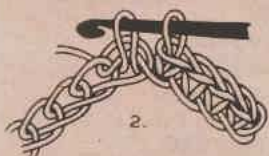
Make one square . . .

and another, another, and another . . . and before you know where you are you'll have a rug for lolling under in the spring sunshine — and be a crochet wizard as well.



DOUBLE CROCHET

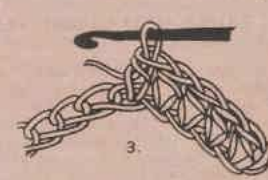
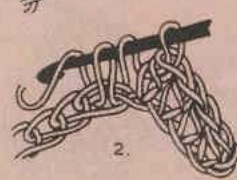
Insert hook under top two threads of stitch at left of hook, yarn over hook (1), draw yarn through stitch (two loops now on hook) (2), yarn over hook again and draw through the two loops on hook (3).



HALF TREBLE CROCHET

Yarn over hook (1), insert hook under two top threads of stitch at left of hook, yarn over hook and draw through stitch (three loops now on hook), yarn over hook (2), and draw through all three loops on hook (3).

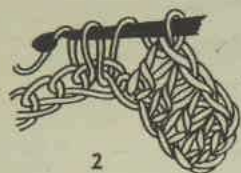
Continued overleaf



BASIC STITCHES ... concluded



1



2



3

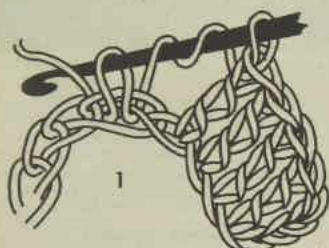


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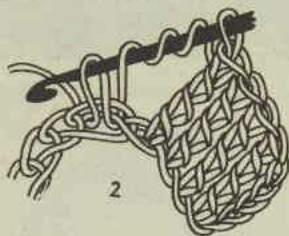
TREBLE CROCHET

Yarn over hook (1), insert hook under two top threads of stitch at left of hook, yarn over hook and draw through stitch (at this stage there will be three loops on

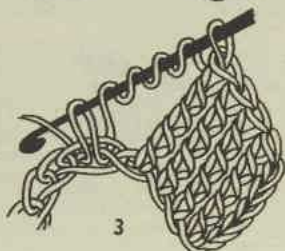
hook), yarn over hook (2), draw through first 2 loops on hook, yarn over hook again (3), and draw through remaining 2 loops (4).



1



2



3

DOUBLE, TRIPLE, AND QUADRUPLE TREBLE CROCHET

These stitches are worked exactly as treble crochet except that the first "yarn over hook" is repeated twice for double (1), three times for triple (2), and four times for quadruple (3) treble crochet, closing loops two at a time thus: * yarn over hook and draw through two loops, rep. from * to last two loops, yarn over hook and draw through remaining loops.

PATTERN PRACTICE

ONCE you have mastered the basic stitches you can do any crochet pattern, as all patterns are variations of these stitches.

On these two pages are six versa-

tile pattern stitches for practice. They are used for sweaters, dresses, handbags, hats, collars, and edgings. Work each practice swatch on a foundation chain of 30 stitches.

Arch Stitch

Make a chain of required length. Turn.

1st Row: 1 d.c. into 1st ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each of next 2 ch., * 5 ch., miss 4 ch., 1 d.c. in each of next 3 ch., rep. from * to end, finishing with 3 d.c. Turn.

2nd Row: 1 ch., 1 d.c. in centre of 3 d.c. of previous row, * 7 tr. in 5 ch. arch of previous row, 1 d.c. in centre of next 3 d.c. of previous row, rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: 8 ch. for turn, * 1 d.c. on each of 3rd, 4th, and 5th sts. of 7 tr. arch of row below, 5 ch., rep. from * to end.

4th Row: 3 ch. to equal 1 tr., 3 tr. in $\frac{1}{2}$ arch space of previous row, * 1 d.c. on centre of 3 d.c. of previous row, 7 tr. in arch, rep. from * to end. Turn.

5th Row: 1 ch. for turn, 2 d.c. on $\frac{1}{2}$ arch of row below, 5 ch., * 3 d.c. in centre of 7 tr. of previous row, 5 ch., rep. from * to end.

Rep. 2nd to 5th rows inclusive for pattern.



This stitch is used for sweaters and dresses and is usually lined with fabric in matching color.

CROCHET ABBREVIATIONS

Blk., block	qt.tr., quintuple treble
ch., chain	rnd., round
ch-st., chain-stitch	sl., slip
d.c., double crochet	sl-st., slip-stitch
d.tr., double treble	sp., space
h.tr., half treble	st. (s.), stitch (es)
lp.(s.), loop(s)	tr., treble
l.tr., long treble	t.tr., triple treble
qd.tr., quadruple treble	

Easy group stitch

Make chain of required length.

1st Row: 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, * into next ch., work 1 tr. 1 ch. 1 tr., 1 d.c. in next ch., rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: Work 1 tr. 1 ch. 1 tr. group over previous d.c. and 1 d.c. over 1 tr. 1 ch. 1 tr. group of previous row.

Rep. 2nd row inclusive.

Chessboard stitch

Make chain of required length. Turn.

1st Row: 1 d.c. in 7th ch. from hook, 3 ch., * miss 2 ch., 1 tr. in each of next 3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 d.c., 3 ch., rep. from *, ending row with 1 d.c.

2nd Row: 5 ch. for turn, 1 d.c. in 1st space of previous row, * 4 ch., miss 3 tr. of previous row, 1 d.c. in next space, 4 ch., 1 d.c. in next space, rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: 3 ch. to stand for 1 tr., 2 tr. in next space, 3 ch., * 1 d.c. in next space, 3 ch., 3 tr. in next space, 3 ch., rep. from * to end.

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows inclusive.

Net stitch

Make ch. of required length. Turn.

1st Row: 3 d.c., 3 ch., * miss 2 ch., 1 tr. in next ch., 3 ch., miss 2 ch., 3 d.c., 3 ch., rep. from *, ending with 3 d.c.

2nd Row: * 3 d.c. on 3 d.c. of previous row, 3 ch., 1 tr. on tr. of previous row, rep. from * to end.

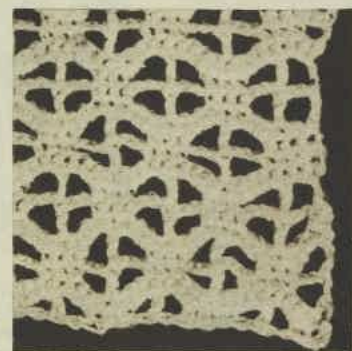
3rd Row: 1 d.c. in each st. to end.

4th Row: * 1 tr. in centre of 3 d.c. of previous row, 3 ch., 3 d.c. over 3 d.c. on top of cross formed by previous row, 3 ch., rep. from * to end.

5th Row: * 1 tr. on tr. of previous row, 3 ch., 3 d.c. over d.c. of previous row, 3 ch., rep. from * to end.

6th Row: As 3rd.

7th Row: * 3 d.c. over 3 d.c. of previous row, 3 ch., 1 tr. on d.c. group, 3 ch., 3 d.c. over top of cross formed by pattern, rep. from * to end. Rep. 2nd to 7th rows inclusive.



Fan stitch

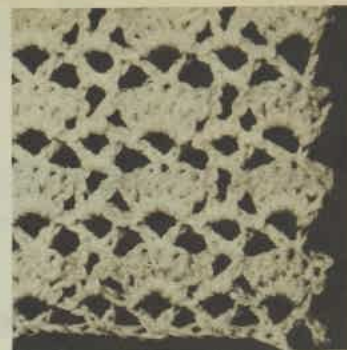
Make chain of required length.

1st Row: Into 7th ch. from hook, work 1 tr. 3 ch. 1 tr., * miss 3 ch., 1 tr. 3 ch. 1 tr. in next ch., rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: In 1st space of previous row work * 6 tr., 1 tr. 3 ch. 1 tr. in 2nd space, in 3rd space rep. from * to end.

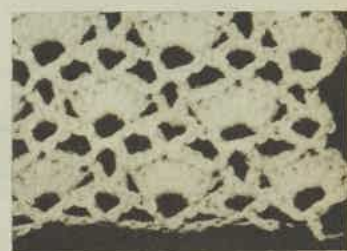
3rd Row: As 1st, i.e., 1 tr. 1 ch. 1 tr. in each space of previous row, 1 tr. 3 ch. 1 tr. in centre of 6 tr. of previous row.

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows inclusive.



Alternated fans

This stitch is worked exactly as fan stitch (see above), but position of fans is alternated on every 2nd row.



Fan stitch with treble

Make chain of required length.

1st Row: 1 tr. in 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each of next 2 ch., * miss 1 ch., in next ch. work 1 tr. 3 ch. 1 tr., miss 1 ch., 1 tr. in each of next 4 ch., rep. from *, ending with 4 tr.

2nd Row: * 4 tr. on 4 tr. of previous row, 6 tr. in 3-ch. space, rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: * 4 tr. over 4 tr. of previous row, 1 tr. between 3rd and 4th tr. of small fan below, 3 ch., 1 tr. in same st., rep. from * to end. Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows inclusive.



INCREASING AND DECREASING

To increase: Work twice into the same stitch.

To decrease within a row: Insert hook through next 2 stitches, yarn over hook and draw through all loops on hook in one movement.

To decrease at end of row: Leave the number of stitches to be decreased unworked. To avoid an uneven line work 1 slip-stitch in the first of the stitches you want to decrease, turn with 1 ch., cont. in pattern leaving sl-st. unworked.



TOWN SHOPPER (above) saves juggling parcels after a shopping spree. Detachable handles can be used with different colored bases. Directions this page.

MINI CLUTCH PURSE (right) combines basic crochet stitches in an easy, effective pattern. It takes only six balls of yarn. See directions opposite page.

TOWN SHOPPER

Materials: 8 balls Villawool Purple Label Ban-Lon; No. 7 Aero Crochet Hook; Lining; 1 pair handles.
Measurements: 15in. by 16in.
Tension: 5 half treble to 1in.

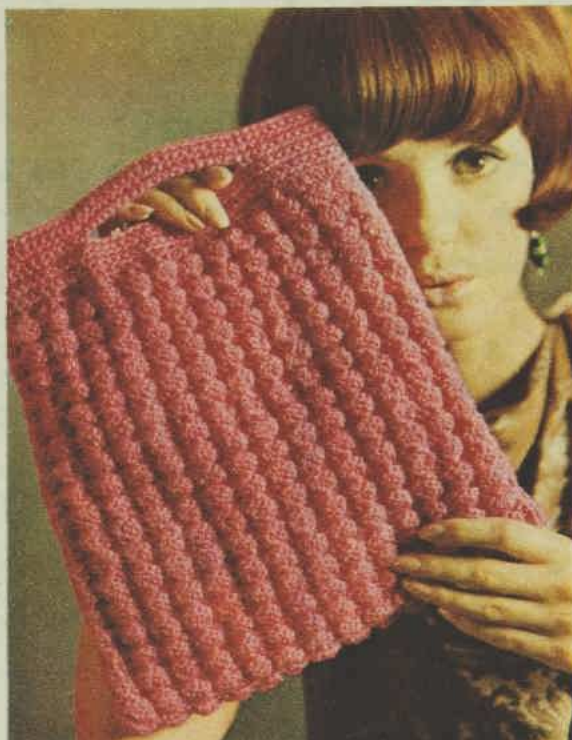
TO MAKE

Make 68 ch. plus 2 for turn.
Next Row: 1 h.tr. in 3rd ch. from hook, 1 h.tr. in each ch. to end, 2 ch. for turn.

Next Row: 1 h.tr. in each h.tr. to end, 2 ch. for turn.
Rep. last row until work measures 31in. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Cut lining to size of bag. Fold bag in half and sew up sides to within 3in. of tops. Fold 4in. to inside at tops and sew down. Insert lining and handles.



CARRYALL with matching handles (above) is handy for family outings, makes an attractive and useful gift for a friend. See directions opposite page.

Clutch purse

Color picture, page 6

Materials: 6 balls Villawool Purple Label Ban-Lon; No. 10 Aero Crochet Hook; lining and stiffened interlining.

Measurements: 12in. by 11in.

Tension: 3 shells to 2in.

Abbreviations: Shell, work 5 tr. in 1 d.c. Make 58 ch., plus 1 for turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each ch. to end, 1 ch. for turn.

1st Row: 1 d.c. in 1st d.c., 5 tr. in same d.c., * miss 3 d.c., 1 shell in next d.c., rep. from * to last 4 d.c., miss 3 d.c., 1 d.c. in last d.c. 3 ch. for turn.

2nd Row: 3 tr. in d.c. of previous row, * miss 1 shell, 1 shell in last tr. of missed shell, rep. from * to end, 1 d.c. in 3rd ch. of turning ch. 3 ch. for turn.

Rep. 2nd row 34 times altog. Work 50 d.c. on next row. 1 ch. for turn.

Work 5 more rows of d.c.

To Make Opening for Handle — Next Row: Work 14 d.c., then make 22 ch., miss 22 d.c., work 14 d.c. 1 ch. for turn.

Next Row: Work 14 d.c., 1 d.c. in each of the 22 ch., work 14 d.c. 1 ch. for turn. Work 8 rows d.c. Fasten off.

Make another piece the same.

With right sides together, join lower and side edges with 1 row of d.c. Make and insert lining. Fold top of bag to opening and sew down.

Carry-all

Color picture, page 6

Materials: 7 balls Villawool Purple Label Ban-Lon; No. 7 Aero Crochet Hook; lining. **Measurements:** 14in. square.

Tension: 5 tr. to 1in.

PATTERN

1 row treble, 1 row d.c., rep. inclusive. Make 68 ch. plus 1 ch. for turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each ch. to end, 1 ch. for turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c. in each d.c. to end, 1 ch. for turn. Rep. last row 7 times.

Cont. in patt. inclusive until work measures 26in. Work 9 rows d.c., fasten off.

HANDLES (2)

Make 8 ch. plus 1 for turn.

1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each ch. to end, 1 ch. for turn. Cont. in patt. inclusive for 22in., fasten off.

Fold bag in half and sew up side seams. Fold handles in half lengthwise and attach as illustrated. Insert lining.

For day or night

Materials: 15 (16) oz. Strutta Milford Knitting Cotton No. 8; 1 each Nos. 12 and 14 crochet hooks; 1 reel silver Lurex thread.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36) in. bust; length from shoulder, 21in. not including rings.

Tension: 4 patterns equal 2in. in width.

Note: Cotton is used double unless otherwise stated.

FRONT

Using No. 12 hook, make 102 (108) ch.

1st Row: 2 tr. in 3rd ch. from hook, * 1 ch., miss 2 ch., 2 tr. in next ch., rep. from * to end. 33 (35) tr. groups. 3 ch. for turn.

2nd Row: 2 tr. between 2 tr., * 1 ch., 2 tr. between next 2 tr., rep. from * to end. 3 ch. for turn.

Rep. 2nd Row 38 times or length required.

To Shape Armholes — 1st Row: Sl-st. over 1st 6 sts., work in patt. to last 2 tr. grs., 3 ch. for turn.

2nd Row: 1 tr. in 1st gr., 1 ch., 2 tr. in next gr., cont. in patt. to last gr., 1 tr. in last gr., 3 ch. for turn.

3rd Row: 2 tr. in 1st gr., patt. to last tr., 1 ch., 1 tr. in last tr., 3 ch. for turn.

Cont. to dec. until 25 (27) grs. rem. work 10 rows straight.

To Shape Neckline — 1st Row: Work in patt. until 9 tr. grs. worked, 3 ch. for turn.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Miss 1st gr., patt. to end, 3 ch. for turn.

3rd Row: Patt. 8 tr. grs. 3 ch. for turn.

5th Row: Patt. 7 tr. grs. 3 ch. for turn.

7th Row: Patt. 6 tr. grs. 3 ch. for turn.

9th Row: Patt. 5 tr. grs. 3 ch. for turn.

11th Row: Sl-st. over 6 sts., patt. to end. Fasten off.

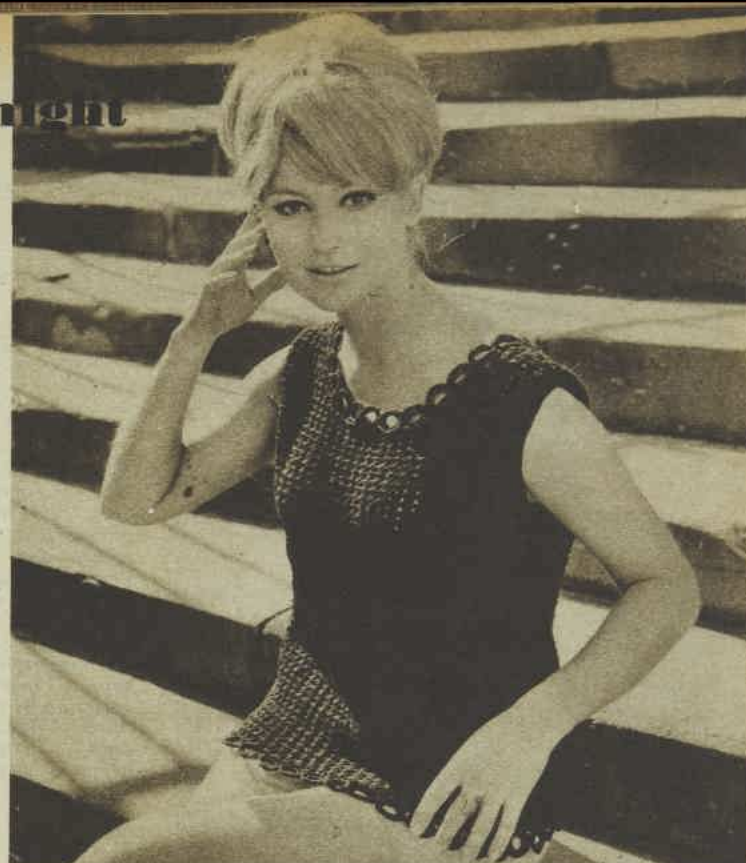
Join cotton at armhole edge and work other side to correspond.

Note: This pattern is reversible.

BACK

Work as front until armhole shaping is completed. Work 4 rows straight.

To Shape Neckline: Patt. 11 grs. 3 ch.



for turn. Cont. decreasing as for front, with 2 extra grs. on each row, until 15 rows have been worked. Fasten off.

Work other side to correspond.

RINGS FOR NECKLINE

Using single thread of cotton, wind 10 times round $\frac{1}{4}$ in. diam. cardboard cylinder. Slip yarn off cardboard, join in Lurex thread and using the two yarns tog. and No. 14 crochet hook work 24 d.c. into circle. Join with sl-st. **Next Row:** 1 ch., 1 d.c. in each d.c. Cut threads, leaving 1in. lengths.

Cont. to make rings joining at 12th d.c. of 2nd row and working over 1in. thread

of previous ring in last 12 d.c. Make 24 rings in all for neckline.

Work rings for lower edge in same manner omitting Lurex thread.

TO MAKE UP

Join shoulder and side seams with flat seam. Using cotton double, join at underarm and work a d.c. row working 2 d.c. in each loop.

Next Row: 1 d.c. in each d.c. to end.

Next Row: * 1 d.c. in each of next 3 d.c., dec. 1 st. in next 2 sts., rep. from * to end. Fasten off.

Stitch rings in place round neckline and lower edge.



LIGHT-AND-LACY is a two-in-one design. Cut it short for a versatile top for spring days (left), keep on going and you have a lean little party-time skimmer (right). It's crocheted from top to hem in a variation of the Fan Stitch shown on page 5. Directions are on page 10.





SHAPELY SHIFT
(left) with slim-fitting three-quarter-length sleeves and a round collarbone neckline is crocheted in a simple, smooth, all-over pattern stitch. Directions for four bust measurements are on page 10.

APRICOT ICE
(right) is a dream of a dress with stunning surface interest due to clever stitch combination — and (most important this) it's easy to make. Directions for 32in. to 40in. bust measurements are on page 10.



Light-and-lacy

Color picture, page 8

Materials: Villawool V.I.P. Ban-Lon; Top, 8 (9) balls; Shift, 13 (15) balls; No. 8 Aero Crochet Hook.

Measurements: To fit 34 (38) in bust; length of top, 21in. (both sizes); length of dress, 36in. (both sizes).

Tension: 14 trebles to 3in.

PATTERN

1st Row: 1 d.c. on 1st tr., 2 d.c. in 2 ch. loop, 1 d.c. on next tr., * 4 ch. 1 d.c. on next tr., 5 d.c. in 4 ch. loop, 1 d.c. on next tr., rep. from * to last loop, 4 ch., 1 d.c. on tr., 2 d.c. in last loop, 1 d.c. in 3rd ch. of turning ch. 3 ch. for turn.

2nd Row: 1 tr. in each of next 3 d.c., * 1 ch., 1 tr. in each of next 7 d.c., rep. from * to last 4 d.c., 1 ch., 1 tr. in each of the 4 d.c. 5 ch. for turn.

3rd Row: 1 tr. in 1st tr., * 3 ch., 1 d.c. in 1 ch. sp., 3 ch., 1 tr. 4 ch. 1 tr. in the 4th tr. of 7 tr. gr. of previous row, rep. from * ending 3 ch., 1 d.c. in 1 ch. sp.,

Shapely shift

Materials: 20 (22, 24, 26) balls Villawool V.I.P. Ban-Lon; No. 8 Aero Crochet Hook; 1 small button.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38, 40) in bust; length, 35in. (all sizes); sleeves, 11in. (all sizes).

Tension: 2 clusters to 1in.

PATTERN

1st Row: Draw up a loop in 2nd ch. from hook, draw up a loop in next ch., yarn over and pull through all 3 loops, 1 ch., * draw up a loop in last ch. worked, miss 1 ch., draw up a loop in next ch., yarn over and pull through all 3 loops, 1 ch., rep. from * ending 1 d.c. in last ch. 2 ch. for turn.

2nd Row (Right side of work): Draw up a loop in first ch. space, miss 1 stitch, draw up a loop in next 1 ch. space, yarn over and pull through all 3 loops, 1 ch., * draw up a loop in last stitch worked, miss 1 stitch, draw up a loop in next 1 ch. space, yarn over and pull through all 3 loops, 1 ch., rep. from * ending 1 d.c. in turning ch. 2 ch. for turn.

Rep. 2nd row inclusive being careful to keep edges even at end of every row.

BACK

Make 74 (78, 82, 86) ch. loosely and work in patt. (36, 40, 44, 48 clusters.) Cont. until work measures 29in. (or length required).

To Shape Armholes — Next Row: Sl-st.

3 ch., 1 tr. 2 ch. 1 tr. in 3rd ch. of turning ch. 1 ch. for turn.

Rep. these 3 rows inclusive.

FRONT

Left Shoulder

Make 26 ch., then 1 d.c. in 3rd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each ch. to end, 5 ch. for turn.

Next Row: 1 tr. in 1st d.c., (3 ch., miss 3 d.c., 1 d.c. in next d.c., 3 ch., miss 3 d.c., 1 tr. 4 ch. 1 tr. in next d.c.) twice, 3 ch., miss 3 d.c., 1 d.c. in next d.c., 3 ch., miss 3 d.c., 1 tr. 2 ch. 1 tr. in last d.c. 1 ch. for turn.

Work the 3 rows of patt., then work the 1st and 2nd rows, break yarn and leave aside.

Front Neck

Make 34 (42) ch., then 1 d.c. in 3rd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each ch. to end and fasten off. (32, 40 d.c.)

Right Shoulder

Work as left shoulder, then work the 3rd

over 1 (3, 3, 4) clusters, work to last 1 (3, 3, 4) clusters, turn.

Next Row: Patt. to end.

Next Row: Sl-st. over 1 (1, 2, 3) clusters, work to last 1 (1, 2, 3) clusters, turn.

Next Row: Patt. to end.

Next Row: Sl-st. over 1 cluster, work to last cluster, turn.

Cont. on rem. 30 (30, 32, 32) clusters until armholes measure 4in. ***

Divide work evenly for back opening and cont. on one side of 15 (15, 16, 16) clusters until armhole measures 7½in. ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder — Next Row: Sl-st. over 2 clusters, work 7 clusters, turn and work back to last 2 clusters, turn.

Next Row: Sl-st. over 2 clusters, work 3 clusters and fasten off.

Ret. to centre back, join in yarn, and finish as other side in reverse.

FRONT

Work as back to ***. Cont. until armholes measure 5½in.

To Shape Neck—Next Row: Work 11 clusters, turn and work back to armhole edge.

Next Row: Work to last cluster on neck edge, turn and work back to armhole edge.

Rep. last row once more. (9 clusters rem.) Cont. until armhole measures exactly the same as back, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder — Next Row: Sl-st.

row of pattern. Proceed across front neck as follows: (3 ch., miss 3 d.c., 1 d.c. in next d.c., 3 ch., miss 3 d.c., 1 tr. 4 ch. 1 tr. in next d.c.) rep. 3 (4) times, 3 ch., miss 3 d.c., 1 tr. 4 ch. 1 tr. in last d.c. of neck and the 1st tr. of left shoulder piece, work across left shoulder to end. 1 ch. for turn. Cont. in patt. inclusive until work measures 21in. for top, 36in. for shift from top of shoulder (or length required). Fasten off.

BACK

Work as front.

TO MAKE UP

Press work carefully on wrong side. Flat sew shoulder seams. Press seams. Work 1 row d.c. on each side edge of neck, then work 1 row d.c. round neck edge, keeping corners square. Neatly sew up side edges to within 7in. of shoulder seams. Press seams. Work 2 rows d.c. round each armhole and on lower edge if required.

over 2 clusters, work to neck edge.

Next Row: Patt. to last 2 clusters, turn.

Next Row: Sl-st. over 2 clusters, work to neck edge.

Next Row: Patt. to last 2 sts. and fasten off.

Miss centre 8 (8, 10, 10) clusters, join in yarn and finish on rem. clusters as other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Make 38 (40, 42, 44) ch. loosely and work in patt. (18, 19, 20, 21 clusters.) Work 2nd row 5 times. ** Inc. 1 cluster at the end only of the next 2 rows, work 4 rows straight. ** Rep. these 6 rows until increased to 28 (29, 30, 31) clusters. Cont. until sleeves measure 11in. (or length required).

Next Row: Sl-st. over 2 clusters, work to last 2 clusters, turn.

Next Row: Sl-st. over 1 cluster, work to last cluster, turn.

Next Row: Patt. to end.

Rep. last 2 rows until 8 (9, 10, 11) clusters rem. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work lightly and carefully on wrong side. Using small back-stitch sew up shoulder seams. Press seams open. Join side and sleeve seams. Press seams. Set sleeves smoothly into armholes. Work 2 rows of patt. round neck edge. Make loop on one side of neck and sew button on other side.

Apricot ice

Color picture, page 9

Materials: 21 (23, 25, 27, 28) balls Villawool V.I.P. Ban-Lon; No. 8 Aero Crochet Hook.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38, 40) in bust; length, 37in. (all sizes); sleeves, 9in. (all sizes).

Tension: 4 d.c. to 1in.

Abbreviation: Cl., cluster worked thus: (Y.o.h., insert hook, draw yarn through) 4 times, y.o.h. and draw through all loops, 1 ch.

PATTERN

1st Row: 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each ch. to end. 1 ch. for turn.

*** 2nd Row:** D.c. to end. 3 ch. for turn.

3rd Row: (Miss 1 d.c., 1 cl. in next d.c.) rep., ending 1 tr. in last d.c., 1 ch. for turn.

4th Row: 1 d.c. in each ch. to end, 1 d.c. in 3rd ch. of turning ch., 1 ch. for turn.

5th Row: D.c. to end. 1 ch. for turn.

6th and 7th Rows: As 5th row. *

Rep. from * to * inclusive.

BACK

Make 68 (72, 76, 80, 84) ch., plus 1 ch. for turn and work in patt. Cont. until work measures 29in. (or length required).

To Shape Armholes — * 1st Row: Sl-st. over 2 (3, 4, 5, 6) d.c., patt. to last 2 (3, 4, 5, 6) d.c., turn.

2nd Row: Patt. to end.

3rd Row: Sl-st. over 1 (1, 2, 2, 3) d.c., work to last 1 (1, 2, 2, 3) d.c., turn. **

Work 3 rows then dec. 1 d.c. each end of next row. Rep. last 4 rows once. (50, 60, 60, 62, 62 d.c. rem.) Cont. until armholes measure 7½ (7½, 7½, 7½) in.

To Shape Shoulders — Next Row: Sl-st. over 4 d.c., work to last 4 d.c., turn. Rep. last row twice more and fasten off.

FRONT

Work as back.

SLEEVES

Make 34 (36, 40, 42, 46) ch., plus 1 ch. for turn and work in patt. Inc. 1 d.c. each end of every 6th row 6 times altogether. (46, 48, 52, 54, 58 d.c.) Cont. until sleeves measure 9in. (or length required). Rep. from ** to ** of armhole shaping as for back, then dec. 1 d.c. each end of every 2nd row until 12 d.c. (all sizes) rem. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work lightly on wrong side. Using small back-stitch sew up shoulder seams. Press seams open. Flat sew side and sleeve seams. Press seams. Set sleeves smoothly into armholes. Work 1 row d.c. round neck edge and join with sl-st.

MADE FROM MOTIFS
(below), summer top
and matching drawstring
bag in crisp pink and
white cotton are cool and
comfortable. Directions
and graphs on page 12.

BOBBLE JACKET
(right), an asset in any
spring wardrobe, is soft
and light to wear. Note
the pretty lace trimming
on all outer edges.
Directions are overleaf.



ROSETTE DRESS
(left) is worked in
alternate rows of
double and treble
crochet. Rosettes
are made separately
and sewn on when
dress is completed.
Directions are
given overleaf.

Made from motifs

SWEATER

Materials: 6oz. pink, 3oz. white Stratts Milford Knitting Cotton No. 8; No. 14 crochet hook for 32-34in. bust, No. 13 hook for 34-36in. bust.

Measurements: To fit 32-34 or 34-36in. bust.

Tension: 1 motif measures approx. 2½in. on No. 13 hook, 2½in. on No. 14 hook.

The completed top takes 108 motifs.

TO MAKE A MOTIF

With pink cotton and No. 14 hook for smaller size, No. 13 for larger, make 6 ch. Join into ring with sl-st.

1st Round: 1 d.c. in ring, 3 ch. to stand for 1 tr., 3 tr. in ring, remove hook from last tr., insert in top of 3 ch. and draw loop of last tr. through (cluster made), * 2 ch., 4 tr. in ring, remove hook from last tr. and insert in 1st of 4 tr., draw loop of last tr. through, rep. from * 6 times, 2 ch., join to 3 ch. of 1st cluster with sl-st. (8 clusters.)

2nd Round: * 1 d.c. in top of cluster, 1 d.c. in next space, rep. from * to end of round, join with sl-st. to 1st d.c. (16 d.c.)

3rd Round: 4 ch., 1 tr. in next d.c., 1 ch., * 1 tr. 1 ch. 1 tr. 1 ch. 1 tr. in next d.c. (corner), 1 ch. 1 tr. in each of next 3 d.c., rep. from * twice, 1 ch., 1 tr. 1 ch. 1 tr. 1 ch. 1 tr. in next d.c. (corner), 1 ch. 1 tr. in next d.c., 1 ch., join to 3rd of 1st 4 ch. with sl-st. joining in white cotton with this sl-st.

4th Round: 1 d.c. in 1st space, 1 ch., 1 d.c. in next space, 1 ch., 1 d.c. in next space, 2 ch., 1 d.c. in next space, continue working thus, making sure that 2 ch. are worked over centre tr. of corner group, join with sl-st.

5th Round: 4 ch., 1 tr. in next space, 1 ch., 1 tr. in next space, 1 ch., * 1 tr. 1 ch. 1 tr. 1 ch. 1 tr. in 2 ch. space at corner, 1 ch., 1 tr. in each of next 4 spaces, rep. from * until all corners have been worked, 1 ch. 1 tr. in each of next 2 spaces, join to 3rd of 4 ch. with sl-st. joining in pink cotton with this sl-st.

6th Round: 1 d.c. in 1st space, 1 ch. 1 d.c. in each of next 3 spaces, 2 ch. 1 d.c. in next space, cont. as 4th round. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew motifs tog. on right side, following diagram. Squares marked X form shoulder.

EDGINGS

Lower Edging: Join pink cotton to 1 ch. space and work 3 rows as follows: * 1 d.c. in next space, 1 ch. 1 d.c. in next space, rep. from *.

Color picture, page 11

4th Round: Working from left to right, 1 ch. 1 d.c. in last space, * 1 ch. 1 d.c. in next space, rep. from * to end. This round forms a rolled edge. Work armholes and neckline in same way omitting 1 ch. at corners.

Note: For best results it is advisable to press each motif separately round edges only before making up.

DRAWSTRING BAG

Materials: 7oz. pink, 3oz. white Stratts Milford Knitting Cotton No. 4; No. 11 crochet hook.

Work 40 motifs as for top.

Sew tog. as shown in diag. Fold in half and stitch across bottom and up side.

TOP EDGING

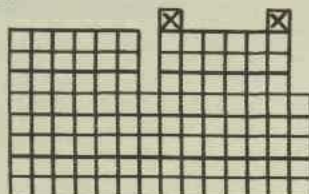
Join pink cotton at side seam and work 1 tr. in each st. round top, working 18 tr. to each motif and 1 tr. at join. Join with sl-st.

Next Round: 3 ch., 1 tr. in next tr., 2 ch., miss 2 tr., * 1 tr. in each of next 12 tr., 2 ch., miss 2 tr., 1 tr. in each of next 3 tr., 2 ch., miss 2 tr., rep. from * to last tr., 1 tr. in last tr. Join with sl-st.

Next Round: 3 ch., 1 tr. in next st., * miss 1 st., 1 d.c. in next st., miss 1 st., 5 tr. in next st., rep. from * round top to last st., 1 tr. in last st., join with sl-st. Fasten off.

CORDS

Using 4 strands cotton work chain approx. 24in. long. Make another chain the same. Thread through holes. Knot ends.



SWEATER



BAG

Rosette dress

Color picture, page 11

Materials: 19 balls Patons Soft Touch Orlon Yarn; Milwards Phantom Crochet Hook No. 10.

Measurements: To fit 34-36in. bust; hips, 35-37in.; length, 40in.

Tension: 4 rows to 1½in.; 9½ sts. to 2in.

BACK

Make 96 ch. loosely.

1st Row: 1 d.tr. into 5th ch. from hook, 1 d.tr. in each ch. to end. 1 ch. for turn.

2nd Row: Miss first d.tr., 1 d.c. into each d.tr. to end and in turning ch. 4 ch. for turn.

3rd Row: Miss first d.c., 1 d.tr. in each d.c. to end and in turning ch. 1 ch. for turn.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

Rep. rows 3 and 4 until work is 7in. below natural waistline, ending on row 4.

Next Row: Patt. to last d.c. omitting turning ch. 4 ch. for turn.

Next Row: Patt. to last d.tr. omitting turning ch. 1 ch. for turn. (1 st. dec. at each end of row.)

Work 2 rows without shaping.

Rep. last 4 rows 3 times more. Cont. without shaping until work measures 32in. or length required to armhole, ending with 4th patt. row.

To Shape Armhole—1st and 2nd Rows: Work to last 6 sts., 1 ch. and turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Work to last 2 sts., 1 ch. and turn. Cont. without shaping until armhole measures 7½in.

To Shape Shoulders—1st Row: Patt. 16 sts., 1 ch. and turn.

2nd Row: Patt. 10 sts., 1 ch. and turn.

3rd Row: Patt. to neck edge, 1 ch. and turn.

4th Row: Patt. 8 sts., 1 ch. and turn.

Fasten off.

Rejoin yarn 16 sts. from other end of row. Ch. 4, and complete shoulder to correspond.

Fasten off.

FRONT

Work as back until armhole shaping is complete. Work further 3½in. without shaping.

To Shape Neck—1st Row: Patt. 25 sts., 1 ch. and turn.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Patt. to armhole edge, 1 ch. and turn.

3rd Row: Patt. 23 sts., 1 ch. and turn.

5th Row: Patt. 21 sts., 1 ch. and turn.

7th Row: Patt. 19 sts., 1 ch. and turn.

9th Row: Patt. 17 sts., 1 ch. and turn.

11th Row: Patt. 16 sts., 1 ch. and turn.

Cont. without shaping until armhole edge measures same as back.

To Shape Shoulder: Work as back. Rejoin yarn at 25th st. from edge, ch. 4, and complete other shoulder to correspond.

ROSETTES

(Make 8)

Commence with 6 ch. Join into ring with sl-st.

1st Round: 3 ch., 13 tr. into ring. Join with 1 sl-st. into top of 3 ch.

2nd Round: D.c. into same place as sl-st., * 3 ch., miss 1 tr., 1 d.c. into next tr., rep. from * 5 times, 3 ch., 1 sl-st. into 1st d.c. (7 3-ch. loops made.)

3rd Round: Into each loop work 1 d.c., 3 tr. 1 d.c. Join with sl-st.

4th Round: 5 ch., 1 d.c. through back of d.c. in 2nd round. Rep. 6 times, join with sl-st.

5th Round: Into each loop, work 1 d.c., 1 tr., 3 d.tr., 1 tr., 1 d.c. Join with sl-st. Fasten off.

TIE

Commence with a ch. the length required for tie. Work rows 2, 3, and 4 as for back. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Using small back-stitch, join side and shoulder seams. Work 1 row d.c. round neck and armhole edges. Stitch rosettes in place down front as illustrated.

Bobble jacket

Color picture, page 11

Materials: 23 (25, 27) balls Emu Bri-Nylon Double Knitting; 1 each Nos. 6 and 7 crochet hooks; 6 button moulds.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust; length, 23½ (24, 24½) in.; sleeve seams, 15in.

Tension: 4 patterns to 3in. in width.

Abbreviations: 1 bobble, (y.o.h., insert hook into space and draw up a loop ½in. in length) 3 times, y.o.h. and draw through all loops; picot, 3 ch., 1 d.c. into 1st of 3 ch.; shell, (1 picot, 1 tr.) 4 times into same space.

PATTERN

1st Row: 1 bobble in 5th ch. from hook, 1 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 tr. in next ch., 2 ch., * 1 bobble in next ch., 1 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 tr. in next ch., 2 ch., rep. from * to end.

Continued page 13

The Australian Women's Weekly — July 27, 1966

Granny look

Materials: Three 2oz. balls Strutt's Milford Knitting Cotton No. 8; No. 14 crochet hook.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; rep., repeat; c.g., cluster group worked thus: 4 tr. in same space leaving last loops of each on hook, y.o.h., draw through all loops at once, 1 ch.; st., stitch; y.o.h., yarn over hook.

SLEEVES

Make 73 ch.

1st Row: 1 d.c. in 8th ch. from hook, 1 ch., 1 d.c. in next ch., * 6 ch., miss 3 ch., 1 d.c. in next ch., 1 ch., 1 d.c. in next ch., rep. from * to end. 3 ch. for turn.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. in 1st loop, 3 ch., * 1 c.g. between 2 d.c. of previous row, 3 ch., 1 d.c. in next loop, 3 ch., rep. from * to last loop, 1 d.c. in last loop. (13 cluster groups.) 3 ch. for turn.

Bobble jacket . . . concluded

2nd Row: 1 bobble in top of 1st bobble, 1 ch., * miss next space, 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 bobble in next space, 1 ch., rep. from * ending with 1 tr. in last loop, 3 ch., turn. Rep. 2nd row inclusive.

BACK

Using No. 6 hook, make 72 (76, 80) ch., plus 4 ch. for turn. Work in pattern until back measures 15 (15½, 16) in.

To Shape Armholes: Sl-st. over 6 sts., patt. to last 6 sts., turn.

Continue straight until armholes measure 7½ in. (all sizes). Fasten off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 6 hook, make 40 (44, 48) ch., plus 4 ch. to turn. Work in patt. to armhole.

To Shape Armhole: With right side facing, sl-st. over 6 sts., patt. to end, turn. Continue straight until armhole measures 5½ in., ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Neck: Patt. to last 6 sts., turn. Keeping armhole edge straight, dec. at neck edge 1 bobble every row until 4 bobbles remain. Fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, reversing all shapings.

SLEEVES

Using No. 7 hook, make 48 (52, 56) ch., plus 4 ch. to turn. Work in pattern for

Color picture, page 14

3rd Row: 1 d.c. in 1st loop, * 6 ch., 1 d.c. in next loop, 1 ch., 1 d.c. in next loop, rep. from * to end. 3 ch. for turn.

4th Row: 1 c.g. between 2 d.c. of previous row, * 3 ch., 1 d.c. in next loop, 3 ch., 1 c.g. between 2 d.c. of previous row, rep. from * to last 2 loops, 3 ch., 1 d.c. in next loop, 3 ch., 1 d.c. in last loop, 3 ch., turn.

5th Row: 1 d.c. in 1st loop, 1 ch., 1 d.c. in next loop, * 6 ch., 1 d.c. in next loop, 1 ch., 1 d.c. in next loop, rep. from * to last loop, 3 ch., 1 d.c. in top st. of 3 ch. of previous row. 3 ch. for turn.

These last 4 rows form pattern. Continue in patt. until 18 rows have been worked.

19th Row (Inc. Row): 1 d.c. in d.c., 3 ch., 1 d.c. in next loop, * 6 ch., 1 d.c. in next loop, 1 ch., 1 d.c. in next loop, rep. from * to last loop, 3 ch., 1 d.c. in last loop, 3 ch. for turn.

7 in. Change to No. 6 hook and continue until work measures 14 in. or required length.

To Shape Top — Next Row: Sl-st. over 6 sts., work to last 6 sts., turn.

Dec. 1 patt. each end every row until 2 patterns remain. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Using flat seam, join shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves.

EDGING FOR NECK, FRONTS, LOWER EDGE, AND SLEEVES

Begin at lower right front, using No. 6 hook.

1st Round: 1 tr. 1 ch. into every space round fronts, neck, and lower edge, join with sl-st.

2nd Round: * 1 shell into space, miss 1 sp., (1 d.c. into next sp.) twice, miss 1 sp., rep. from * to end. Fasten off.

Work edging round sleeves in same manner.

BUTTONS

Using No. 7 hook, make 2 ch., work 6 d.c. into 1st ch.

2nd Round: * 2 d.c. into next d.c., 1 d.c. in next d.c., rep. from * to end.

3rd Round: As 2nd round.

4th Round: 1 d.c. in each d.c. to end. Fasten off, leaving a length of thread, place over button mould and draw in firmly at shank.

Press lightly with dry cloth and cool iron. Sew buttons in position.

20th Row: 1 d.c. in 1st loop, 3 ch., then work as 4th row to last 2 loops, 1 c.g. in 3 ch. loop, 3 ch., 1 d.c. in last loop. (14 cluster groups.) 3 ch. for turn.

Cont. in pattern until 41 rows worked, then rep. 19th and 20th rows once. (15 cluster groups.)

Cont. in patt. until 48 rows worked or desired length.

To Shape Top of Sleeve: 3 sl-sts. in 1st loop, patt. to 2nd last loop. 3 ch. for turn. Dec. 1 c.g. every 2nd row until 3 c.g. rem. Fasten off.

CUFF FRILL

Work as collar pattern (see below) from 3rd row, working across foundation chain of sleeve.

Join sleeve with flat seam.

CROCHETED COLLAR

Make 111 ch.

1st Row: 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each ch. to end. 3 ch. for turn.

2nd Row: 1 tr. in each d.c., 2 ch. for turn.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. in 2nd tr., * 2 ch., miss 1 tr., 1 d.c. in next tr., rep. from * to end of row. 3 ch. for turn.

4th Row: 1 d.c. in 1st loop, * 3 ch., 1 d.c. in next loop, rep. from * to end. 4 ch. for turn.



Edging No. 1

Make chain long enough to fit round outside edge of collar.

1st Row: 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each ch. to end. 4 ch. for turn.

Next Row: As 10th row of crocheted collar (see above), 1 ch. for turn.

Next Row: As 13th row of crocheted collar (see above). Fasten off.

5th Row: 1 d.c. in 1st loop, * 4 ch., 1 d.c. in next loop, rep. from * to end. 5 ch. for turn.

6th Row: 1 d.c. in 1st loop, * 5 ch., 1 d.c. in next loop, rep. from * to end. 3 ch. for turn.

7th Row: As 6th.

8th Row: 1 d.c. in 1st loop, * 6 ch., 1 d.c. in next loop, rep. from * to end. 4 ch. for turn.

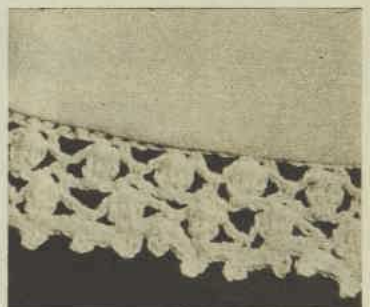
9th Row: 1 d.c. in 1st loop, 1 ch., 1 d.c. in next loop, * 4 ch., 1 d.c. in same loop, 1 ch., 1 d.c. in next loop, rep. from * to last loop, 3 ch., 1 d.c. in last loop. 4 ch. for turn.

10th Row: 1 d.c. in 1st loop, * 3 ch., 1 c.g. between 2 d.c. of previous row, 3 ch., 1 d.c. in next loop, rep. from * to end. 6 ch. for turn.

11th Row: 1 d.c. in 2nd loop, * 1 ch., 1 d.c. in next loop, 6 ch., 1 d.c. in next loop, rep. from * to end. 3 ch. for turn.

12th Row: As 10th row, turning with 1 ch.

13th Row: 3 d.c. in 1st loop, 1 d.c. in top st. of c.g., 4 ch., 1 d.c. in same st. to form picot, 3 d.c. in next loop, 1 d.c. in d.c., 4 ch., 1 d.c. in same st. to form picot, cont. working picot edge round outside and up front. Work 1 row d.c. round inside edge. Work picot edge on other front side to correspond. Fasten off.



Edging No. 2

Make chain long enough to fit round outside edge of collar.

1st Row: 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each ch. to end. 4 ch. for turn.

2nd Row: Miss 2 ch., * 1 d.c. in next d.c., 2 ch., 1 d.c. in next d.c., 4 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. in next d.c., rep. from * to end, 2 ch. for turn. Work next 4 rows as 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th rows of crocheted collar (see above). Fasten off.



GRANNY LOOK
is seen at left in
sleeves and collar
on a simple linen
dress, below in
two edgings for a
detachable collar.
See page 13.



● Edging No. 1. See page 13.



● Edging No. 2. See page 13.



TV COMFORTER
(left) can be used
as a knee rug
or shawl. Beautiful
and useful, it is
another ideal prac-
tice piece. See
directions opposite.

Skimmer in easy stitches

Materials: 17 (18) balls Villawool V.I.P. Ban-Lon; No. 9 Aero Crochet Hook.
Measurements: To fit 34 (36) in. bust; length, 36½ in.; hips, 35 (37) in.
Tension: 5 tr. to 1 in.

BACK

Make 96 (104) ch., turn. 1 tr. in 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch. to end. Turn with 3 ch. (93, 101 tr.)

1st Row: 1 tr. in each tr. to end. Turn with 3 ch. Rep. 1st row inclusive.

When work measures 20 in., proceed thus:
1st Row: (5 ch., miss 3 tr. of prev. row, 1 d.c. in next tr.) rep. to end. 3 ch. turn.

2nd Row: (1 d.c. in ch. loop, 5 ch.) rep., ending 1 d.c. in last loop, 3 ch. turn.
3rd Row: (1 d.c. in ch. loop, 5 ch.) rep., ending 1 d.c. in 3 ch. loop, 3 ch. turn.

Rep. 3rd row 5 times, ending 8th row with 6 ch. for turn.

9th Row: 4 d.tr. in 2nd 5 ch. loop, (3 ch. 1 tr. in next 5 ch. loop, 3 ch., 4 d.tr. in next loop) rep., ending 3 ch., 1 tr. in 3 ch. loop, 6 ch. turn.

10th Row: (1 d.c. in each of 4 d.tr., 3 ch., 1 tr. in next tr., 3 ch.) rep., ending 3 ch., 1 tr. in 3rd ch. of turning ch., 6 ch. turn.

11th Row: (1 d.c. in each of the 4 d.c., 3 ch., 1 tr. in next tr., 3 ch.) rep., ending 1 tr. in 3rd ch. of turning ch., 6 ch. turn.

12th and 13th Rows: As 10th row.

14th Row: (1 d.tr. in each of 4 d.c., 3 ch., 1 tr. in next tr., 3 ch.) rep., ending 1 tr. in 3rd ch. of turning ch., 3 ch. turn.

15th Row: (1 d.c. in next ch. loop, 5

ch.) rep. to 6 ch. loop, 1 d.c. in loop, 5 ch., 1 d.c. in 3rd ch. of turning ch., 3 ch. turn. Rep. 3rd row 7 times.

Next Row: (1 tr. in d.c., 3 tr. in 5 ch. loop) rep. to the 3 ch. loop, 1 tr. in d.c., 5 tr. in loop, 1 tr. in last d.c., 3 ch. turn.

Next Row: 1 tr. in each tr. to end. Turn with 3 ch. Rep. last row inclusive. Cont. until work measures 29½ in.

To Shape Armholes — Next Row: Sl-st. over 5 (7) tr., work to last 6 (8) tr., sl-st. in next tr. Turn with 3 ch.

Next Row: Miss 1 tr., work to last 2 tr., miss 1 tr., 1 tr. in last tr., 3 ch. turn.

Rep. last row 5 times, and 71 (75) tr. rem. Work 1 row. *

To Divide Work for Back Opening — Next Row: Work 35 (37) tr., 3 ch. turn.

Cont. on this side until armhole measures 7½ in. on straight, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder and Neck — Next Row: Sl-st. over 5 tr., work 12 tr., turn.

Next Row: Sl-st. over 2 tr., work 5 tr. and fasten off.

Ret. to centre back opening, miss 1 tr., join in yarn and work 35 (37) tr. Finish to correspond with other side.

FRONT

Work as back to *. Cont. until armholes measure 5½ in. on straight. Tie marker in each side of centre 21 (25) tr.

Next Row: Work 25 tr. to marker, turn. Proceed as follows:

1st Row: Sl-st. over 2 tr., work to end.

2nd Row: Work to last 2 tr., turn. Rep. last 2 rows once more and then 1st row once. (15 tr. rem.)

To Shape Shoulder — Next Row: Sl-st. over 5 tr., work to end. Turn with 3 ch.

Next Row: Work 5 tr. and fasten off.

Ret. to marker at other side of centre trebles, join yarn, work to correspond.

TO MAKE UP

Carefully press work on wrong side. Using small back-stitch sew up shoulder seams.

Neck Facing: With right side facing, beg. at back opening, join in yarn, 3 ch., then work in tr. round neck edge. Turn with 3 ch. Work another row of tr. round neck edge and fasten off.

Armhole Facing: Work as Neck Facing.

TIES (2)

Make 240 ch., turn, 1 tr. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch. to end.

TO FINISH OFF

Flat seam side seams. Press seams. Fold 1 row of all facings to inside and slip-stitch down. Thread ties through each side of fishnet pattern and tie in bow as in picture.



TV comforter

Color picture, page 14

Materials: 4 balls each 5 contrasting colors Patons Totem Knitting Yarn; Milwards Phantom Crochet Hook No. 5.

Measurements: 42 in. by 33 in.

Tension: 7 d.c. to 2 in.

MOTIF

Make 20 ch. **1st Row:** 1 ch. to turn, 1 d.c. into each ch. (20 d.c.)

2nd Row: 1 ch. to turn, miss first st., * 1 d.c. into each d.c., rep. from * to end. Rep. 2nd row 18 times. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Make 8 motifs in each of 3 colors and 9 in each of remaining 2 colors. (42 motifs.) Sew in rows of 6 motifs in width and 7 motifs in length, sewing alt. one motif with rows of d.c. running vertically and next one horizontally. Press all seams.

The Australian Women's Weekly — July 27, 1966

SPRING CROCHET — Page 15



*Make colourful
easy-care
fashions with*

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crafts including casual



handbags etc. There's
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